

The Journal.

WOBURN:
Saturday Morning, July 3, 1888.

TO ADVERTISERS.
The large and increasing circulation of the *Journal* renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is published in the most convenient and accessible form, and is published in the most convenient and accessible form, and is published in the most convenient and accessible form.

JOB PRINTING.
We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of *Job Printing*. The variety of new and handsome type with which our office is supplied is very extensive, our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have therefore every facility for doing all kinds of work, quick, neat and cheap. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the prices will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

Solventers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they call to receive their paper, regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

THE CELEBRATION.

That which was started as an humble celebration for the entertainment and amusement of the children and younger portion of the community, has grown to a size at which Dominie Sampson would exclaim: "Pro-di-gious!" Instead of a simple procession of the children of the public schools, a quiet collection, and a few common-place speeches to the little ones, we are to have a grand turnout of all that is turn-out-able in Woburn, with delegations from the vicinity. If the people wish for such a magnificent display, who shall say nay? and that they do wish for it, is evident by the unanimity, liberality and heartiness with which they have contributed to their means, their time and their energies in preparing for the "good time" anticipated. Should the weather prove fair—which it will, of course—next Monday will be such a gala day as Woburn has never yet witnessed. Her old hills will resound with the triumphant booming of cannon, and shake with the exultant cheers of FREEMEN! Her valleys will shout and her trees dance for joy; and her silver streams run laughing over their pebbly beds. Her sons and daughters, young men and maidens, old men and children, will assemble with smiling faces, telling of happy hours within, and

"Deeked in flowers and garlands gay," to commemorate the brightest and most glorious event in our nation's history. In the words of John Adams: "They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations!" and with feelings of exultation, gratitude and joy. The committee have been most indefatigable in arranging and providing for the entertainment, pleasure and happiness of their fellow citizens and their families on this occasion. All that is now necessary to render the day one of real pleasure is for every one participating in the celebration to endeavor to promote a general feeling of patriotism, sociability, mirthfulness and festivity.

By reference to the official programme it will be seen that from sunrise until a late hour in the night, the time is fully occupied with attractions which will be sure to command the attention of all.

First in order comes that which will put every body in the best of humor—the parade of the "Irregular Militia," as the Chief Marshal calls them, otherwise known as "Turkeytowns," "Callithumpians," &c. They will be reviewed on the Common at 6 o'clock, by Governor G. attended by Aids and the Adjutant General, in full dress.

Then the procession of School Children at 7 1/2 o'clock. This will be a sight of rare beauty—without doubt the prettiest thing of the day. The children will be dressed in varied costumes, and in the procession several tableaux will be presented.

The grand procession of military, firemen, public societies and citizens, will be a display which will do credit to her citizens and be an honor to the town. It will probably number over a thousand persons, on foot, mounted and in carriages.

For the intellectual entertainment in Lyceum Hall our best public speakers have been engaged; and an original poem, written for the occasion, will be read by a gentleman already favorably known among us as poet and writer of no mean ability.

The Picnic in Hiawatha Grove will be perhaps the happiest and merriest part of the day's entertainment. All should go prepared for the "tallest kind" of a picnic it has ever been their good fortune to witness.

The fireworks in the evening will be of the project kind, and will form, in combination, views of great beauty and magnificence. They have been purchased of one of our citizens, Mr. Jacob Brown, under whose supervision they will be exhibited. They will be fired from Meeting House Hill. The best views will be obtained a short distance from the hill.

Accommodation.

In order to accommodate all persons wishing to ride to the Picnic at Hiawatha Grove, on the day of the celebration, Mr. Cyrus Tay will run two omnibuses from Central Square to the Grove, commencing at 11 o'clock, a.m., and starting every 30 minutes. Fare 10 cents.

Refreshments.

The committee for providing refreshments for the celebration request us to say that those persons who have kindly contributed eatables will oblige by sending the same to the Grammar School House in District No. 1, between the hours of seven and nine o'clock on Monday morning.

Be Prompt!

It is the earnest wish of the General Committee, and all others having charge of the celebration, that promptness should be the order of the day in carrying out the arrangements. Let all persons having anything to do in this matter "COME TO TIME."

Obituary.

Hon. ALBERT H. NELSON, of this town, died at the McLean Asylum, on Sunday evening, June 27. Mr. Nelson was born in Milford, Mass., in March, 1812, where his father, John Nelson, was a practicing physician. He entered Harvard College in the class of 1832, and was graduated that year with honors. In the same class was his associate on the Superior Court Bench, Judge Abbott. Mr. Nelson studied law under the direction, and in the office, of the late Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Concord, for a long time one of the leading members of the Middlesex Bar. In 1839 he entered upon the practice of his profession at Concord, and, in 1842, removed to Woburn, where he has since resided. About the year 1846 he was appointed District Attorney for the Middlesex District, and filled the station in a most satisfactory manner, until ill health compelled him to resign. The Senate Chamber was his post for two successive sessions, and, while there, his practical common-sense and facility of expression made him a useful and valued Senator. He was appointed a Councilor under the American regime, in 1854, and continued in that position until transferred to the Chief Justiceship of the Superior Court of Suffolk County, in the fall of 1855. He sat on the bench until last spring, when he was obliged to resign in consequence of continued ill-health; severe shocks of paralysis completely mastering him and bearing him to the grave.

Mr. Nelson was a warm-hearted, generous man; a valuable, public-spirited citizen; an able and accomplished lawyer. In his intercourse with his fellow-men he was popular. The adaptation of his mind to all classes of people was most ready and perfect. His intuitive perceptive faculties were improved upon by the acquisitions of the profession which he had chosen. His excellent taste and cultivated intellect made him an acquisition everywhere. His ease and gracefulness of manner placed any one with whom he came in contact, upon a friendly and familiar footing, and he had a genial manner which recommended itself and shed a delightful charm around him.

As a citizen, Woburn had reason to be proud of him, for he was always ready, willing and eager to improve and adorn the town by valuable suggestions, practical opinions, and material aid. Schools and public institutions were benefited by his large experience and generous views, and his valuable services will long be remembered and appreciated. His courteousness and urbanity of manner were peculiarly appreciated by his brother members of his profession. His kindness and consideration for younger and less experienced gentlemen of the profession was marked, and in these respects he set a noble example, worthy of emulation.

The Suffolk bar were pleased at his appointment, and he confirmed their kind opinion of him by his patient consideration of causes; by his ready dispatch of business; by his quickness of perception of legal points; and, above all, by his gentlemanly and kind bearing to all.

What his family have lost by this bereavement, words cannot express. Our rural cemetery holds his remains, which were followed to their last resting place, on Tuesday last, by a large concourse of relatives and friends, who "knew him but to love him." Mount Hope Lodge, of Free Masons, of which he was an honored member, walked at his funeral, arrayed in the badge of mourning, six of the members officiating as pall-bearers.

Died, in Burlington, June 25th, GEORGE GLEASON, Esq., aged 49 years.

The death of an upright, kind-hearted, public-spirited man is always a great loss to the community in which he lived, and an irreparable bereavement to the relatives and friends who mourn him. Such a man was the subject of this notice. He spent the last twenty-six years of his life in Burlington. He was an active business man, and was well known in the neighboring towns. During the last twenty years he was engaged in trade, and showed himself conscientiously upright in all his transactions. Sitting in his chair, a few hours before his death, and observing his friends weeping around him, he remarked, "You feel worse than I do about this." His mind was calm, his hope of a blessed immortality strong, and he sunk to rest as the weary sink to sleep.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

For the Middlesex Journal.

DEATH OF AN AGED CLERGYMAN.—The New York papers of Tuesday report the death of Rev. Zachariah Greene, at Hampton, L. I., on the 21st. He was a soldier of the Revolution in early life, and became a soldier of the Cross after the battles of his country were fought. He died at the age of ninety-nine.—*Boston Herald*, June 24.

Rev. Zachariah Greene was a descendant of Wm. Greene, one of the early settlers of Woburn, and one of the original subscribers to the "Town Orders" agreed upon at Charlestown in 1610. In a letter received from him in 1850, he gives the following interesting account of himself: "I was born the 1st of January, 1750; I served three years in the revolution; I was licensed to preach on the first of January, 1785; ordained 28th of June, 1787; I am the senior pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brookhaven, Suffolk County, L. I. Old age prevents my preaching; I have a colleague, Rev. James S. Evans. Having no children in my parish—and the Lord having taken away my companion by death—I board with my daughter, in Hampton; she is widow of the late Benjamin F. Thompson, Esq., author of the 'History of Long Island.'"

"Permit me to say that I was one of the men that erected the fort on Dorchester Heights, which sent the British army out of Boston. I marched with our army to New York. I was in the battle, when the British landed at Frog Point, above York Island, and in the battle of White Plains, and in the severe battle on the 7th of December, 1777, at White Marsh, above Philadelphia, where I was wounded severely, which has been a sore trial to me. I have, however, the consolation of seeing my country free. It is well to remember that we are the only nation on earth, that enjoys pure railroad freedom. It is well, also, to remember that our freedom cost our fathers much suffering, blood and property. I hope the children will preserve

and hand it down uncorrupted from generation to generation to the end of time. There are very few of my fellow-soldiers living—I scarcely find a man of my generation, my age, to whom that my days are nearly numbered. My prayers to the infinite owner and ruler of nations is, that he will continue our National Freedom, and dispose of the people to live in fear and carefully observe the precepts of the divine Bible."

SHOOTING BIRDS.—We learn that certain young men in the western section of the town are in the habit of going out on gunning excursions on the Sabbath, much to annoyance of families residing near the Waterson Station. It is bad enough, and a breach of the law besides, to shoot the little warblers that render our woods vocal with sweet sounds, on a week day, but to follow such practices on the Sabbath, deserves the severest penalty the law can inflict. We hope the sabbath-breakers will be looked after.

IRREGULAR MILITIA.—The Turkeytown Invincibles will parade at 4 o'clock on Monday morning, under the following officers, who have been elected, and duly commissioned by Governor G.—Captain, J. E. Thibault; 1st Lieut., A. T. Young; 2d Lieut., J. P. Stevens; 3d Lieut., George H. Conn; 4th Lieut., M. M. Seelye. Orderly Sergeant, W. Parker. Drum Major, J. J. Melvin. Chaplain, J. H. Foss. Surgeon, Josiah Parker, 2d.

Twenty persons will unite with the First Congregational Church in this town, on the coming Sabbath afternoon, by profession, and eleven by letters from other churches.

ELECTION OF DEACON.—At a meeting of the First Congregational Church, on Thursday evening, Mr. John R. Kimball was chosen to fill the office of Deacon, made vacant some months since by the death of Dea. Jonas Hale.

SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.—We call special attention to a notice in another column of a sermon to young men to be preached next Sabbath, in the Baptist Church, by Rev. Mr. Bronson. We hope to see a goodly attendance of our young men on the occasion.

PUBLIC PARK AT EAST CAMBRIDGE.—The city of Cambridge having obtained possession of the triangular piece of land in front of the old Lechmere House, and engaged in erecting a park to enclose the grounds. The lot contains 5036 sq. ft., and is to be embellished with shade trees, seats and walks.

SHOPBREAKING IN MELROSE.—The shoe manufactory of William H. Wells, in Melrose, was broken into early yesterday morning, but the robbers, who were on the point of removing the stock in a wagon, were alarmed by a lodger in the building, and made their escape without any plunder.

Proceedings of the Middlesex Bar, upon the Death of Judge Nelson.—COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, AT CONCORD, June 28th, Judge Bishop presiding.

The members of the Middlesex Bar, having learned of the death of their late associate, Chief Justice Nelson, held a meeting at the court-room on Monday morning, and organized by the choice of S. A. Brown, Esq., as Chairman, and Seth Ames, Esq., as Clerk. A committee consisting of Hon. I. S. Morse, J. B. Keyes, and Ezra Ripley, Esqs., were appointed to draft resolutions.

That committee subsequently reported the resolutions given below, which were adopted, and presented to the Court by their Chairman. In offering them to the Court, District Attorney Morse said:—

Since my arrival at Court this morning I have learned with great pain of the sudden decease of the Hon. Albert H. Nelson, for many years an active and able member of the bar of this county, and more recently the learned and accomplished Chief Justice of the Superior Court for the County of Suffolk. The members of the Middlesex Bar, having attendance at this Court, have deemed it due to the memory of their associate and to their own feelings to take appropriate notice of this event.

His death is a loss to the community, and a great loss to the bar. His life was a noble one, and his death a noble one. His life was a noble one, and his death a noble one. His life was a noble one, and his death a noble one. His life was a noble one, and his death a noble one.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest sympathy to his bereaved family, and as an expression of the same, request the Clerk to transmit to them a copy of these resolutions.

Resolved, That the Court be requested to enter these resolutions as of record, and as a mark of respect to his memory we request the Court do now adjourn.

Judge Bishop, in receiving the resolutions, said:—

It would not, I apprehend, be proper for this Court to continue its session while so able a member of this bar is lying in death. Judge Nelson is dead. Great qualities of head and heart cannot exempt from death; if they could, he whom we lament would now be in the enjoyment of life and all life's blessings. My acquaintance with Mr. Nelson was comparatively slight. But I saw enough of him to know that he was a man of power, of attainments, and possessed of a warm and loving heart. He was a great man because God had made him so. His intellectual attainments and capacity made him an eminent lawyer, and his courteousness in the practice of his profession was worthy of all praise. His integrity and faithfulness as a public officer were in accordance with strict fidelity to duty. As a member of the bar, he exhibited what all of us love, and what has great power—strict honesty and great integrity. He was a man of great intellectual scope. The bar of Suffolk county have borne honorable testimony to his worth and ability as a judge, in their profound regret at his loss from the bench by such an affecting dispensation of Providence. In short, he was a man of whom it was truly said, that all who knew him loved him.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, June 27, 1888.

We are enjoying this day together, a comfortable little brood, and are in a fair way of being done brown before sunset. Larger goes down and the thermometer goes up; the former in increased ratio to the latter. The thermometer is said to have reached some fabulous degree of altitude within the last half-hour, but one feels much more comfortable to leave that point without inquiry.

At any rate, summer is abroad with all her hoops spread, and with sounds of harps and timbrels, wherewith this part of the world is seized with Saratoga-madness. The spring season has fairly closed; business is over for a month, certain, and merchants are taking account of stock and buying through tickets for all reputedly cool places. "Moon-light, music," &c., prevail immensely these summer nights. The opera closes next week; next Monday we have a grand outdoor musical festival by the whole force of German artists, who have their opening performance on Sunday, justifying the movement on the ground that the proceeds are to be appropriated to benevolent purposes. This does not go down very well, however in the present state of public sentiment, which is rather stirred up on the sabbath question. The Sunday papers have been much aggrieved by the attempt made to put down the crying of newspapers on that day. These papers mostly live by black mail, official printing, puff of patent medicines, and such other hushes as literary swine are reduced to feed on. They can be immensely virtuous, however, and, on occasions, blame about charity and that sort of thing, when every one who is so unfortunate as to have any personal acquaintance with their editors or proprietors know that the extent of their charity would be comprised in the offer of a gratuitous drink of "rot-gut" to some similar villain, in expectation, moreover, of the return of the "century."

It is too hot this weather to murder anybody, so we have nothing very interesting to offer in that line. "Pajunen's" murderer is bound for a new trial, which must be a refreshing thought to the poor fellow; court-rooms in this weather are the nearest approach to purgatory, if that place consists, as some philosophers think, of an "aggregation of vile scents." A mixture of different nationalities causes a compound scent, which is infinitely more detestable than the separate favor of each; just as a number of mild flavors of different kinds will intoxicate, though no one of them would be taken alone.

The principal subject of conversation, in a business way, is the prospects of the fall trade; there is some difference of opinion. No one expects anything more than a fair trade, but some do not look for that even. It is thought that the new crop of breadstuffs has suffered seriously from the wet weather. But if the new crop is fair, and there should be an export demand for breadstuffs, the crop will move, and there will be money at the West, and, consequently, trade in New York, as the West is very bare of goods. Almost the only prospect, however, of an export demand for breadstuffs, is in the possibility of a war on the continent. France is evidently preparing a hostile announcement against somebody or something. Capitalists don't build ships of the line and fortifications, in these days, merely because they have no other use for their money. Wherever the blow may strike it will evidently create an increased demand for breadstuffs.

In the way of amusements everything almost is of an outdoor sort. Picnics are in season; also what are called strawberry festivals, another Atwain's invention of the adversary by which you are entrapped into stuffing lecture-rooms to gorge depreciated strawberries at one hundred per cent. advance on the market rates; besides being obliged to pay for the privilege of coming in at a door which is quite impossible to get out of till your money is all gone—when the fair sharps, having bagged every shilling for the poor box, pass by and leave you on the other side. Countrymen! Beware! The gradual approach of the Fourth of July is kept in mind by a continual anticipatory rattle of small arms and China crackers, in which impatient patriotism is already investing. Good for the pyrotechnic men—their turn only comes once a year.

From UTAH.—The latest intelligence concerning matters in Utah, is to the effect that Brigham Young's principal Mormon Elders have consented to deliver themselves into the custody of the United States Marshal, to await trial, provided they were tried by a jury in no way connected with the army. A party of Mormons had arrived at Camp Scott in a half-starved condition. They belong to the faction opposed to Young, and represent that the Church was torn by dissensions, and said they wished to return to the United States.

ALFRED BARK NOTES.—Twenty "raised" from two on the Blue Hill Bank, Dorchester, Mass., and Concord Bank, Concord, N. H., are in circulation, and the alteration is so skillfully done that few could detect it without having previous knowledge of the plate of the different denominations. The vignette of the genuine twenties of the Blue Hill Bank is a female seated, with the figures 2 and 0 on either side. The two have a view of a village street.

We perceive that the publisher of the New York Weekly is out with another novelty. A new story by James A. Maitland, author of "The Waterman," "The Old Doctor," "Orestes," "The Lawyer's Story," "Old Homestead," etc., commences this week in that popular paper. Mr. Maitland's new story is to appear under the title of "Rosa Murray," or, "The Hermit of the Sea Shore," and will no doubt add to the already handsome circulation of the WEEKLY. With such a succession of capital stories, by the best writers in the country, it is not surprising that this paper has at once attained a position in the front rank of the popular publications of the day. The New York Weekly is published by A. J. Williamson, 22 Beekman Street, New York, and sold at the Woburn Book Store, and by all Booksellers and News Dealers in the United States and Canada. It is sent by mail at \$2 a year, or two copies for \$3.

If it does not rain before the 5th of July, our streets would be rendered better to walk in by a sprinkling on that morning.

TOWN OF WOBURN CELEBRATION

OF THE
Eighty-second Anniversary
OF THE
National Independence of the United States.

The Eighty-second Anniversary of the National Independence of the United States, will be celebrated by the citizens of Woburn, on Monday, the 5th of July, 1888, (the 4th falling on Sunday,) in the following manner, viz:—

RINGING OF BELLS.

The bell of the Congregational Church will be rung for half an hour at sunrise and sunset.

DECORATIONS.

Flags will be displayed from the various flag-staffs, and citizens are requested to display flags on the route of procession.

MUSIC.

Gilmore's Salem Band has been engaged, and will play for the children's procession, the citizens' procession, at Lyceum Hall in the morning, at the grove in the afternoon, and upon the Common during the display of fireworks in the evening.

"Irregular Militia."

Between four and seven o'clock, a.m., the "Irregular Militia" will parade and be reviewed upon the Common.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION:

Start from Town Hall at 4 o'clock, a.m., march through Pleasant street to Lexington, through Main street to Warren, through Warren to Main, to Central Square, counter-march to Johnson, through Johnson, Franklin, Park and Main streets, to the Central House, to receive the Governor and staff, and be reviewed on the Common at 6 o'clock.

Floral Procession.

At 7 o'clock the school children will assemble near the Grammar School House in District No. 1, under the direction of their teachers. At 7 1/2 o'clock the procession will be formed on the south side of Pleasant Street, to receive the Governor and staff, and be reviewed on the Common at 6 o'clock.

AID. CHIEF MARSHAL. Aid. Committee of Arrangements. Superintendent School Committee. District Committees and Clerks.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS. District No. 1, Northern. " " Eastern. " " Central, No. 1. " " Southern. " " Western. District No. 2, Primary.

INTERMEDIATE SCHOOLS. District No. 1, Northern. " " Central. " " Southern.

MIXED SCHOOLS. District No. 3. " " 5. " " 6. Marshal.

GRAMMAR SCHOOLS. District No. 2 Grammar School. " " 1. Marshal.

HIGH SCHOOL. WALKER ACADEMY. It will proceed down Pleasant street as far as Warren—up Warren to Summer—down Summer to Main—through Main to Winn—down Winn to Franklin—through Franklin, Johnson and Main streets to Lyceum Hall, where the exercises will consist of addresses by Revs. Rufus P. Stebbins and Daniel March, Singing by the Children, and Music by the band. The procession will then re-form and march to the Town Hall, where a collection will be taken.

Citizens' Procession.

At 10 o'clock, a Citizens' Procession will be formed, and move in the following order, viz:—

MILITARY ESCORT. Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Capt. J. Franklin Bates, with Gilmore's Salem Brass Band.

AID. CHIEF MARSHAL. Aid. Woburn Fire Department. Engineers. Niagara Engine Company No. 1. 2. H. Davis, Foreman. Jacob Webster Engine Co., No. 2. A. T. French, Foreman. Washington Engine Co., No. 3. A. N. Cutter, Foreman.

CHIEF OF POLICE. Detachment of Woburn Police. Chairman of Committee of Arrangements. Committee of Arrangements. Chaplain and reader of the Declaration of Independence.

SPEAKERS AND POET. Selections of Woburn. Town Clerk. Town Treasurer. Assessors and School Committee. Overseers of the Poor. Other Town Officers.

SURVIVORS OF THE REVOLUTION. in carriages. Young Men's Christian Association. Young Men's Literary Association. Marshal.

TRADES. Citizens generally, four abreast. Marshal.

CAVALCADE. Under the command of Major Thos. J. Pierce. Citizens in Carriages. ROUTE OF PROCESSION:

From the Common, through Main, South Pleasant, Pleasant, Winn, Franklin, Johnson, Main, Union, Railroad, Main, Summer, Warren, Pleasant, and Main streets, to Lyceum Hall.

Exercises in Lyceum Hall.

1. Music—Hall Columbia—by the Band.
2. Prayer, by Rev. J. A. Ames, Chaplain of the day.
3. Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by Joseph G. Polard, Esq., President of the Young Men's Literary Association.
4. Music.
5. Address by Rev. Daniel March.
6. Address by John J. Ladd, Esq., A. M.
7. Music.
8. Address by Rev. B. F. Bronson.
9. Address by C. C. Woodman, Esq.
10. An Original Poem, written for the occasion, by Chas. W. Stevens, Esq.
11. The following National Hymn, sung

by the audience, to the tune, "America," accompanied by the full band:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love—
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song—
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks and silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
We thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Picnic at Hiawatha Grove.

At the conclusion of the exercises at Lyceum Hall, the procession will re-form and proceed through Pleasant, Burlington and Locust streets, to Hiawatha Grove, where a collection will be served, and various

AMUSEMENTS

provided, after which the procession will re-form and proceed by the same route to the Common. When, after the performance of "Auld Lang Syne," by the band, in which all are requested to join in singing, the assemblage will be dismissed.

FIREWORKS.

Manufactured and furnished by E. S. Hunt, for the Town of Woburn, July 5, 1888. At 8 o'clock rockets will be sent up from Meeting House Hill, until 9 p.m., when the following Order of Procession will be exhibited, under the direction of Jacob Brown, Esq.:—

No. 1.—ILLUMINATION OF MEXICAN FIRES—of great brilliancy. Rocket Swarms.

No. 2.—JULY 4th.—An extensive Battery of Candles, Spring Mines and Shells, throwing Stars and Strangers, of every variety of color, and ending with heavy reports. Rockets, gold rain.

No. 3.—FLIGHTS OF VARIATED SHELLS—showing all the varied colors of Pyrotechny, and throwing Stars to a great altitude. Rockets, silver stars.

No. 4.—STAR AND SILENT MIXES—made of an entirely new compound, of material, and throwing jets of crimson fire. Rockets, crimson and green stars.

No. 5.—FLIGHTS OF CANDLES AND COLORED ROCKETS—with explosions of Petards. Rockets, crimson and green stars.

No. 6.—GRAND DOUBLE COMBINATION BATTERY—of colored Candles, Shells and Mines, with heavy flights of Rockets. Rockets, gold rain.

No. 7.—ILLUMINATION OF PAPER LIGHTS AND SENS—with discharge of Shells and Mines. Rockets, silver stars.

No. 8.—SERIAL BOUQUETS, or TRIPLE-REPORTING SHELLS—with continued and heavy reports of Petards, initiating to double flight of Rockets. Rockets, silver stars.

No. 9 & 10.—ROCKETS, MIXES AND SHELLS—fired in quick succession. Rockets, silver stars.

No. 11 & 12.—INDEPENDENCE DAY—A line of white fire-works with a battery throwing colored stars. To this is attached a line of orange fires, exhibiting all the gorgeous hues of a summer sunset, introducing an entirely new color. This line of fire makes magical changes to crimson and green fires, and the whole concluding with grand flights of Rockets, Mines, Jugglers and Shells, forming a grand feu de joie.

Committee on Fire-works.—Messrs. John Fiske, Henry F. Champney, Marshall Ladd, S. G. Sewall, John J. Pippy.

MARSHALS' NOTICE.

The Assistant Marshals are requested to assemble at the Selectmen's Rooms, at seven o'clock, on the morning of the 5th of July.

The Band engaged will report to the Chief Marshal, on the Common, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

At 9 o'clock, a.m., a Signal Gun will be fired, when the various bodies mentioned in the programme will form in marching order, at the following points:—

Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, on the Common.
Fire Department, on Railroad street, right resting on Main street.

The Speakers, Invited Guests, Town Authorities, and Committee of Arrangements, will assemble in the Vestry of the First Congregational Church.

The Young Men's Christian Association, Young Men's Literary Association, the Trades and Citizens on foot, on Pleasant street, right resting near the Common.

The Cavalcade, on Main street, right resting in front of the Post Office.

At 10 o'clock a Signal Gun will be fired, when the procession will march in the order designated.

THE CAVALCADE. Will meet near the Lyceum Hall at 8 1/2 o'clock, a.m., on Monday, July 5, 1888, and dressed as citizens,

The Journal.

WOBURN:
Saturday Morning, July 10, 1858.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the *Journal* renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent equalled by no other paper. It is not only equalled, in typographical appearance by any paper published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement great prominence is obtained by all advertisers. Our terms of advertising are most moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of *Job Printing*. The variety of new and handsome types with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have therefore every facility for doing all kinds of work, quick, neat and cheap. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents will be promptly attended to, and the price will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders collected.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they wish to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

The Celebration.

Last Monday was a day long to be remembered in the annals of Woburn. It has been looked forward to by young and old—with an interest and with anticipations altogether unusual. The timely shower on Saturday cooled the air, and put the roads and streets into the best possible condition for a procession. The very flowers seemed to put on a fresher and a brighter look, as it became known that they were to play a prominent part in the public display, and should gain new beauties themselves while adorning the lovely forms of gladness, merry-hearted children. And when at length the all important day dawned with its clear, cool, refreshing air and cloudless sky, when the merry peal of the bell, and the heavy booming of the cannon, announced to all that the day had really come, how many little eyes flew open, not to be closed again till the last piece in the programme of fireworks had ceased to illumine the hills, and darkness and quiet had settled down upon the landscape. Taking the day as a whole—from early dawn till the still hour of rest closed in—we think it was a time of unmingled enjoyment. The arrangements had all been completed so fortunately that all friction was avoided, and every body was in the best possible humor. The fact has been demonstrated that our people can furnish themselves with better enjoyment at home—and cheaper, too, than can be obtained by a visit to the city.

The Floral Procession in the morning was so eminently successful—afforded such intense pleasure to the children, and to their parents also, that we hope it will become a fixed custom so often as the 4th of July shall come round. The behavior of the children, too, reflects the highest praise upon them and upon the teachers of our public schools, for the excellent discipline secured. We question whether a happier band could have been found in all our favored Commonwealth, than the teachers and children constituting that procession. To be sure the valleys themselves did not shout, yet they re-echoed the happy voices of childhood; and the trees, though they could not join in the merry dance, nodded approvingly and begged the acceptance of the will for the deed; whether the streams did actually laugh as they sported along or their pebbly beds, we dare not say, but if they did, they came so near it that a very slight poetic license would allow us to assert that they expressed their joy in visible ecstasies. We give below a report of the celebration, not only for the present interest of our readers, but more especially as a matter of record, that those who shall come after us may read and understand that this goodly old town is still in the habit of doing things up "brown," no less than in 1776, when the alarm of British aggressions at Concord and Lexington, first roused over our hills and along our valleys, calling our stalwart yeoman from the peaceful pursuits of husbandry, to the toil and privations of the martial field.

The first notes of the celebration were sounded from the bell of the Congregational church, which, at sunrise, merrily rang out a joyous peal on the morning air. This was followed by a salute of 13 guns, fired by the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, from Meeting House Hill. Shortly after the "Flag-bags," the "Youthful Invincibles," made their appearance, and a very good appearance they made. They numbered about thirty boys, fantastically dressed, under the command of Capt. John Nickles. In point of committal their dresses did fair to rival the original TURKEYTOWN INVINCIBLES, who drew up in line near the Common at a quarter to five o'clock. Capt. Tilton in command. They were greeted by the large crowd assembled at that early hour to see the Invincibles in "full dress," by the most hearty eulogiums. They were accompanied by the Callithumpian Hat Band of No. Woburn, and the Canaan Brass Band, of Lynn, who were dressed quite as ludicrously as the Invincibles, only a little more so. After parading the principal streets they returned to the Common, and were received by Governor G—n and staff. They were addressed in a highly patriotic and spicy style by their Chaplain, Mr. J. H. Foss, after which Mr. J. E. Bryant mounted the rostrum, composed of packing-boxes, and delivered himself of the following exquisite poetic morceau:

Turkeytown Invincibles, who in battle array, Have marshaled your forces to honor the day, You've shown by your zeal for your country's protection, You can muster an army of bricks to perfection.

Our commander-in-chief on his fiery steed, Where foes are thickest is impatient to lead; While fogies and cracklers may blow till they bust, We'll stand by the Union, as we did from the first.

Three cheers for our chieftain, his glory we'll share,
For in eighteen-sixty, more laurels he'll wear;
We'll make him our President, head of the nation,
Then won't the Invincibles startle creation?

Three cheers for our country, three more for our hand,
And three for our captain we chose to command;
And nine for the ladies—may their numbers increase,
And they all raise Invincibles—a dozen a piece.

This ended the comic and farcical part of the day's proceedings.
At half-past seven o'clock the FLORAL PROCESSION of school children, acknowledged by all to have been the most pleasing feature of the celebration, and the most beautiful sight of the day—began to form, and a little after eight o'clock moved in the following order:—

Chief Marshal,
Committee of Arrangements,
Superintendent School Committee,
Miss Mead's Private School, composed of 24 little children, tastefully dressed,
Northern Primary School, Miss Salma J. Jaquith, Teacher, 55 scholars,
Eastern Primary, Miss Amelia J. Andrews, Teacher, 38 scholars,
Central Primary, No. 1, Miss Lizzie Jaquith, Teacher, 39 scholars,
Central Primary, No. 2, Miss Clementina Stearns, Teacher, 36 scholars,
Southern Primary, Miss Susan Shedd, Teacher, 43 scholars.

Western Primary, Miss M. Matilda Fowle, Teacher, 27 scholars,
District No. 2 Primary, Miss C. E. Farrington, Teacher, 18 scholars,
Northern Intermediate, Miss Mary Nichols, Teacher, 30 scholars,
Central Intermediate, Miss S. E. Richardson, Teacher, 40 scholars.

[In Miss Richardson's school were a Highland shepherd and shepherdess, dressed in the national costume of the Highlands of Scotland—a shepherdess in fancy dress—and a carriage decked with flowers containing the Fairy Queen, surrounded by her attendant fairies; the whole making a very handsome appearance.]
Southern Intermediate, Miss Carrie Hawkins, Teacher, 46 scholars,
District No. 3, Mixed School, Miss Ellen Chase, Teacher, 28 scholars,
District No. 4, Mixed School, Miss F. S. Bucknam, Teacher, 32 scholars,
District No. 5, Mixed School, Miss Isabella Cutler, Teacher, and
District No. 6, Mixed School, Miss Abigail D. Sewall, Teacher, 43 scholars,
District No. 2, Grammar School, Miss Lizzie Gerry, Teacher, 31 scholars.

District No. 1, Grammar School, Mr. Dyer Freeman, Principal, Miss Sarah J. Jaquith and Miss Josephine Smith, Assistants, 107 scholars in the procession—the whole number in attendance at the school being 111. [In the matter of representation this school was No. 1 indeed. There were the first Continental Congress on wheels, represented by 16 boys, who read, discussed and signed the Declaration of Independence as they moved along in the procession; 14 young Misses dressed as Archers, in green bodices and caps, with bows and quivers in their hands—others represented Red Riding Hood, Strawberry Girls, Gipsies, Kipper, &c., while in a carriage was the Goddess of Plenty, with two attendants.]
High School, Wm. A. Stone Principal, Miss Florence K. Holden, Assistant, 41 scholars. Under a canopy, tastefully trimmed with "blue," sat the Goddess of Liberty—Miss Anna Ingalls—surrounded by 13 young ladies dressed in blue and white, representing the original States.]
Warren Academy, (the Principal was absent in Vermont,) 27 scholars.

Each school was preceded by a banner, on which was the name of the school and appropriate mottoes. The whole number of scholars in the procession was 735; teachers, 22; banners, 18. The children were all dressed tastefully, wearing wreaths and bouquets of flowers, and presented a spectacle long to be remembered as one of the most beautiful ever witnessed in the streets of Woburn.

After marching through some of the principal streets, which were lined with crowds of people eager to witness the display, they entered Lyceum Hall, which was immediately crowded. Here the exercises consisted of music, singing, and addresses by Rev. Dr. Sebbins and Rev. Mr. March. The children then proceeded, in the same order of procession, to the Town Hall, where a bountiful collation was served to them.

While the children were enjoying themselves in the Hall, the military and firemen formed into hollow square on the Common, and Mr. R. P. Staniels, Clerk of Niagara Company No. 1, stepped from the ranks, and in a brief and appropriate address, in the name of the company presented to their foreman, Capt. John B. Davis, a beautiful Silver Trumpet, with a suitable inscription. This was a surprise to Capt. Davis, but he mustered courage and words to reply briefly, thanking the company for their unexpected and very handsome souvenir.

At eleven o'clock the CITIZENS' PROCESSION was formed in the order of the programme published in our last week's paper. The three engines in the procession were very handsomely decorated, and on the Hose Carriage, which was trimmed with most taste, was seated a young lady, beautifully and appropriately attired, impersonating the Goddess of Liberty. The military and firemen in the procession looked remarkably well; following them was the Young Men's Christian and Young Men's Literary Associations, then came citizens on foot and a Cavalade, numbering about forty, escorting the Wilmington Butchers, 14 in number, mounted, and dressed in white frocks, the procession closing with a long line of citizens in carriages.

The route of procession having been marched over, the military and firemen and cavalcade drew off to Lyceum Hall, and the Young Men's Associations and citizens soon filled the body of the Hall, the side seats and galleries being occupied by the ladies. The exercises commenced with Hail Columbia by Gilmore's Salem Brass Band. Rev. J. A. Ames then offered an appropriate prayer, and the Declaration of Independence was read, with very distinct articulation and in fine voice and emphasis, by the President of the Y. M. Lit. Association, J. G. Pollard, Esq. The President of the day, Geo. M. Champney, Esq., after a few happy and well-timed remarks, offered as a sentiment—

The day we celebrate,
Which was responded to by an Address from Rev. Daniel March.

[We regret that our space will not permit us to publish the speeches delivered.]
The next sentiment was—
Freedom—Education—Religion; let them be "Now and forever, one and inseparable."
To this sentiment Rev. Mr. Bronson responded.

The President then gave—
Washington, Jefferson, and the other leading spirits of the revolution; may our patriotic and public virtues ever receive inspiration from their example.

On the platform were seated, beside several other old and highly respected citizens, the three brothers Emerson, survivors of the revolutionary period—Jesse, aged 93 years; Joshua, 91 years, and Luther, 81 years; and Mr. Henry Parker, aged 80 years, all of them hale and hearty, and in the enjoyment of health. In response to the above sentiment Mr. Joshua Emerson recited the following verses of "Burgoyne poetry," which he had committed to memory 75 years ago! when he was 16 years of age:

Go see the sons of freedom march,
With joy and stately pride,
Six thousand of their dreadful foes
All prisoners by their side.

How grand and noble is the sight!
We wish King George could see
What kind Burgoyne led prisoner,
With his whole army.

See them disarmed and led away
To famous Boston town,
What George did vote in his great wrath
He'd bring its grandeur down;

And sent his mighty men to scourge
My home on the 17th of June,
Who would not promise on their knees
To be his willing slaves.

The great Lord North commanded forth,
That 'twas his mighty will,
That they submit to his great feet,
And there they should still.

To stoop so low Bostonians scorned,
For this was still their cry—
"To glorious freedom we were born,
And free we'll live and die."

Your men by thousands you may send,
Your power in vain you'll try;
Your money in vain you'll spend,
For free we'll live and die.

When first Burgoyne to Boston came,
He much lamented then,
That the King's troops were kept so close
By fancied rebel men.

"I soon," says he, "will set them free,
My liege on the 17th of June,
A way for them shall open be,
And elbow room I'll make."

Now let Burgoyne a warning be,
His fate instruct us all,
When we see him and his army,
That pride must have a fall.

That glad heart beat the praise song
Of heaven and earth's eternal king,
Great governor of lands and seas,
Who gives the victory were he please.

The honor is, let all confess,
Who gives our army such success,
Due praise be given and honor done
To our great general, WASHINGTON;

Who was raised up by Heaven's command
To preserve the freedom of this land;
Our great deliverer, temporal savior,
His fame shall ring through America ever.

Sing to brave Washington and the deeds he
Has done,
His name shall be great in history:
Due honor to him I long, long may he live,
To see great America's glory.

Let's not forget our brave general Gates,
Who beat Burgoyne and drove him to such
straits,
He could no further fly, and what was worse,
Had no provisions left for man or horse.

"Horse feed," says he, "my men, is hearty
food,
Then kill them up while they are fat and good;
Horse feed to starving men is dairy meat."
And great Burgoyne was glad of some to eat.

The hero now was in a woful case,
He must submit or die upon the place;
But through his army ran this murmuring cry,
"Better submit to General Gates than die."
For here, alas, we have no bread to eat,
Let's go to Gates, he'll give us bread and meat.

"Must I submit," the hero cries, "I must
Submit to Gates, submit to his mercy trust;
To that rebellious man that I so scorned,
I must submit.

"Oh, wo, that I was born to see this woful,
This unlucky day;
My glory's gone,
And what will King George say?"

The recital of these lines elicited hearty and enthusiastic applause, to which the band contributed by playing "Yankee Doodle," in the liveliest strain.

The next sentiment was—
Liberty for all—not freedom for the few
and bondage for the many.

C. C. Woodman, Esq. responded, eloquently, to this sentiment.

The President then read the following sentiment:

Here's to the man that sowed the corn,
that raised the goose that grew the quill that wrote the Declaration of Independence,
And in a few words of compliment to the Poet of the Day, introduced Charles W. Stearns, Esq., who delivered the following

P O E M:

Once more kind muse impart thy needful aid
And ne'er again will I thy realm invade,
For thou hast been abused, since first the zeal
Of true born poets caused their first appeal:
To thee for aid to guide the flowing pen,
In praise of Country, or of fellow men.

In ancient times, when Homer sang of old,
And Virgil's verse was cast in classic mould,
When Milton sang the loss of Paradise,
And Shakespeare's verse could all the world entice—

Few dared in Poesy to bear a part,
And noblest themes immortalized the art;
"Poeta nascitur, non fit," they knew,
Though now dead language, then was living true.

Alas! how fallen is thy brilliant reign,
The feeblest now may sue, and not in vain;
Thine aid is sought to serve the slightest end,
To puff the merchant's wares thy praises lend,
To portray nature's beauties, or to sell
New-fangled razor strops, 'tis quite as well.

Poor Emerson already has thy drama's notes,
Stuffed Wistar's Balsam down the people's throats;
While Hiawatha wretches dared to carve,
To advertise our Redding's Russia Lave.

Then be not o'er surprised at what I say,
The cat will mew, and "buncombe" have its day;
Spread eagles flourish, banners wave on high,
The "style" be broken, and the "buzzards" fly.

"Refuse the great" will talk, and swell that pride,
Which no true Yankee boy will wish to hide,
That nation's pride will fill every breast clasp,
Till each shall feel he's all the United States.

Our city fathers, in old Faneuil Hall,
Shall our forefathers deeds once more recall;
Proclaim their worth, their bravery and will,
And pledge a bumper to old Bunker's Hill;
Shall least themselves where freedom's patriots bled,
And the whole "time" shall cost them "nary red."

We must forgive them, were we not victorious,
Then on this day let's all be somewhat glorious.

What man of years but what remembers well
How in his youthful days his breast would swell,
When as approached our nation's jubilee,
The "glorious fourth" which hailed our country free.

How many ways to raise the wind we had,
To swell the fund contributed by "dadd,"
How many pounds of junk have paved the way.

To purchase powder for this gala day,
Had half the "Hazard's" fire we've burned to-day,
But cheered the "rebels," when to their dismay.

On yonder hill, the final charge was made,
And the last cartridge in the balance weighed,
No Briton's power would e'er have gained one road.

Of that proud spot where patriot soldiers stood,
No! history's page had told a different tale,
For when was Yankee courage known to fail,
Surely not when brave Prescott loudly cries,
"Hoys, save your fire till you see their eyes!"

What words of grief and nugs of beer,
On such a day as this will disappear;
What mingled sounds from drums and fish horns pour;
How pistols snarl, and brazen cannons roar;
How crackers crack and rushing rockets rise,
Till such a people can't believe their eyes,

Although *republic* speaks plain to every ear;
'Tis Young America, the fourth is here;
While some enthusiasts of extra spunk,
On "Medford punches" will get so drunk,
Conclude their patriotism to our glorious nation.

In the snug quarters of a Police Station,
This night and all, from break of dawn till noon,
Has a crowd of silvery curls and of the light,
Shall show by action, spend it how they may,
With joy they hail and venerate the day.

Behold our country, struggling to be free
From British yoke and haughty anarchy;
See our own laws annulled and charters given
For to-day, to-morrow to be riven,
From those whose liberty, not crushed or broke,
Awaited patiently the final stroke.

It came, taxation came, that secret shame
Which woke our country from a fearful dream,
The Stamp Act laid the torch whose kindling flame
Spread glorious lustre on our country's name;
Heroes arose, and statesmen were at hand,
Willing, determined, a united band.

Brave men in Boston vowed they would be free,
Repelled the base taxation, sunk the tea;
This first of causes, now by others swelled,
Aroused a fire not easy to be quelled;
And as a free gains strength by tempest
And as a free gains strength by tempest

As swelling sails will strain the gallant mast,
So other means at work—a sense of wrong—
Aroused their inward power, and made them
saints,
These burning words inscribed on every shield,
Nerved each bold arm the sword of right to wield.

Uttered by him who gained the world's applause,
The first great martyr in our glorious cause,
"When justice is the standard, heaven's high
Will shield the warrior's arm though tempests lower,
But conscious guilt unmakes the strongest arm,
That lifts the sword the innocent to harm."

Prophetic words! would you try their truth in still,
Go stand where Prescott fought on Bunker's Hill;
Where Warren fell, whose blood like water poured
To enrich the land he honored and adored,
Where spirit unconquered sought brighter shores,
Ere that he saw his country's star arise.

Then from that height sublime, stretch forth
your eyes
To where the sunny South in verdure lies;
See men of iron will indite those lines
Which we to-day have heard, and in our minds

Are treasured as the rarest gems which we,
As freemen, can bestow upon posterity.
Here in my hand I hold,
That declaration bold,
Our worthy sires of old
Sent to the free,

Cherished by careful hands,
A monument it stands,
Showing to other lands
A wise decree.

This very parchment to our town was sent,
When conked freedom in these words found vent:
On yonder green, where by soft breezes fanned,
Floated those bright stars, pride of a happy land,
Once stood our village church, there this decree

Of the "rebellious" words, awake the free;
Cherish it, guard it, as the brightest gem
That glitters in our country's diadem.
Come back to Lexington, whose hallowed soil
Was first the bold invader's power to foil;
Here the warm blood in freedom's contest shed

A living altar raised. The patriot's dying bed
Called forth to arms a thousand men of steel,
And foreign power soon was made to feel,
That though no Richelieu or Wellington
were here,
Heroes there were who held their country dear—
Putnam, and Stark, and Brooks, are names
that glow
Send up a flash on every manly brow,
Here your own Porter fell, bowing his head
In freedom's conflict, with the sacred dew.

See "Mumfords" victory cheer our drooping band,
Where the great leader of our stricken land,
By force of arms maintained unequal fight,
And ceased the carnage only with the night,
The morning's dawn saw "Clinton's" forces yield,
And "Mumford's" banners grace the conquered field.

Gaze then on Yorktown, where the final blow
Was struck, which caused the Briton's overthrow;
Convinced and aid denied, escape debarr'd,
The very elements against him warred,
Crest-fallen, hopeless, gaining no relief,
His sword surrenders to our nation's chief.
Then through the land what bursts of joy were heard,

What bands of freemen spoke the cheering word—
"Columbia's free!" Hail to the morning sun
Whose clearest beams saw freedom's battles won.

How shall we speak of thee, thou first in war!
In peace our first, our wisest counselor!
Immortal Patriot! genius of the world!
Thy lightning's vanquished and thy thunder's hurled.

The haughty powers of Europe, in disdain,
Look on themselves, and taught their strength to gain;
Peaceful as rests, in yonder silent grave,
Near the cool rippling of Potomac's wave;
Earth has no mound, when her proud columns soar,
So dear to memory as Mount Vernon's shore.

Though no tall spire, up pointing to the skies,
Tells where the father of his country lies;
Yet Pilgrims here shall come with noiseless tread,
To pay their homage to the mighty dead.

Thy greatness lives, thine earthly work is done,
Rest thee, immortal shade of Washington!
But stay, our wayward muse must check her flight,
For outward scenes will soon the eye delight.
Yet, ere we close these humble, feeble lines,
Shall we forget thee when such glory shines?

Thy present greatness, and thy wide domains;
Thy smiling valleys and thy fertile plains;
Land of the brave and free, for arts renowned,
For wisdom famed, with every blessing crowned;

From sea to sea our country's flag bears sway,
A boundless empire gaining strength each day.

When last our muse attuned her feeble song,
Our country drooped; but, by exertion strong,
And will, and honest pride, are stilled our fears,
And now we greet her smiling through her tears.

The passing storm has ceased, the clouds disappear,
And murmuring breezes echo all is well,
Cast but your eye on yonder waving plain,
Each vale and hill-side bending with your grain;

All this is ours, and would you ask for more?
The El Dorado sends her glittering ore,
The South its cotton, West its pork and corn,
The North and East their lumber in their turn.

Then, let us ne'er despair, "the darkest day,"
The North and East their lumber in their turn,
Then, let us ne'er despair, "the darkest day,"
The North and East their lumber in their turn.

That country ripens in her honest gains
Which perfect peace and harmony maintain,
Then let our flag float free on every wave,
In every sea our ships their bosoms lave,
But when they float with banners at the mast,
Our nation shall protect them to the last;

The right of search we never will allow,
While beats the pulse beneath a freeman's brow.

Yet while as sacredly we hold our rights,
As we maintained them on yon sacred heights,
No cause we fear for fear. The whispered promise, and its awful threatening, thrill through and touch every nerve of the soul, when faithfully preached.

Be thou faithful unto death and the Lord will give thee a crown of life.

SENTENCED—Andrew King and Joseph Thompson, the burglars who broke into the store of the Messrs. Haven in Burlington, Union street, and stormy strife give o'er. Write on our banner, floating far and free, Where every upturned eye can proudly see, The burning words of eloquence sublime; Not for a day, but for all future time, Those words, which fell from our loved WEBSTER'S lips,

Whose lofty greatness nought can e'er eclipse:
Union and Liberty, inseparable, one,
Now and forever, till the latest sun!

After the singing of the National Hymn by the audience, accompanied by the Band, the procession was re-formed and proceeded to the Picnic at Hiawatha Grove. It is supposed that five thousand persons were assembled in the grove, and partook of the collation. The scene presented was lively and inspiring. The large concourse of people amused themselves in various ways, while Gilmore's unrivaled Band charmed the ears of the multitude with some of its sweetest music, dispersed under the pleasant shade of the wide-spreading oaks and hemlocks.

At 5 o'clock the procession re-formed and marched back to the Common, where the Band played "Auld Lang Syne" and the Chief Marshal, thanking the Phalanx and the fire department, dismissed them, and each and all wended their way homewards, to assemble again to witness the display of fireworks in the evening.

These consisted, with the exception of "July 4" in lance work, of projectiles—rockets, shells and mines,—and were sent up under the superintendence of Mr. Jacob Brown.

We add only, that we are extremely gratified with this celebration and the result of it. All who participated in it—from the youngest child to the grey haired sire whose poetic reminiscences of revolutionary times brought tears of joy into his own and others' eyes—appeared to be pleased and gratified with the efforts made for their entertainment, and this was the best and only reward the committee and those who kindly assisted them looked for or anticipated.

We may state for the information of the citizens, that the subscriptions received will nearly, if not quite, cover all the expenses, though they were quite heavy.

At a meeting of the Committee on Thursday evening, a unanimous vote of thanks was passed to the ladies who rendered valuable aid and assistance on the occasion.

Lecture to the Young Men.

A lecture was delivered last Sabbath evening, by Rev. Mr. Bronson, in the Baptist Church, to the young men. The "Young Men's Christian Association," and "Young Men's Literary Association," were present in a body, and delegations from the Fire Department under Engineer Cooper, and Captains Davis and Cutter. Mr. Bronson chose for his theme Prov., chap. 2: verses 3, 4, 10, 11. The discourse was appropriate and timely, and well calculated to exert a salutary influence over those for whose benefit it was particularly designed. Mr. Bronson is comparatively a stranger to the people of Woburn, but he has already shown himself deeply interested in their moral and religious welfare, and he may rest assured that he will find an abundance of warm-hearted and reliable friends to aid him and stay up his hands.

At the close of the lecture a very interesting ceremony took place, in the presentation of a handsome quarto Bible to each of the Fire Companies in town, by Mr. John D. Tidd, in behalf of the Baptist Church. Mr. Tidd addressed the officers of the Department present, in a deeply interesting manner.

After stating whence the Bibles came, he proceeded to speak of the peculiar value of the sacred volume as the rule of conduct for young men. As he presented them he requested that one of the Bibles should be placed in each of the Engine Houses, where they might be consulted from time to time by the members of the Fire Companies. Capt. Davis, in reply, said that the wishes expressed, should be complied with.

We hope this lecture will be followed by others, from the different clergymen in town. If our young men who are not accustomed to attend church regularly, are not only willing but glad to attend the evening lectures, designed especially for them, this fact should encourage every one who feels at heart an anxious desire to win them into Wisdom's ways, to faint not nor be discouraged, but in the morning to sow the seed of truth, and in the evening to withhold not the hand.

During a drunken squabble early on Sunday morning last, one of those large panes of glass in the store windows of Wm. Woodberry, Esq., was broken.

The Rev. Mr. Bronson, who has accepted the call of and is now settled over the Baptist Church and Society of this town, not desiring a formal installation, was inducted into the office of Pastor, last Sabbath afternoon, by Deacon John Tidd, who administered to him the Right Hand of Fellowship, in the following words:—

MY DEAR BROTHER!—Your present position is not entirely new to you, having been a settled minister for several years, so that you only removed from one part of your Lord's vineyard to another.

You come from a united, harmonious and affectionate people. You come to a united, harmonious and affectionate people. I trust you will find by happy experience, an affectionate people. And in harmony with the vote of the Church, and in their behalf, I now present to you, this right hand of our Christian fellowship.

Be faithful, my dear brother, and the church promises to do all in her power to stay your hands by her prayers, and every other proper method. And as a delightful encouragement, at the commencement of your ministry, you have led down to the banks of our Jordan, several willing converts, and they now stand before you, already on their way rejoicing. Others have related their experience, and are ready for baptism; others still, are inquiring to know what they shall do to be saved.

This church has been my home for more than half a century, and when I remember, that there is but just one member living that was a member when I was baptized, with these facts before me, I may well feel, that I too, am fast nearing the shores of the eternal world. With all its tremendous consequences, and under these solemn impressions, my dear brother, let me say to you—PREACH THE GOSPEL. It is the great means that God has appointed to save a lost and perishing world. Its holy doctrines and precepts, its delightful promises, and its awful threatenings, thrill through and touch every nerve of the soul, when faithfully preached.

Be thou faithful unto death and the Lord will give thee a crown of life.

SENTENCED—Andrew King and Joseph Thompson, the burglars who broke into the store of the Messrs. Haven in Burlington, Union street, and stormy strife give o'er. Write on our banner, floating far and free, Where every upturned eye can proudly see, The burning words of eloquence sublime; Not for a day, but for all future time, Those words, which fell from our loved WEBSTER'S lips,

Whose lofty greatness nought can e'er eclipse:
Union and Liberty, inseparable, one,
Now and forever, till

two more on the easterly side. Of course, he must cross the river often, and he keeps a Ferry Boat large enough to carry his teams across. He also owns a sheep, which he uses to carry his crops to the city. You may be surprised to learn that the crop on which he most depends is sweet potatoes. Last year he sold about four thousand dollars worth, and he has sold eighteen hundred dollars worth from an acre and a quarter of land! The largest potato he ever raised weighed sixteen pounds! He carried a sack of sixteen potatoes to the city, which he sold for one hundred and forty-five pounds. Others have raised them weighing over twenty pounds each! Apples, pears, peaches, plums, figs and grapes flourish here first rate. B. has a fine lot in the growing condition. But the most money is made in raising cows. Last year he sold thirty steers, and he has now over two hundred head of cattle, all from the two cows. You taste no veal here, for every calf is raised. B. has eighty milk cows this year, which would bring, in Massachusetts, seventy-five dollars a piece. They are the largest and handsomest ones I ever saw. It would do you good to look at them. B. is raising fifteen acres of marrow squashes, in addition to grass, corn, &c., to feed them on next winter. The profits of the dairy much more than pay all the expenses of keeping the stock, so that the sale of cattle affords a large income. B. has been unfortunate since he came here, having lost, at one time, several thousand dollars in fire; but he is now in a fair way to get rich.

But I had almost forgotten to say anything of myself, which fact you will attribute to my extreme modesty. Well, I reached California after a pleasant voyage of twenty days, one day of which was spent in the harbor of Panama, waiting for another steamer, which sailed from New York three days before we did. I was not "sea sick" any, but very sick of the sea. The Doctor, who had thirteen hundred and fifty passengers, with conveniences for only eight hundred. We had a very bad storm, which blew your hat off the last two days, when I blew almost a hurricane. Our boat was an old crazy thing and leaked badly, and when the wind blew so hard many were extremely sick, and some were dreadfully frightened. I did not, however, lose any sleep, except an hour, at midnight, which I spent on deck, enjoying the solemn grandeur of the scene. I felt no fear, for I knew that

"God was on the ocean
Just the same as on the land."

With the city of San Francisco I was much pleased. I was surprised, however, at the cheapness of living. A good dinner may be obtained as cheap as in Boston, and articles of clothing are very low. Sacramento City is a pleasant place. I have spent some time at Greenwald Valley, nearly fifty miles from Sacramento. Greenwald is a very pleasant little valley, situated very much like your Greenwald. It has about the same territory, the same population, and vines north and south between the hills. Taking this for a fair specimen of mine's vineyard, it is easy to see where much of the miner's money goes. In this small village there are six billiard or gambling saloons, and double that number of grog shops. While I was there were two circus performances in the street, right in front of the hotel where I stayed.

Miners used to make from fifty to two or three hundred dollars a day, out of the "veal diggings," where now no one but a Chinaman can get enough to live on. By the way, these Chinamen, it is said, are making more money than any other class of people in the country. There are thirty thousand in the State, and they have to pay four dollars a month, each man, for the privilege of living here, besides other taxes. The State would derive a pretty good income from them, if it had honest collectors; but the collectors here are very much like our State officers here—bound to "feather their own nests." The Chinese are a great deal smarter race than I have supposed. Old miners say they are good men to hire, — tough, hardy, and ingenious. Strange to tell, there is scarcely one of them that cannot read and write his own language. They are very intelligent in conversation with one of the collectors. He says the Chinamen are very shrewd, and never will own that they have any money. When they can learn when he is coming, they will hide to avoid him, and he will give half-a-dozen good kicks, with a cowhide, to make them pay over." He told of one old fellow, who, while he was talking with him, counted out some gold, and laid the ground with his heel, and drop his purse down the leg of his pantaloons into the hole, and cover it up. Then he said, "You think me got money you search me." Opposite our hotel was a Chinese store and a laundry house, which, in company with the landlady, I visited. Most of their articles of trade are imported from China, including a great variety of dried fish, and dried vegetables. I should think there is a great difference, kind of dried fish, some of which cost very high. They have no beds to sleep on, but pile together on platforms raised about two feet from the ground, and cover them with a great mass of opium, laying down and resting on one elbow when smoking. When one of their number dies, they place on his grave a dish of rice, a bowl of brandy, some pipes of opium, a box of matches, and some candles, and writing materials. These things I myself saw on the grave of one lately buried, all but the brandy, which was stolen from the grave, the night before, by an old fellow of the town.

The change from our "rivers" at the mines, compared with what they formerly were, are very few, at least in this vicinity. The surface diggings are used up, and the dirt has been washed over and over again. The only chances left are to work by the month or buy into some claim. If you buy into a "river claim" you may, possibly, work for nothing. A river claim extends on both sides of the river, from one mountain to another. The gold lays in the "bed rock," which is at the bottom of the river and under the gold the banks, on both sides. To get at the gold the banks, of course, must be removed. This they do by "digging." These banks were caused, probably, by slides from the mountains, and vary from one foot to fifty feet in depth. When this dirt is removed, it is there in a few minutes, and the "bed rock," chiefly within two feet of the top. If you find none, which is often the case, your money is wasted and your labor lost.

The Quartz Mines, in the mountains, are a scarce thing. A smart hand, by the month, can earn from fifty to sixty dollars. Frazier River and the New Gold Diggings are all the talk now, and people are rushing there in all parts of the State. Should reports prove true, you need not be surprised to hear from me, next, at that place. At any rate, I intend to work for sure pay at any rate. This you will readily believe, if I came here in part, for pleasure, and I shall see the country before I return. When I return my journey will be "across the plains."

I have formed some pleasant acquaintances here already. The school-ma'am, a fine little girl from New York, lives near. She receives seventy dollars per month for teaching California's young ideas how to shoot. The weather here is remarkably fine, and my health never was better.

SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSION.

The Sabbath School of the Orthodox Society in South Reading made an excursion to Willow Grove, Salem, on Wednesday last. The day was delightful, with a warm sun and cloudless sky, and a bracing atmosphere. Everything conspired to make the excursion a pleasant one. The School met at the Chapel at a quarter-past seven o'clock, a procession was formed under the direction of Dr. A. C.

TO THE LADIES!

WHEREAS, it appears that the days of right, honor and integrity are fast fading away, and WHEREAS, the unprincipled and ignorant are daily taking advantage of the profound and learned, BE IT KNOWN, therefore, to all, whether MALES, FEMALES, OR WHATEVER, that DR. CHEESEMAN'S FEMALE PILLS are ALONE the certain panacea for the troubles of heart, disordered stomach, pain in the side, and causing watery humors, to the whole sex, more especially to the MAILED PORTION, as they are certain to bring on the monthly period with regularity, AND, WHEREAS, these PILLS are pure vegetable and entirely free from minerals, therefore, perfectly harmless, and will not disfigure the face, or otherwise cause any injury to the public, purporting to effect the objects already detailed, THEREFORE, BE IT KNOWN, that NOTHING but the said PILLS of Dr. CHEESEMAN will accomplish the desired object, without disfigurement, and the Ladies will cause the Procurement to spread amongst them, to their own everlasting benefit—always presenting that said Procurement in one case must be considered null and void; that is to say, that the Pills must not be taken when any female is in an interesting situation, otherwise miscarriage will be the inevitable result. Explicit directions are enclosed with each box. Price \$1. Sent by mail on enclosing \$1. Dr. C. CHEESEMAN, 423, Pine Street, New York, N.Y. Sold by one Druggist in every town in the United States.

Given under my hand and seal.

C. C. CHEESEMAN, M. D.

General Agent for the United States,

165 Chambers-St., New York.

To whom all Agents orders should be addressed.

Agents—Thomas Richardson, Reading, & W. Co.,

Woburn, Mass.

Jan. 2—1y.

DR. LANG, Dentist,

Continues to insert Upper or Under

Sets of Teeth on Silver Plate for

from \$15 to \$30. Upper or Under Set

first quality, on gold, \$40 to \$45.

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Married.

In South Reading, July 4th, by Rev. Henry Jewell of Lynn, Mr. WILLIAM WILEY to Miss SARAH CHALK, both of South Reading.

Died.

In South Reading, July 3d, Mr. THOMAS W. GREEN, son of Thomas Green, aged 26 years. In South Reading, July 5th, of Whooping Cough, MARY A., daughter of N. F. Bruce, aged 18 months.

FLOUR! FLOUR!!

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the citizens generally, in Woburn and vicinity, that he has just received, and will continue to receive, at his building, South of the Depot, Flour of various brands and grades, direct from the West, which will be sold at very low prices. Also, a full assortment of family groceries, such as Flour, Meal, and other articles, at the lowest prices. Bakers are respectfully invited to call and examine.

Also—Constantly on hand, and for sale, Gold, Silver, and Copper Coins, and all kinds of jewelry, at the lowest prices. Also, a full assortment of family groceries, such as Flour, Meal, and other articles, at the lowest prices. Bakers are respectfully invited to call and examine.

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Particular Notice.

THE Subscriber is happy to inform his friends and the public that he is now ready to receive orders for all descriptions of work pertaining to his profession as House Carpenter, Proprietor, and Contractor, and is prepared to execute the same in the most skillful and economical manner. He has just received a large quantity of JOIST, at reasonable prices, and furnishing the highest quality of material. He is prepared to execute all kinds of carpentering, and is prepared to execute all kinds of carpentering, and is prepared to execute all kinds of carpentering.

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Also—Constant

The Journal.

WOBURN:

Saturday Morning, July 17, 1858.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the *Journal* renders it valuable as an advertising medium. Its text and preserved by the best facilities of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equalled, in typographical appearance by any paper published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement, equal prominence is obtained by all advertisers. Our terms of advertising are most liberal.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of *Job Printing*. The variety of new and handsome types with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skilful. We have therefore every facility for doing all kinds of work, quick, neat and cheap. Orders sent to our office, or sent through our agents will be promptly attended to, and the price will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

Summer Traveling.

Travelling for relaxation and health has become an established custom among professional, literary and business men. Shut up within the walls of the city or large towns, engaged in the arduous duties of their callings, when the heats of summer come on with debilitating influence, there is an almost absolute want of rest, for a brief period, from their every-day duties. There is the need of visiting other scenes, that the powers, both of the mind and the body, may regain their elasticity and vigor, in order to a successful grappling with the cares and anxieties ever attendant upon business. There is need of a visit to the beautiful scenery of hill and mountain, of lake and river, so abundant in many parts of our country. It is amid the beauty and solemn grandeur of such places, or standing beneath the old, yet ever sacred paternal roof, in the quiet seclusion of some remote valley, that the spirit drinks in those holy influences that nerve it with new strength to engage successfully in the great battle of life. It is rest, relaxation, change of scene, change of influences, and the pure air of the mountains that is needed, that may be enjoyed, or the physical powers will prematurely fail. As the travelling season is already at hand, and some of our readers are considering where they shall go for their summer tour, we throw out a few suggestions, for those who are candid enough to consider them, or wise enough to heed them.

Many people actually travel for rest and relaxation from the cares of business. They are the ones who really need it. But some evidently travel simply because others do so, or for the reason that it has become fashionable. Those who are "tired to death" with nothing to do, regularly visit our fashionable watering-places, and derive a temporary gratification from producing a sensation. They are content to leave elegant and comfortable homes, and put up with *at the chambers*, or any other place large enough to contain their trunks and boxes, regardless of the heat or ill-ventilation. Such people, we presume, "enjoy poor health," as the good old lady said, and take this course to secure it. There is but little danger that such people will go into "a decline." Pride, and fifteen dollars a week for board, will do considerable toward keeping them alive, while the satisfaction of dining at Congress Hall, or with the nobles at Newport, will do them as much good as Saratoga water or sea-bathing.

We have often wondered at the course pursued by some who travel for rest from business. They take their seat in the morning train, and leave the car only when the shades of night are closing in. They then accept such accommodations as are to be had, and with the dawn of the next day take their seat again, to be borne rapidly onward. Thus they travel day after day, till their vacation season has expired, and then they return home, to plunge again into the perplexities of business. Their journey has not rested, but fatigued them, and they need a month of absolute rest and good nursing to recover them from the effects of their tour. Some conclude, after the trial, that *travelling* does not agree with them, and do not repeat the experiment. They allow that it may, possibly, be beneficial to others, but, as for themselves, it almost makes them sick, and they usually stay at home in future.

If a man really wishes to secure rest from the harassing cares and toil of business, let him seek it by travelling, though in a very different manner. Let him leave his ponderous trunks, and his dozen overcoats at home. His fine broad chest and white kids will serve him better in the social gatherings of the coming winter. They are not the things for the wear and tear of mountain and lake tours. Let him don a suit that shall serve him, and give him respectability as a mountaineer, and he will do well enough on a "tramp" or at his hotel. Let him leave his *starch and dignity* at home. The crags and the bushes are too destitute of the organ of veneration to respect them. Genuis's best "beaver will come back" in due plight as will render it necessary to inform those who chance to look upon it, when the poor old hat was new. A plain, yielding Kosuth, would keep it age far better. With a few necessary articles, packed carefully in a valise, a man can travel one, two, or even three weeks, can be independent of hacks and omnibuses; can walk or ride as he pleases, can leave the great thoroughfares for less frequented routes, and come upon the main road again where he chooses. He can turn aside and visit objects of interest, and feel no anxiety about his valuable baggage.

The man who really travels for health, will not stop long at Newport, Saratoga, or Niagara. When he has looked sufficiently long upon the sublimity of the latter, he will wisely return to the Switzerland of America, or to the mountain and lake scenery of New York. The Kattikill and White mountains, the beautiful scenery of Winthrop, Champlain, George, or Willoughby lakes; the lovely Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, graphic-

ally described in another column, will possess charms and a value to him, that the glittering halls of metropolitan hotels can never give. He will love, occasionally, with a few choice friends to plunge into the deep forests of northern New England, and learn by experience, whence the hardy backwoodsman derives his physical strength and powers of endurance. Let them pitch their tent, or construct a camp of hemlock boughs, with bark for a covering. The hook and gun will supply their table with delicacies an epicure would envy. They will need no bed of down upon which to rest. Branches of evergreens will afford them a couch upon which their sleep will be quiet and refreshing, and they will arise in the morning, vigorous and blithesome as the lark. To the lover of natural science what could be more interesting than such a tour? He would hold sweet intercourse with Nature, and list to her teachings in her own temple. There

"Amid the low, religious whisperings, And shivery lest-sounds of the solitude, The spirit wakes to worship, and is made Thy living temple." By the breath of flowers, Thou callest us from city throngs and cares, Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams, That sing of Thee—back to free childhood's heart, Fresh with the dews of tenderness. Thou hiddest The lilies of the field with placid smile Reprove man's feverish heart-strings, and infuse Through his worn soul a more unworlly life. With their soft, holy breath."

We hope that some of our friends who are intending to make a summer tour this season, will act upon our suggestions and make trial of country or forest life for a short time. Rev. Dr. Bethune, of New York, is in the habit of taking his tent, and retreating to the backwoods of Maine, where he finds the rest, the relaxation from severe labor, the reinvigoration of his system, physical and mental, which he needs. This is an example worthy of imitation. Such trips possess a charm wholly unknown in the halls and salons of fashionable winter places. Daniel Webster, too, was wont to retire to the quiet of his farm at Marshfield or to the hills and lakes of Franklin, when exhausted vigor demanded repose. There laying aside the costume becoming his high position at the seat of government, he donned the farmer's suit and the slouched hat, and never did he appear more truly great than at such times. Others would do well to go and do likewise. There is a charm in Nature, visited in her retreats, that imparts new vigor to all who consult her and take counsel of her within her own leafy shrine. We trust that the hills of New Hampshire and the forests of Maine, together with the beautiful lakes and streams of both, will have power to win many a weary son of care and labor to their cool retreats during the present hot season.

Battalion Drill of the 7th Regiment.

The battalion drill of this regiment took place in Stoneham on Thursday. The ground selected for the encampment, on Prospect Hill, Washington street, is finely adapted for the purpose, and, if it contained a few more acres, would suit admirably for the divisional muster. It is a perfectly level plateau, on the summit of the hill, and commands a fine view of Stoneham and surrounding towns. The day was delightful for the occasion—a cool, refreshing breeze tempered the atmosphere, rendering the duties of the drill pleasant and easy.

The lines were formed at 9 o'clock, a. m., and the battalion paraded through the principal streets of Stoneham, to the parade ground, where they performed the various evolutions of the drill, under command of Col. Lyman Dike. This was Col. Dike's first appearance since his appointment to the command of the 7th Regiment. His staff consists of the following officers:—Lieut. Col. Simon Flint; Major John Wiley, 2d Adjutant; B. N. Mann; Quarter-master, Amos A. Cummings; Paymaster, Hadley P. Burrill; Surgeon's Mate, W. H. Heath, M. D.; Sergeant Major, F. F. Wade. The Battalion was composed of detachments from company A, Salem, Capt. Geo. H. Farless; Co. B, Salem, Capt. W. C. Horton; Co. C, Stoneham, Capt. Charles C. Dike; Co. D, also detached a second detachment under command of Lieut. John Dike; Co. E, South Reading, Capt. James F. Emerson; Co. F, Chelsea, Capt. W. C. Norton; Co. G, Haverhill, Capt. W. Taggart; and Co. H, Salem, Capt. Eleazer Hathaway. The battalion numbered 134 men and officers. The drill, on the whole, was very good, and creditable to the battalion. At the divisional muster the regiment will turn out with full ranks, and we have no doubt its drill and discipline will be worthy of high commendation. Col. Dike appears to be a thorough working commander, and he is ably supported by an excellent staff. A regiment so well officered cannot be otherwise than a credit to the State.

MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY.—The next collegiate year of this excellent seminary will commence on September 8th. For the education of young ladies this institution affords facilities unsurpassed by any in the State.

DONATION.—Some of the parishioners of the Rev. R. T. Robinson, in Winchester, recently presented him with a beautiful horse, valued at \$175, as a mark of their esteem towards him as a minister and a citizen.

BREXIT BEE.—An Albany "gentleman" to prevent his creditors from getting their due, recently assigned \$20,000 worth of real-estate to his two step-sons. Step-sons had deeds recorded, and in three days had real-estate converted into money, and started for the West, leaving step-father to "take it out in swearing." Step-father, having put all his property out of his hands, finding himself with out sufficient funds to go in pursuit of step-sons. Verdict—served Albany gentleman right.

THE late disastrous earthquake in Mexico, caused a loss of \$5,000,000 worth of property. Churches, theatres, &c., being totally demolished.

Sketch of the Life of the late Hon. John Wade.

Hon. JOHN WADE was born in Woburn, April 3d 1789, and was the son of Ebenezer and Elizabeth (Leath) Wade. He married Polly Dorcas, daughter of Dr. John Page, Feb. 26th, 1805, (Mrs. Wade died Jan. 1826) by whom he had one son, John, born in 1810. His son graduated at Amherst College, entered the profession of law, and married Miss Anna E. Warfield. He died in 1851, leaving no issue.

Col. Wade commenced business as a country trader, in Woburn, in 1802, upon a capital of one hundred and seventy dollars. He leased a shop of Mr. Joshua Reed, situated on the land now owned and occupied by J. J. Pippy, Esq., but before the expiration of three years, he purchased the land where A. E. Thompson's store now stands, and erected a building thereon. He afterwards purchased the rest of the land situated on Main and Park streets, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, and has erected all the building thereon.

At the time Col. Wade commenced business there were but three stores in town, one at what was then called "Old Horse," now Winchester, kept by Paul Wyman; one at New Bridge, kept by Major Abijah Thompson, and one in the centre of the town, kept by Mr. Zebadiah Wyman. A new store was considered a very rash undertaking. Friends attempted to dissuade him from embarking in such a perilous undertaking, but with that keen business foresight which has ever been one of his marked characteristics, he determined to persevere, and success crowned his effort. He continued in business until 1825, when he sold out to the Hon. Bowen Buckman. Since he sold his interest to Mr. Buckman, he has been more or less engaged in shipping business, and taking care of the property which he had honestly accumulated by his prudence, sagacity and industry. In his business relations his integrity has never been questioned. He was a trader of the old school, and with him fair dealing was a matter of course.

In his political sentiments he was a Democrat, and has been fortunate in retaining the confidence of his fellow citizens, having received more offices at their hands than any other man in town; sometimes elected almost unanimously, at others with a strong and bitter opposition. He was elected chairman of the board of Selectmen from 1814 to 1825 inclusive, also in 1834 and 1835; a period of 14 years. Town Treasurer from 1814 to 1825, a period of 12 years. Representative to the General Court 1812 to 1823, 1825 to 1829, 1832, 1833, 1834, a period of 19 years. Delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1820, with but one opposing vote, and was chosen moderator of nearly every town-meeting from 1814 to 1830. State Senator in 1821 and 1825, appointed Justice of Peace by Gov. Sullivan, and post-master under President Madison, in 1811. In military life he passed through the various grades of Captain, Major and Colonel. All the official trusts committed to him he has discharged with honesty and ability, and with reference to the best interests of his constituents.

Previous to his election to the offices of Selectman and Treasurer, great abuses existed in the management of town affairs. It was then usual that all the bills contracted by the various boards of town officers for refreshments and horse-keeping, be paid by the town, hence when the Selectmen met to take into serious consideration whether a town pauper should have a new undergarment made, or whether the old one should be mended, quantities of flip and toddy, must be imbibed, either to sharpen the judgment or deepen the gravity of the occasion.—When the Assessors or Auditors met, the same drinking process must be gone through, at the town's expense. As strange as this may seem to us in this generation, it was the common practice in that day, as numerous documents at hand will attest. Under this state of things, town officers met frequently and transacted but very little business. At town meetings committees were chosen to look after town lands, who never made reports, but always presented bills large enough to cover the amount of their taxes; waste, extravagance and an empty treasury were the results. It was to reform such abuses that Col. Wade was first presented as a candidate for town office. After a severe contest, he was elected, and proceeded to the work of reform with a vigor and courage worthy of the cause.

He refused to pay the liquor bills, very much to the disappointment of those who wished to imbibe at the expense of the town. He opposed and defeated the election of *do-nothing* committees; collected as far as possible the outstanding taxes, and paid all town orders presented, whether there was any money in the treasury or not. These reforms established for him a reputation as a faithful, honest and efficient public officer.

As a townsman he has done much to adorn and embellish his native place, by the erection of good and substantial buildings. As a friend, there are those who bear witness to his kindly assistance and wise counsel; who feel that he has ever been to them a sincere friend, assisting them in their hour of need and counselling them wisely in their hour of danger.

His dislikes were hearty dislikes. He made no pretense of friendship where none existed, and hated, with an intense hatred, cant, hypocrisy and dishonesty, and was unsparring and bitter in his denunciation of them. He was a democrat in the truest sense of the word; was uniformly as kind and courteous to men in frocking as those in broad cloth. He looked through the cloth for manhood, and if he did not discover that, the cloth was of very little consequence.

His calmness during his last sickness was remarkable. He did not fear the approach of death, but waited for it with patience and resignation, and conversed freely and frequently upon his approaching dissolution. A few weeks before his death he went to Mount Auburn, and selected a lot for a burial place, and examined plans for a fence and a monument; manifesting his accustomed care and solicitude that every thing should be well and properly done. He died on the 9th day of July, 1858, in the 79th year of his age.

Thus has passed from our midst one who has filled a larger space in the history of the town than any other man. Of a strong and comprehensive mind, he was eminently fitted to influence his fellow-men. He was the man of his time, and his influence will long be felt amongst us.

Woburn, July, 1858.

Prince Edward Island.

The following excellent letter, descriptive of one of the most delightful places in the universe for a summer residence, was forwarded to us with a request to publish it. The writers, Messrs. Johnson & Son, we know to be gentlemen whose statements can be relied upon with implicit confidence, and, in fact, from our own personal knowledge, we can endorse their recommendations of this lovely Island. The route of travel to reach the Island is very pleasant, and not expensive. As we have travelled it several times we will be happy to furnish interesting visitors any information in our power:

CHARLOTTETOWN, Prince Edward Island,
June 15th, 1858.

Dear Sir:

We are glad that your visit to this city, last year, has made such a favorable impression on your mind, as to induce you to think seriously of coming again this summer; but, as you wish for further information as to the general healthiness of the country, we will supply you with our observations and opinions, after a residence including seven summers.

The purpose of your enquiries appears to be this:—The Prince Edward Island a desirable summer resort for persons or families seeking the restoration or establishment of their health? Undoubtedly it is! and it is, to us, a matter of great surprise that the health-seekers of New York, and of the American Continent generally, have not found out this very pretty Island, with its salubrious summer climate. The Indians call it "Annapolis," their "Home on the Wave," and, we think, the Americans might call it "the Italy," their "Venice," their "Home in Summer."

From long experience in other climates we feel able to form a comparative estimate of their restorative properties, and we are decidedly of opinion that as a prophylactic, (a remedial agency in the restoration of health) this climate far surpasses any we have known. If we give you what we may call the "natural history" of the Island, perhaps the "natural causes" of its superior salubrity may be assigned.

1. The latitude—48° to 47° N., produces that moderate temperature that softens the asperity of the Labrador and Atlantic winds into pleasant healthy breezes. Sultry, depressing heat is rarely experienced here, being remarkably free from a retching coolness is not felt in the air, even during our warmest season.

2. The situation—In the south-east of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, consequently, the surrounding waters (in which the Island appears to float) are composed of that immense Lake-stream, ever commingling with the tides of the Atlantic ocean. The Gulf is nearly surrounded by the continent and islands, serving as barriers to the too near approach of the chilling ice-bergs, and as shelter from the violence of storm and tempest.

3. The form of the Island being long and narrow, the refreshing salt-water breezes in every direction, and from every quarter; and the full benefit of northern or southern aspect may be obtained in an hour's driving of the carriage on our main road, which resembles Italy; its length is 140 miles by a mean breadth of about 16, indented deeply by numerous beautiful bays, and by still more numerous creeks or tidal rivers, being remarkable for the variety, to the sources of the little rivulets that run among the hills. By this natural formation of the Island the whole is purified and refreshed by the continual lavage of the ocean water. We have no fresh water river; we cannot have a fresh-water flow; consequently, no malarial marshes; nor have we any high mountains, torrent-streams or summer snow-water, from the refreshing salt-water breeze of our ten thousand springs. Our greatest elevation is a few hundred feet, and clothed in forest robbing to the sunset; and, yet, we are all hill and dale; what level there is, is all in its place, is pleasant, healthy, undulating; giving buoyancy to the feelings of the traveller, and especially to strangers, who generally speak in raptures of our pretty summer scenery.

4. The soil is especially favorable to a healthy climate; it is, geologically, of the new Red Sand Stone formation; agriculturally, it is a most excellent fertile loam; the interstices of the loam are in such proportion as to retain a fertilizing moisture that sustains a healthy verdure throughout the summer; and, yet, the soil is so porous as to relieve the surface of superabundant water in a surprising short time; so that while we are clothed with verdant fields and forests, we have no cold, damp earth; the soil remains an absorbent, and the whole Island may be denominated a filter that purifies both the water and the air. A remarkable circumstance is the rapid growth of all kinds of willows upon the driest part of our soil; even on artificial mounds and dykes for fencing, they will grow from six to nine feet in the few months of summer. This must arise from the vigor of the climate; the soil has no manurial treasure, its fertility exhausts it; but it imbues vitality from the climate, from the same people, the climate that affords restorative power to the human constitution and productiveness to the land.

5. The waters—they are pure; always in motion. Venice itself cannot afford more healthy waters. The waters of the Prince Edward Island; whether for the yacht, the oar-boat, or the angler; the whole has the appearance of a large land-raft floating on the waters of the Gulf, affording to all upon it, the purest and most healthful water in the healthiest waters in the western hemisphere.

To these natural advantages may be added others not unworthy of your consideration, which we may now mention:

1. The Cost—We know that many consider health to be cheap at any price; but if it can be obtained at moderate expense so much the better; and, to some, great expense proves a complete inducement to trial of even the most promising health. We can safely say that here is the place to have the best help of climate at the least comparative expense. All sterling money increases fifty per cent., so that a hundred dollars in the United States, will be fifty in currency, and each current dollar will procure more of the comfortable necessities of life than the dollar sterling elsewhere. A family residing here, during the summer months, may save more than the cost of travelling, &c. Now, even this fact may render this place more salutary to health-seekers, as not being attended with ruinous expenses.

2. The accommodations are not equal to some other places; we have no Astor Houses, no Rivey Houses, but we have very comfortable Hotels, boarding-houses and private families in our squares and in our streets from eighty to one hundred feet wide, opening at one or both ends, upon the harbor, and, being at right angles, the sea breezes traverse the town in every direction, so pleasantly that I understood you said we were worth a thousand dollars an hour if in Broadway; but, as we cannot transport them to your city, even at that tempting price, we cannot do better than advise you to bring yourself and your Broadway friends here, and we will supply them at a much cheaper rate. Then our suburban villas present some of the most enchanting scenery, with healthy residences and building-stories, for thousands of miles, round the shores and interior, where farm-house cheer may be produced and enjoyed.

In concluding these hasty remarks we wish to be well understood that we are not talking of this country as adapted to mere pleasure-seekers or amusement-hunters, or for permanent residence, but to all who are suffering from any exhausting employment, affliction or climate, either in their own person or family, a summer's residence in this country offers the most hopeful assistance. As it respects the time of visiting, we say

from the middle of June to the middle of October constitutes what may be called "the season," which embraces the beautiful spring and summer verdure, and the thousand-colored golden autumn. We shall be happy to afford any further information that may be desired, and will readily answer any application made to our address, for yourself or friends, and especially for any medical adviser proposing this place to his patients.

We remain, respectfully,
JOHNSON & SON,
Physicians and Surgeons.
To I. H. IRELAND, Esq., New York.

THE Richardson Light Guard, of So. Reading, at a meeting held last Saturday evening, Col. Lyman Dike in the chair, elected Thomas Emerson, jr., as their Captain, vice Capt. John Wiley, who has been promoted to Major. N. S. Dearborn was elected 1st Lieut., vice Emerson, promoted, but declining to serve, J. W. Locke was subsequently elected to fill that post.

THE alarm of fire last Thursday evening was caused by the burning of a barn in Somerville belonging to Mr. John T. Magoun. A valuable horse was burned, together with 40 tons of hay. Loss, \$1500; insurance, \$1000. Engine No. 1 of this town was present, No. 3's company also, but without their machine, owing to their not being allowed to take it any further than Winchester in that direction.

A train on the Erie Railroad was thrown down an embankment 30 feet high, on Thursday last, at Skin Hollow, near Port Jervis, and nine persons killed and 47 wounded. It was caused by a rail giving way.

CONCERT IN STONEHAM.—Halls' Band will give one of their novel and exceedingly attractive concerts, on Wednesday evening next, in the Town Hall. We hope they will have a crowded house, as they deserve to.

ERRATUM.—In the letter of E. T. Sweetser in the South Reading Department of last week, 19 lines from bottom, for "sawed" read, "safer."

GAS SHUT OFF.—In order to repair the gasometer, the gas company are obliged to discontinue supplying gas for about a week. The gas will be cut off after this evening. Consumers will take notice.

For the Middlesex Journal.

BROCKVILLE, Canada West,
July 10, 1858.

FRIEND PIPPY.—Be not surprised at this date, for the wheels of time, as well as of engines and cars, must bear the blame.

Here I am, amid the peculiar scenes of feudal habits and customs. All is new to me; yet older than the oldest inhabitant.

Brockville, lies on the St. Lawrence river, about 125 miles above Montreal, a large and populous town, situated amid a rich and fertile farming district. Indeed, it seems that Agriculture forms the main basis of wealth for the majority of the inhabitants.

The moment you enter the place, you are greeted as a Yankee, fresh from the States; although you may imagine yourself a Britisher, yet you cannot pass by any means of smuggling, as such. Indeed, instinct alone, seems to come to the aid of the strangers, in your examination. You enter a shop for a purchase, and after summoning all your tact, you must need an interpreter, in order to pay your bill understandingly. There nice points you are called upon to decide instantly, to wit:—the exact difference between a cent, a copper, and a penny, all of which have a local and specific difference. Notwithstanding "a school-master" may be abroad, he possibly sometimes wishes himself "at home."

Order and neatness are obsolete terms in municipal tactics, streets are all dirty, macadamized, not paved, unswept and unsprinkled; sidewalks of loose planks, or none at all. Yet we are told that this is the receptacle of great aristocracy and English wealth, the cherished home of Lords and Commons, one of John Bull's pet cities. Just below us stands the noted windmills, more of Quixotic renown; rather of the more substantial fight in the days of Canadian Rebellion.—A great contrast is here found in the price of provisions; flour, (best) \$4.00 per barrel; wheat, 80 cents per bushel; eggs, 10 cents per dozen; beef-steak, (best) 10 cents per pound, and nearly everything in keeping.

In a small row boat with a Canadian, I took a tour among the 1000 islands, (or a part of them) scenery here is found almost beyond description. The river is very smooth, and finding its gigantic course amid countless green and flowery islands, each forming the isolated home of numerous bird-singers, and I presume—nymphs. Immense steamers plough their way here from the far West, making floating palaces for the happy wanderer.

The St. Lawrence is clear as a crystal, green as the ocean, and altogether the finest stream of water I have ever seen. We see and hear nothing of Massachusetts or Boston here, not a newspaper can we find to bring a home sigh. I will give "seven pence ha'penny," this morning for a Middlesex Journal of 1857, and double the coin, for one long, cool draught of bracing, free air of my own Yankee land. I find here cordial men, frank and kind, but oh! no where here is "Jonathan at home." What would one spark of "Young America" might fall here, and soon like a mighty torpedo, John Bull's conservatism might find a resting place—"Whie jacet." The N. York is blowing its whistle, and the bell rings—all messages to Yankee land must "go out!"

Yours Truly,
HAWAII.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The advent of a little helpless being, whose features are scarcely determinable, and whose pulpy flesh and daintily formed fingers seem nuttely to implore the most tender and caressive handling, is always a source of unalloyed happiness to the parents, and a theme of warm congratulation on the part of friends and neighbors. More especially is this the case when the little stranger is the first-born son of a house and name that has made its mark and impress upon the times, but which seemed faded to become extinct, like many other prominent families, through want of direct succession in the male line. The eventful evening of the 10th instant, therefore,

was fraught with intense interest and solicitude to a circle of relations and friends gathered in one of the palatial residences upon Academy Hill, and the leaden-footed hours crept slowly by as they awaited in breathless anxiety the coming of the little one, whose presence should fire with joy the hearts of all the household. At length the announcement came, and oh! how wildly beat the pulses of the waiting friends, to hear that heaven had vouchsafed to this expectant family an heir; one who should fill a void in that fond mother's heart; one in whom, it is to be hoped, should be reproduced all the sterling virtues, the uncompromising honesty, perspicacity and far-seeing public spirit of his grandfather, together with the manly bearing, intelligence and urbanity of his father. Most fervent were the thanks which went up silently that night to the Great Giver of all good, for this most significant mark of his favor, and surely every one who dwells among us, must feel that the name and influence of this illustrious house are placed upon a still firmer and more durable basis than ever; so that as the virtues of its founder are handed down the line of direct posterity, its future may be as prosperous and happy as its past and present.

PARTURIENTES.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, July 13, 1858.

Now doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! They are stretched all along the bluff banks of the noble Hudson, on the piazzas of sea coast hotels, by the side of Saratoga's healing waters. So much the cooler is the city for the tribes of clerks, office boys and porters, who are left in charge of things until the revival of business, which is expected to commence within a week or two. In fact, we have had one or two heavy drops of the shower already. New Orleans buyers are here making considerable preparations, though business in that city is said to be seriously interrupted by the prevalence of Yellow Fever; half the stores being shut up on that account.

The event of the Fourth here was the excursion of the 7th Regiment to Richmond with Monroe's remains. This, as your readers are well aware, is the crack Regiment of New York; priding itself not only upon its very superior drill, but upon the good family connection and gentlemanly appearance of the bulk of its members, so that the Seventh is, invariably, called out to resist any low mob movement of the "bloody wards," being known to possess no sympathy with rioters. New-York has reason to be proud of the 7th Regiment. In this organization, one part of it especially, one meets the fashionable old Dutch and Huguenot, and what-not names, the Pells, Livingstons, Schuylers, Van Rensselaers, Duryens, &c., which constitute the few "old families" of this section.

The attention of business men, at the present time, is turned, chiefly, to the prospects for the fall yield of the staple crops of the country. As for quantity there is no doubt of abundance in breadstuffs, etc., but at low prices; cotton will be a good crop at good prices, if it holds its own in the English market. It is surmised, however, that war movements abroad may occur to change the whole aspect of the produce markets abroad; favorably for breadstuffs, unfavorably for cotton.

In amusements there are plenty of things of a summary sort. Promenade Concerts are soon to be initiated at the Academy, the system of outdoor concerts and free lager is generally gaining favor with the public. The fashionable churches are shut up for the summer, and all kinds of performances from this date to September must be adapted to the million.

The rowdism which displays itself in wanton daylight, and murders of inoffensive citizens, has not yet received its quietus. A gentleman was stabbed yesterday on his own steps by a gang of ruffians, who will probably walk away, a month or two hence, unwhipped of justice, with an acquittal, or, at any rate, a pardon in their pockets. This is owing to the state of our local politics, which makes the assistance of these organized gangs of scoundrels necessary to carry the election of any man, be he ever so just, or wise, or good.

The case of Riviere is exciting considerable interest just at this time. Mrs. Mount, one of the "abducted," complains bitterly of the publicity which has been given to the matter. She has been annoyed as every temporary notability in New York City is bound to be, by officious visits from reporters for the daily press, who insist upon inquiring most minutely into the personal and business affairs of every individual whose name happens to be mentioned in a matter which comes generally before the public. The runaway wife and daughter are comfortably ensconced at Hoboken, in which classic locality the gallant De Riviere declares his intention of taking a permanent abode.

SOUTH READING.

TRYING TO OVER-REACH.—A little circumstance occurred under the administration of the last board of Selectmen which was a confirmation of the principle that "honesty is the best policy."

A teamster coming through the village with a load of furniture which he was moving to some place south west of Boston, got his team set on a piece of new road in the easterly part of the town, and he was obliged to unload a part of his goods in order to extricate the wheels, which the neighbors very kindly assisted him in doing. He called on the Selectmen and related his trouble, and was told that if he had received any damage from defective highway, they would see everything made right with him. Encouraged by their kind assurances, and desirous of making a fat job of it, he returned in a few days and presented a bill of *Eighty-five dollars* for damage on the road—far remuneration for the neighbors, who had gratuitously assisted him, and other particulars; all of which Selectmen so much like extortion, that the Selectmen thought proper to ask him a few questions regarding the matter, and remarked to him that it would require a very heavy load to settle the wheels so deep as he had intimated. "Indeed it was a heavy load," said he, "it weighed seven tons." How much, said he, do you say it would weigh? "I know," he

replied, "it would weigh more than seven tons." Well, said they, if you are certain in the matter, it will be easy for us to fix on the terms. So saying, they quietly turned to Stat. 1835, C. 104, and read to him the law, as follows:—"No town, or other corporation, shall be liable for damages for any deficiency in the highways or bridges, for any person whose carriage and load thereon shall exceed the weight of six tons." The man looked perplexed, but seeing his position, he wisely bowed himself from their presence. M.

CONCERT.—We lacked an opportunity last week to forward a notice of the Juvenile Concert given at the Town Hall, on the 8th inst., by the class under the charge of Mr. C. S. Mallett. The school just closed, contained 60 or 75 young persons of 16 years old and under—though fewer were present at the concert, owing to the whooping cough and other ills. But those who were present did well. "A Home without a Mother," was sung by Ida Coffin with excellent effect, and so was, "Willie, we have missed you," by Lydia P. Wiley. Others might have received similar commendation, had there been time to bring them out. The entertainment was very pleasant, and must have been particularly gratifying to the parents of the youthful performers. We think that Mr. Mallett has succeeded finely in his first attempt to give instruction to the young, and are glad to learn that he intends to make it a part of his business in future, and that he will probably, after the hottest of the weather is over, gather another class of a similar character to the one whose term has just expired. M.

ITEMS.—On Monday, a horse belonging to Mr. James E. Parker, provision dealer, ran away, effectually breaking the wagon to which he was attached, but injuring no person. It is worthy of record that this is the first "run away" we have seen for sometime. We used to have one here about once a week upon an average, and it almost made the hairs on one's head stand erect, to witness the frightened animals bolting from street to sidewalk, and steering between posts, fences and children.

.....The pupils of Miss Tufis' school have presented their schoolmate, David Eaton, with two volumes of the writings of "Mayne Reid," to cheer him in his sufferings, the effect of the burn from gunpowder on the 6th inst.Another Daguerreotype Saloon is located upon the Common.Fans were in demand on Saturday, and a great display made with them on Sunday.The time for commencing afternoon service on the Sabbath, has been changed from 2 o'clock to 2½, at which time the bells will commence to ring.The firm known as

To Correspondents.

"CITIZEN." The grievance complained of in your letter may be true, but the publication of it would not aid you; we decline your letter, however, on the ground of the personalities contained in it. You can have the MSS. by calling at our office.

"A. R." The lines you sent us, as original, can be found in the volume of Gerald Massey's poems, published last year, by Ticknor & Co. You need not be the trouble of sending us any more stolen articles at present; we will preserve your address carefully, and when we wish for such we will apply to you.

"CITIZEN," and "Old Mortality," in reply to "W." in last week's Journal, are declined.

The Journal.

WOBURN:
Saturday Morning, July 24, 1858.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the Journal renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not excelled, if equaled, in typographical appearance by any paper published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement equal prominence is obtained by all advertisers. Our terms of advertising are most liberal.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of Job Printing. The variety of new and handsome type with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have therefore every facility for doing all kinds of work, quick, neat and cheap. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents will be promptly attended to, and the price will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice at the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

Remember the Stranger.

In every city and large place, there is a constant influx of people, strangers to those already established in the locality. Many of them have left pleasant homes and kind friends. They have known the treasure of a father's solicitude and a mother's love, have played with brothers and sisters beneath the wide spreading tree that shaded the home of their boyhood. They were as dear to parental hearts as the sons and daughters born to inherit untold wealth. Years roll onward, and the bright-eyed, playful boy has grown to manhood. He has heard and read of the world beyond the hills that encircle his native vale. The sounds of the business world are heard in the far distance, and the desire takes possession of his soul to go forth and "try his fortune." He has pictured the world all kindness and integrity, and expects to find in every one he meets, feelings and sympathies responsive to his own. He goes forth. The paternal blessing is given, and the mother's prayers are wafted to Heaven, that her son may be kept from sin, and guided in the straight and narrow way of true wisdom. He departs, and seeks for business. He finds it, and he takes up his residence, it may be, with us. Quiet and unobtrusive, he toils on from day to day. Few notice him or care even to enquire his name. Thus weeks and months roll onward, and he gradually learns by experience, what the business world really is. His home is simply a place where he can sleep and feed; a rendering of the absolute necessities of life for a stipulated sum of money. While health and strength continue, he pursues his daily labor, though the heart may sometimes feel sick and the spirit faint, when he thinks of the kind words and beaming smiles that he ever experienced in his childhood's home. Perchance sickness lays its withering hand upon him. Then, indeed, he misses the kind attentions and sympathies of home. The pillow smoothed by a mother's hand, and the draught presented to his feverish lips—how soothing, how grateful in the hour of suffering. But now his situation is—oh, how different. His attendants do as little as possible, because he has no money, and cannot pay them. Even his physician, a man enrolled among those who are ever conversant with poverty and suffering—a profession to their honor be it spoken,—that seldom turns a deaf ear to the wants of the needy in their time of suffering,—also coldly considers whether it is worth while to do anything for him. Unfeeling passers-by, indifferently remark—"it matters but little whether he lives or dies, he is of no public value to the community. He dies. No one claims his body for burial, and he is borne to the tomb at the public expense. No one will raise a monument over the spot where sleep his lifeless remains. A few months will roll by, and he will be forgotten.

And such is society, such is too often the case in the selfish world of business. Man, without money, is not worth as much as the brute that perishes. Let every one cast his thoughts about him, and ask himself the question, whether this picture is applicable to this place? Has any one gone down to the darkness of the tomb, without the kindly care and the sympathy the soul so much needs in the stern conflict with the grim messenger? As we hope to lay our own heads in peace upon our pillows, when our days are numbered; as we desire that kind hands and words of affection may minister to us and impart consolation when this world is receding from our sight, let us see to it that no man in Woburn shall ever experience the coldness and neglect of heartless selfishness.

THE WEATHER during the past two weeks has been remarkably pleasant; neither too hot nor too cold, and with occasional refreshing showers. We have rarely witnessed July weather in this latitude, so uniformly pleasant and healthy; so much so, that doubtless many who intended to go to the sea shore or to the mountains that they might, in some degree, escape the scorching heat of a mid-summer's sun, have been induced to remain at their own homes, in the enjoyment of an atmosphere temperate and refreshing. The greater portion of the hay crop has been saved in excellent order; rye is fast ripening; corn looks remarkably well, and all other productions of the farm and garden are healthy and vigorous, and promise abundant crops, though some kinds of vegetables and fruit may be a few days later than usual in ripening.

Woburn High School.

The examination of this school took place on Friday last. The forenoon was devoted to a part of the lower classes, and the afternoon to the graduating class. This class, numbering ten members, had completed the full course of four years, and were about to leave the school with the honors of the Institution. The examination of this class consisted of a brief review of the whole course of study, and was well sustained. At the close of the examination "The Acorn," the school paper, containing original articles only, was read by two young ladies. Following this were three original orations. The Salutatory, in Latin, was delivered by John G. Cole. The Influence of Religion upon civilization, by G. L. Hunt, and the Valedictory, in English, by Isaac H. Page. The crowded audience was addressed by Rev. Mr. Bronson, Rev. Mr. Ames, Rev. Dr. Stobbs, and by L. L. Whitney, Esq. Rev. Mr. March, Chairman of the Committee, addressed the graduating class, enjoining it upon them to take the Bible as their rule of conduct in life. He then presented a diploma, signed by the Committee and Teachers, to each, accompanying it with remarks exceedingly felicitous, and having particular reference to the name of the recipient.

We hope the town will never begrudge the sum necessary to sustain this school. Such an education can be secured here, is of far greater value than the shabby accomplishments acquired in fashionable boarding schools and expensive seminaries. We say without hesitation or fear of contradiction, that the young ladies who have graduated at this school are second to none in this town, in all the accomplishments that really adorn and give worth to the female character, and fit them for the fulfillment of woman's high mission, whether as a teacher or as the light and joy of the home circle.

We ask particular attention to the fact, that the average attendance of the graduating class, as stated in the Teachers' report, was 98 per cent. One scholar has not been absent or tardy during the whole course. This shows what can and ought to be done in our schools.

Grammar School, District No. 1.

The public examination of this school took place on Thursday last, and was continued during the day. The classes appeared well, showing excellent discipline and careful instruction. The number of scholars in attendance the past term, has been 111. We speak not to flatter—for we believe there has been too much of that heretofore—when we say, that the teachers of this school never stood higher in the public confidence than at the present time, and we believe, justly so. The conscientious discharge of assumed duties, and not the desire of praise, should ever characterize the teachers of our public schools. The graduating class appeared well. The committee departed from the course adopted here at the time the High School was established, and admitted this class to that school without the usual examination, by printed or written questions.

SAD ACCIDENT.—Miss Angeline Foster, sixteen years of age, daughter of Mr. Edward Foster of Burlington, was severely and extensively burned on Monday last, by her clothes taking fire. She was engaged in preparing the evening meal, when her dress, a thin muslin fabric, was ignited by coming in contact with the stove. Her garments were completely consumed off her back, leaving this part of her person nude. Every effort was made by her mother to quench the flames. The frantic movements of the girl hindered the endeavors of the mother, who states, that if her own clothes had not been of woolen, she would have been burned equally as bad. The girl is living, in a precarious condition. The perusal of this case, suggests the necessity of calmness in such casualties. Nothing alarming should be said; actions, not words, are needed. The bystander should immediately envelope the person in a woolen fabric, tearing up the carpet from the floor if it need be, and thus smother the flames. It is useless to run for water.

THE MIDDLESEX EAST DISTRICT MEDICAL SOCIETY held a meeting at the house of Dr. R. L. Hodgdon, honorary member, in West Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, July 21st. The time was spent discussing the subjects of the Yersum Viride, the use of the Hypophosphites of Iron, &c., in phthisis, and of the change of residence of patients suffering with pulmonary tuberculosis. Dr. Benjamin Cutter of Woburn, exhibited to the Society an interesting natural curiosity, presented by him by a lady from Texas, in the shape of a "horned frog." The animal has the habits more of a lizard than of its namesake. An excellent entertainment was given the company to ensure a free flow of pleasing and agreeable ideas. We don't know but that the reason why our doctors agree so well, is that they are always well fed at their meetings. Dr. John C. Harris of West Cambridge, late of Ashland, was elected an honorary member. This gentleman so appropriately acknowledged the honor, as to make us think that he will be a most desirable addition to the association.

The following gentlemen were present: Drs. Chapin and Ingalls, of Winchester; Drs. B. and E. Cutter, Drew and Rickard, of Woburn; Dr. Wakefield, of Reading; Dr. Toothaker, of Wilmington; Drs. Hodgdon and Underwood, of West Cambridge; and by invitation, Dr. Wellington, of Cambridgeport; Dr. Harris, of West Cambridge, and Dr. Toothaker, of Philadelphia.

ADMITTED TO COLLEGE.—Messrs. Page, Hunt, Cole, Dennett and Perkins, recently members of the Woburn High School, were admitted as members of the Freshman Class in Harvard College, on Tuesday last. We trust they will carry with them the high and noble purposes which have characterized them during their connection with the High School in this town.

THUNDER STORM.—A sharp specimen of a thunder storm visited this locality on Thursday. The electric fluid struck several houses in Cambridge, Boston, Chelsea and other places, doing considerable damage to buildings, and instantly killing the wife of Mr. Thomas Mullen of Old Cambridge. We have not heard of any damage to buildings in this immediate vicinity.

THE WILL OF THE LATE COL. WADE.—There appears to be so much public interest about the manner in which the late Col. Wade disposed of his large property, and we have been asked such a multitude of questions concerning it, that, in order to prevent any further enquiry or uneasiness in the public mind, we have concluded to publish the leading particulars, having obtained the facts from the executors.

Col. Wade bequeathed the income of his real estate in Boston, which now yields about \$2,000 per annum, to the Massachusetts Female Medical College, the fee of the estate remaining forever in the hands of the Trustees. The income of the block of stores and offices on Main street, known as "Wade's Block," the Colonel bequeathed to a much esteemed friend, for life, at whose decease Tufts College will come into possession of this property, in fee. This block of buildings, with the land on which they stand, is valued at from \$25,000 to \$30,000, and rents for about \$2,500 per annum. He has appropriated in his will \$10,000, or as much thereof as may be needed, for the erection of a monument and the adornment of his cemetery lot in Mt. Auburn. To some of his relatives and friends he gave smaller bequests of money and land. His personal property, consisting principally of stocks, with the proceeds of some lying lots of real estate, is to be devoted to the payment of these legacies, and the expenditure on his cemetery lot; the remainder to be invested until it amounts to the sum of \$30,000, \$10,000 of which is appropriated for the establishment of a Professorship in the Female Medical College, and \$20,000 for the founding of a Wade Professorship in Tufts College. It is conjectured that it will take about fifteen years to realize this sum of thirty thousand dollars.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.—Read the lively and interesting letter of our friend S—, from the "Outlet House," in another column.—It contains the latest "fish story" extant. Our mouth is already watering and our "editorial palate" longing for the promised trout. We are prepared to give them a "first rate notice" when they arrive, at a large discount from regular prices.

SKINER COMPLAINTS.—All who have summer complaints, or who are likely to have them, should read Dr. Mansfield's advertisement in another column, and after reading it lose no time in procuring a bottle of his invaluable Cherry Brandy and Spice Cordial.

ACCIDENT.—At seven o'clock last evening, as J. B. Winn, Esq., accompanied by George Holden, Esq., was driving up Railroad street, in a light buggy, with his fine span of gray horses, the night horse became frightened, and started suddenly, breaking the pole. Both horses then went off at full speed, and the buggy coming in contact with the railing on the street, the horses parted from it, and the occupants were thrown violently to the ground. Mr. Winn recovered himself almost immediately, but Mr. Holden was injured for some time. Both gentlemen were injured to some extent, but not seriously. Their escape was wonderful.

NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—From the annual report of this institution we learn that its receipts for the year 1857-8 were \$11,001.63 including a second instalment of the Grant of \$10,000 in 1855, a donation of \$1000 from Mrs. Louisa Waterhouse towards endowing a Professorship of Anatomy, and \$146, the receipts of a lecture by the late Hon. Thomas H. Benton, at the Tremont Temple. The funds on hand amount to \$6000. There have been twenty students at the College during the year.

New Publications.

BENEDICT ARNOLD: A Biography. By Geo. Canning Hill. Boston: E. O. Libbey & Co.

The third volume of Mr. Hill's American Biographies has been published, in style uniform with the two preceding volumes—subject, Benedict Arnold. Arnold's biography in this edition appears to have dealt out to him even-handed justice. He has given him credit for the honorable and highly valuable services which he rendered his country, while he has in no degree spared his memory from the odium and everlasting infamy of his unparalleled crimes. This excellent series of biographies should be in the hands of all young persons, and their perusal would not injure some of our more mature years. They can be had at the Woburn Book Store.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for June, re-printed by Messrs. Scott & Co., New York, is on our table. It contains several excellent articles.

THE LADIES' HOME MAGAZINE, edited by T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend, comes to us in very attractive style. We commend it to the favorable notice of our fair friends.

GRANHAM'S MAGAZINE for August, is out. It is full of good things, and the Editor's Easy Table is as spicy and attractive as usual.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE is not behind any of its competitors in point of illustrations or literary ability. The August number sustains its well-earned reputation.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August. What shall we say of Godey? Can we say anything in praise of the chief source of magazines better than we have already said an hundred times? Nothing. Let every lady buy the "Book," and our word for it, they will receive many times the value of the money invested.

THE HAPPY HOME and Parlor Magazine.—The July number of this religious and family magazine is on our table. It deserves to be well patronized.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The number for August is a great number of the greatest and best of American Magazines. "The Pocket Celebration of the Fourth," an able critique on Mr. Choate's oration at the Democratic Young Men's Celebration, has raised the neck feathers on any number of thin skinned politicians and thinner skinned journalists. It should be extensively read.

All of the above are for sale at the Woburn Book Store.

THE PRINTER.—Our thanks are due to Henry & Huntington, New York, for a copy of this excellent publication. We wish it the best of success.

Interesting Letter from Moosehead Lake.

OUTLET HOUSE, MOOSEHEAD LAKE, Camp of the Faithful, July 17th, 1858.

Friend Pippy:—I promised you a letter if I met with anything in my travels worthy of mention. I must use the editorial we from this time, for, enjoying the company of a Woburn friend and "brother," we have come to the sage conclusion, to use the words of a celebrated military captain, that "we never felt better in our lives."

Imagine us, Mr. Editor, where in reality we are at the time I am writing, in an old logging camp, at the Eastern outlet of the Kennebec River, but two neighbors within a radius of about ten miles, while to the north an almost unbroken wilderness stretches away two hundred miles to Canada; and with a soft cedar plank for a seat and the top of one of our French provision firkins for a desk, I am transcribing these lines, while my excited friend who lies stretched out on the floor of this camp on his moose skin, occasionally reminds me that it is time to go fishing again. Unsatisfied man, for lying upon the floor within two feet of his head are one hundred of the finest salmon trout that ever graced an epicure's table, weighing from one quarter to three and one half pounds. What do you think of that, Mr. Editor? Isn't this fishing? and all caught by two green fishermen, in the short space of two hours. If we only could send you some, but we fear we can't; the weather is so warm that even ice will not keep them fresh. We reached this romantic spot (Moosehead Lake) on Friday morning, arriving at Greenville, the foot of the lake, at 9 a. m. Immediately taking the little steamer "Moosehead," we were off for Mt. Kineo, distant twenty miles up the lake, where we arrived in due season, after one of the most delightful sails we ever enjoyed, and where we were greeted by our worthy host, Mr. Barrows. We found our old friends all well and ready to provide in the best manner for the amusement of their visitors. After a capital dinner of moose-meat and trout, (which, by the way, I noticed my friend relished amazingly, as he devoured every thing within his reach, as I remarked to him, true to his name, he would keep "eat-on," we procured a "batteau" or "bat," as it is called, and rowing a mile from the house caught fifteen "Lakers" weighing forty-five pounds, in less time than one hour. Next we made a visit to the foot of the bluff (Mt. Kineo), which at this point rises perpendicular to the height of seven hundred feet, at its base the water is said to be five hundred feet deep. Here we amused ourselves in watching the echoes of the old hill, and succeeded in obtaining distinct reverberations. Here your friend, while standing in the stern of the batteau, afforded a little variety and particularly to amuse our worthy guide, succeeded in pitching himself overboard, to the infinite satisfaction of the crew; but a wet skin in these parts is an every day occurrence and must not be minded. Our next adventure after supper, for our time being limited we were obliged to hurry matters a little), was a moose hunt. This is usually a little adventure. Taking with us two sharp-shooters, a sufficient quantity of provisions to satisfy the inner man, and a pile of blankets for the protection of the outer, we started in a "birch," under the care of our worthy friend "Morrill," who, in connection with Mr. Tyler, acted as guide for us during our stay, and to whom we would recommend our travelling friends. Moose hunting requires a great deal of patience, as you are obliged to sit perfectly still in the bottom of the canoe five or six hours, listening intently for the foot step of the animal, as he comes into the cover for his food.

We were, however, doomed to disappointment, for we "toiled all night and saw nothing." About two o'clock we took possession of our camp, after first ejecting a "hedge hog," who had taken up his abode in the boat, and spreading our blankets laid ourselves out on our vain hopes for comfort, we were assailed by myriads of "mings," a gnat of very small dimension but very intruding manners, called by the Indians, "bite me no see um,"—and bite they did, till there was not a place left to be bitten; as our guide remarked, "he had seen them so thick, they would administer on a man's body and not leave enough to pay his funeral expenses."

After a few hours of broken rest, we packed up our "traps" and paddled down the lake, in our birches, a distance of ten miles, to this spot, where we have spent the day, as you have heard, in rather a satisfactory manner, having caught during the day, over two hundred trout. We shall send home a package of the same, and trust that your editorial palate will be tickled with some of the renowned "Moosehead Lake trout." We have just finished our supper of fried fish and griddle cakes, and I am finishing this hurried letter by the light of a pork-rind. Isn't this romance? We leave to-morrow morning for the foot of the lake, homeward bound, by the same conveyance. If we don't get upset, you shall hear from us again ere we return.

Yours truly, S—.

Mary Sheridan, a chambermaid at the City Hotel, Hartford, was deceived into the belief that James Martin seriously meant, what he said when making love to her. She found out her mistake, however, when James ceased paying her "devoirs." Then her love turned to wrath, and from that to how she would be revenged on him. Accordingly, the other day as James passed the hotel, she, from a third-story window, enticed him by sundry nods and winks into her room, as James thought, she loosened his cravat, and the next sensation he felt was that of a sharp instrument being drawn across his throat. It was a razor, in the hands of an injured woman. James fled from the room and sought a surgeon, who dressed the cut, which was found to be four inches in length, and almost deep enough to cause death. Mary was arrested, confessed she did the act, and gloried in it. We invite Mr. Martin's attention to the poet's lines commencing with—

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned," and in his future love making, govern himself accordingly.

There are forty-one thousand men in Massachusetts who work upon leather, either in manufacturing the article or moulding it into various forms. Every eighth man in the State is a shoemaker.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—In the very excellent sketch of the late Col. Wade, in your last issue, I observed there was no mention of the many valuable traits of character exhibited by him in public and private life during the last twenty years. It appears to me that these should have a prominence commensurate with their importance in the history of his career. Perhaps the reason for the silence of the writer in this regard, is due to the fact that the present generation is so familiar with his doings within the period mentioned that it seemed unnecessary to refer to them. But when the great and good die, it is usual for the pen of affection or friendship, to urge not only the claims of gratitude and esteem which should cluster around their rising and meridian virtues, but to dwell with peculiar fondness over their declining days; which, if filled with less activity and earnest toil, are yet redolent of that philanthropic and loving spirit which has been the spring and motive power in all their actions. Cannot your correspondent furnish the particulars of the many enterprises in which his friend was engaged, especially those which, while they reflected credit upon him as a thriving man, also bespoke his interest in the welfare of his native town. Let him also enumerate his public charities, and speak of his ready co-operation in establishing the various institutions that have been called into existence to meet the demand of the times, and the progress of the town in population and intelligence; refer to his ready aid proffered to those who were making efforts to restrain vice and promote religion and virtue,—touch upon those lively and endearing sympathies which show out so brightly in repeated acts of good-will and noble generosity; and, above all, remark upon those tender feelings of unity and high regard which flowed toward him from the hearts of his people, and whose surges are the only more agitated by his lamented decease.

It seems fitting that all these traits that so mark the man of broad and generous nature, as well as that freedom from littleness, jealousy, taunt and sarcasm which distinguished him, should receive their due meed of honor from those who would do justice to the whole character of our late townsman.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

Correspondence of the Middlesex Journal.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, July 20, 1858.

We have had two or three days and nights of not merely comparative but absolute coolness, which have quite reconciled those who had not already fled the city, to wait a little longer. We are all very comfortable here after all. We have all the usual places of amusement quite cool and airy in the absence of the crowd; we have gardens where Lager Beer and really excellent music is dispensed through all the summer nights. Beside, we are favored with the visits of many people from abroad; particularly welcome are the early buyers, from the South and Southwest, who are now on here to some extent, making some early purchases. These it must be understood are heavy buyers; there are only about a baker's dozen of them in town, but they make as much sensation in business circles as a dozen Mohammed Pashas could make in the Common Council. Each one of these large buyers is good for a bill of \$40,000 or \$50,000, some even more.

The funeral of Laurens Hamilton, the deceased member of the renowned 7th Regiment, was celebrated with all the honors. Like the majority of the National Guard, to which this gentleman belonged, he was descended of one of the old families. New York is quite proud of her citizen company; and in truth, they should be able to justify this good opinion if ever occasion might call for it, for there is no lack of good blood in their veins. Generally speaking, however, the guard-rooms of these volunteer companies of young men are mere haunts and nuisances of vice; some of them are furnished in the most costly and luxurious manner, with all the appliances for drinking, gambling, and certain unmentionable excesses.

A secret order of a political character is said to be taking root in this vicinity as well as in some other cities, intended to influence the next Presidential election. The association will be limited to young men between twenty-one and thirty; the ostensible object being to secure fairness at the ballot-box, and the election of the best man in every official station, to which all the members bind themselves by a solemn oath to abide, viz: the decision of the majority of the association in regard to candidates. The association, it is said, will nominate no candidates of its own, but simply offer its support (probably on certain stipulated terms) to that candidate already in nomination, whom it shall consider best qualified to fill the office in question. So the wires are already being laid, far and wide, and under ground, for the great contest of 1860.

We have a new light here in the way of a preacher, who is making quite a sensation. His name is Bartlett, a young man fresh from studying in Germany, who has drawn great crowds during the brief period of his appearance here, by extraordinary displays of rhetorical ability. He has a call under consideration to a small church (congregational) in Elm Place, Brooklyn. The popular Methodist preacher, Rev. W. Corbitt, has succeeded in vindicating himself entirely from the slander which was published in the daily papers some time since with regard to his relation with a female member of his flock. This gentleman is decidedly a "sensation preacher" and uses all the new-fashioned dodges to attract crowds, such as pantomimic exhibitions, funny stories and low metaphors in the pulpit; still, however, he seems to do good and his labors are well rewarded. Rev. H. W. Beecher, the father of this school of divinity, is now recreating himself in the country, after a long and laborious season of ministerial duty; 400 persons having been admitted to his church during the last six months; the whole number in connection being now over 1,300.

The religious interest still continues to pervade the community in a noticeable degree, and publishers still turn their attention, this fall, more than ever, to works of a purely religious nature, in which they seem likely to supersede the great religious publishing corporations, which are lately falling into disfavor.

School-Gymnastics.

The same remark, says an exchange, which was made at the last appearance of the public-school scholars in Faneuil Hall, of the fragility, not to say debility, characterizing the Boston school girls, has been repeated regarding our Cambridge scholars. Their brains are worked at the expense of their bodies. Their heads are enlarged while their chests are depressed. Every stimulant is given to the development of the mind; every restraint, such as tight dresses, confined poses, impure air, an unchilled reserve laid upon the development of the body. Very little is thought or said among teachers upon this appalling growth of youthful debility—very little at Teachers' Conventions—nothing in some Teachers' Journals. It is idle to think that the standard of education can be lowered in order to relax this mental tension—surrounded as we are by Colleges, Scientific, High and Normal Schools, Academies and Private Seminaries—obliged as the Committee have felt themselves of late to require an additional attention to one of the most fatiguing exercises, spelling. The only refuge appears to be, bringing up the physical culture into some relation to the mental development, as is done at the Williams' schools in Boston, at several of our colleges, and universally in many of the European systems of education. Without being even the son of a prophet, I predict, that, while twenty years hence there will be more, not less, instruction given in every department of our schools, there will not be such a thing as a large school-building without its hall for physical training—that one requisite of every grammar master will be to understand some system of chest-exercises, and that the same relief which music now affords from a wearisome monotony, will be given, not by standing like a post in a kind of a prison yard, but by leaping, climbing, dancing, &c.

Hear what C. L. Bruce says, in his new volume, the "Nurse-folk."

Every school-building has its large, high room, with ladders, poles, wooden horses, jumping places, ropes for swinging, knotted ropes for climbing, &c. The scholars are not allowed to exercise on what they wish, but are trained in squads, and march sometimes to music at the word of command. At a large public school in Stockholm, the teacher gave the word, and a dozen sprang out towards a tall pole with cross-bars, and clambering up, each hung with his legs, then at the word, all together dropped their heads backward and hung by the feet; then again recovered themselves. Another party squirmed up a mast, another pulled themselves up over a knotted rope, others played leap-frog over a wooden horse, then they marched to the beat of a drum. The smallest and weaker children begin with the lowest grade of exercise and follow up according to a scientific system, with the greatest relish evincing well-trained muscular power. I could not help concluding that the superior physique of the army is not entirely due to climate. Our public schools in America ought to be up with this step in Education. Of all nations in the world, ours with its constant stimulus to the nervous system, needs the balance of healthy recreation to the muscular. Children are growing up puny, nervous and delicate for want of such training during the time when their brains are in constant activity. p. 362.

SOUTH READING.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—We were shown a very pretty ambrotype picture on Wednesday afternoon, just taken at Mr. Taylor's saloon on the common. It was a group of 39, consisting of Henry L. Eaton, Esq., teacher of the Grammar School, and 38 of his pupils. There they stand, intently looking at something as happy as though they were at a Thanksgiving party. On the right you will see—but we will not mention their names; nearly all of them will be readily recognised by any one acquainted with them. They appear very attentive with their minds, or at least, their eyes directed to some object. If this is an indication of their attention in school in the pursuit of knowledge, and in giving heed to the instruction of their teacher, they may claim, and expect to receive, the approbation of those most interested in their welfare.

Many more belong to the school, but for various causes they were not present. Most of the schools have been sadly disarranged this season by the prevalence of the mumps, whooping cough, &c.

HORSE RAIL ROADS.—Several articles have appeared in the South Reading Gazette favoring the construction of a Horse Rail Road to South Reading. However visionary this may at first appear, the time may not be far distant, when the project will be practicable. The one to Malden is now in full operation, and we were told by a gentleman that on Thursday morning, that for the two previous days they had run 17 trains per day each way, carrying between 700 and 800 passengers daily.

When the people of Melrose shall extend the road to their place, we will talk about its continuation to South Reading.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LIGHTNING RODS.

Much has been said, and still many persons are in doubt, relative to the best method of securing buildings from destruction by lightning. Conductors have been made and erected in various ways, and each inventor claims for his own superiority over all others. It is certain, that, notwithstanding the merits of the different methods, and the great improvements that have recently been made in them, there is yet a feeling of great insecurity in the minds of most people. Houses, that were covered with lightning rods, of the most approved construction have been injured, and sometimes destroyed by lightning. The question arises: Is there any remedy? Possibly, none that is infallible. Our humble opinion is, however, that lightning rods should never be placed on buildings they are designed to protect. First, because they are liable to be improperly put up; second, because if properly erected, they are liable to become misplaced, and in either case, must prove a source of danger, rather than safety. Conductors, or lightning rods, should, we think, in all cases where the circumstances will allow, be fixed to poles erected in the vicinity of the property to be protected. Then, if improperly put up, they will answer the purpose of conductors, and no serious damage to property will ensue. Suppose a pole to be erected and a rod placed upon it, one

hundred feet high, all buildings not more than fifty feet high, and standing within two hundred feet of the rod, will be protected by it. In other words, all buildings within the distance of the rod, of four times the elevation of the rod above the building, will be secured by it. This method, and is recommended by some of the most competent men among us. It is not only safer but frequently a cheaper method than the common one; for when different persons own contiguous property, the expense of a rod to protect the whole, may be divided among them.

Greenwood, July 16.

For the Middlesex Journal.

CONGREGATIONAL SABBATH SCHOOL CONCERT.—The monthly concert of this school, took place on Sabbath evening last. The exercises consisted of prayer, singing and recitations of scripture by the pupils, &c. Mr. P. W. Nichols of St. Paul, Minnesota, gave an account of the state of society, the number of churches, and an interesting revival of religion which was in progress during the past winter. Deacon Johnson of Boston, addressed the scholars in a very telling manner, which was well received. It was upon the whole the most interesting concert we have ever had. A large number of young men have recently joined the school, which adds much to its interest. The school has more than doubled the past year, which answers well for its future prosperity.

Mr. David Perkins is erecting a dwelling-house on Sweetser street.

Mr. B. B. Wiley, has made an important addition to his house on the corner of Main and Crescent streets.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The Old South Choir, with invited guests, including short, tall and big ones, to the number of about seventy, made their annual excursion to Nahant on Thursday last week. Your humble servant being among the crowd, proposes to give some account of their doings. At early morn they began to assemble at the chapel, but the weather being unpropitious, the time of starting was delayed until seven o'clock. When "all aboard," crack went the driver's whip, and we bid adieu to the inhabitants of this lovely town, (or those who remained behind,) for the day, and in a little more than two hours found ourselves safely landed at Whitney's. The weather being still unfavorable for a *fete champetre*, as was intended, in the forenoon, we made ourselves quite at home at the above named hotel. The gentlemanly landlord here we enjoyed ourselves as much as possible, and was on the alert to render our stay with him in every respect agreeable, and he succeeded to our entire satisfaction. The company, furnished with all things necessary for a good dinner, were kindly provided with a room and tables, and at one o'clock they became so heavily loaded that it was deemed proper and necessary that action should at once be commenced, and although the attack was most severe, continuing for half an hour, the "breast-works" suffered no injury, (unless by laughter,) and the inner man being fully satisfied, we soon left the scene for a change of programme. At two o'clock the clouds passed away, and a more delightful afternoon could not have been chosen. Some repaired to the rocks with fishing tackle, but what luck they had I did not learn; others chose to roll ball, whilst others visited the swallow's bay, spouting horn and other places of note. At a still larger number enjoyed a two hours sail on the "deep blue sea." All nature's sounds, on every hand, bespoke the land of Eden. Who would the sea be calm. A modern breeze wafted us to the midnight deep,—sailing around Egg Rock, having a fine view of "The water tower" surrounded with many sails, similar to ours, affording evidence that others were, enjoying themselves as well as we, and the thought occurred to me that I did not blame them in the least. "Live and let live" should be our motto—enjoy ourselves and extend the welcome hand to others, and bid them do likewise, in every proper way. This, it seems to me, is living, and anything short of this reveals a mind quite too diminutive to be of any great service to the human family—unworthy the dignity of a man. Pardon this digression.

To return to the subject of my narrative once more. Soon after six o'clock we wended our way "homeward bound," and as we reached the beach quite a number enjoyed a stroll by the water's side, where the gushing wave delighted the eye, and the handwork of Him who made "heaven, earth and sea, and all that in them is," was vividly brought before the mind. "Tis sublime to stretch the eye over the "broad Atlantic's billow," and I hurried north from its view. Passing through Lynn and Lynnfield we arrived "home again" at ten o'clock, with joyous hearts singing merrily all the way. But I fear, Mr. Editor, I am taxing your patience quite too much, and will draw to a close. Suffice it to say that nothing occurred to mar the enjoyment of the day and the occasion, and I hope such recreation will often be indulged in, as it is a treat indeed to leave the ordinary pursuits of business, after a succession of hot days, and inhale the refreshing sea-breeze. Besides, it affords an opportunity which does not too often occur, for mind to come in contact with mind, and he who cannot learn something in social converse with others, may consider himself a dull scholar indeed. Many thanks are due the ladies for the prompt and energetic manner in which they conducted the affair which peculiarly belonged to them, on this occasion, for they understand well how to combine *utile dulci*, and have everything move

In my supporting arms, I folded his hands on his breast, kissed his beloved brow, closed his eyes, and thanked the Almighty that unto me, and not another, had been given this last sacred duty of love.

"Allice, my daughter!" Her lips faltered; her eyes sunk back, closed her eyes, Allice hung weeping over the bed. I stepped into the next room and lifted the veil from the mysterious picture. It was a faithful portrait, drawn by the pencil of memory and affection, of Lewis Hudson, the father of my Allice.

The Journal.

WOBURN:
Saturday Morning, July 31, 1858.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and increasing circulation of the *Journal* renders it valuable as an advertising medium. It is read and preserved by the best families of Woburn and surrounding towns, among whom it circulates to an extent enjoyed by no other paper. It is not only an excellent, in typographical appearance, but by any paper published in Middlesex County. By preserving uniformity in arrangement great prominence is obtained by all advertisers. Our terms of advertising are moderate.

JOB PRINTING.

We would call the special attention of our readers to our facilities for the prompt execution of all kinds of *Job Printing*. The variety of new and handsome type with which our office is supplied is very extensive; our presses are new and fast; our workmen experienced and skillful. We have therefore every facility for doing all kinds of work, quick, neat and cheap. Orders left at our office, or sent through our agents, will be promptly attended to, and the price will be as low as can be found elsewhere. Orders solicited.

Subscribers will confer a favor by giving notice of the office when they fail to receive their paper regularly, or change their place of residence, so that we can give notice to our carriers.

"A Prominent Citizen."

How very often we hear the words we are selected for the caption of this article, or see them in the public newspapers, applied (often misapplied), to this or that man who has done some trifling act of good or ill, which for the moment draws public attention to his name; or, when he has "shuffled off this mortal coil," and his doings in the flesh are commented upon by his fellow-citizens. To speak not of the dead, but of the living—for what we write cannot affect the one and may be of some benefit to the other—we daily come in contact with those who pass for "prominent citizens," who are unworthy of any great respect, from any native goodness of heart, or superiority of intellect. For instance, Mr. — is regarded as one of the very best of men; and why? Is it because he is always on hand in any and every good work—always appealed to in times of trouble and affliction, and always affording generous and timely aid—always suggesting ways and means for the advancement of mind and morals—always endeavoring to promote the prosperity and enhance the social happiness of the community in which he lives—always striving to excite virtue and suppress vice? No such thing; he was never known to do a truly charitable deed—never put out his hand to place the march of intemperance and sin staring him in the face every day—never thought it his place to trouble himself about the public mind and morals. He is a "prominent citizen," simply because he has piled up a goodly pile of dollars in the shape of houses and lands, and stocks and mortgages, and can afford to live without work. Little minded men toady to him, in the hope of gaining some favor, or a passing nod of recognition (often slyly given) when they meet. By the world he is regarded as a man of prominence and importance, and as such he regards himself, as his every-day acts render evident—whose loss would be a public calamity; but by sensible men he is estimated as of no use to his kind, and his death is simply the going out of a penny candle.

Mr. — is only the type of a large class whose representatives are found in all gradations of society and intellect. You come in contact with the species in almost every circumstance of life; so frequently, indeed, that you begin to infer that the majority of mankind are made up of just such "prominent citizens." But such an inference would, perhaps, be unjust, as to number. The man of sense and judgment has no trouble in thrusting aside the veil with which men would shield their true hearts; and it is well known that the class of truly worthy men is a very large one. Not a day passes that we do not come in contact with persons who are "doing good continually," whose souls are alive with sympathy, and whose hands are ever ready to minister to the needy and give aid to those who require it. But as they are not "prominent citizens," they pursue their course unobtrusively, and their coming and going attracts slight attention from the world. Are they not, though, the "salt of the earth," the men to merit our regard while living, and to be held in grateful remembrance when dead? Most assuredly; and was the basis of society less false and unnatural, they would be the "prominent men."

It is a common desire and practice among men, particularly as they draw towards the serene and yellow leaf of age, to do something for which they expect to be remembered with kindness and gratitude after they have passed away. It is not by any means uncommon to see men who have failed, during a long life, to establish a character which shall withstand, for a generation at least, the subduing effects of time, do something towards the close of their lives which would lead one to suppose that it was their object and expectation to wake up in the other world and find themselves famous in this. They seem to forget that character is formed by a course of actions, and not by one isolated act; that a man's character is what a man truly is, and what his reputation will be. The man who desires to leave to posterity an honored and respected name, "must either write things worth reading, or do things worth writing," for the fame of the wicked shall be as known upon the river, while the good man shall be held in everlasting remembrance. Let us all, therefore, bear in mind that the good and the evil a man does lives after him, that the evil will be very likely to outlive the good, and that after he has gone to the silence of the tomb by his will his name be honored, forgotten or reviled, as he may deserve.

Female Medical College.

As this institution, of which we entertain quite a favorable opinion, has been so prominently remembered by some of our citizens recently deceased, it may be interesting to our readers to know something concerning it. The ninth annual report is before us, from which we learn that the eleventh annual term will commence on the first Wednesday of November next, and continue fourteen weeks. The Board of Trustees, and the Lady-Managers, consist of ladies and gentlemen of the highest social position and standing. There are five Professors in the College, one of whom is a lady. The fees are \$30 per term; graduation fee \$10. There are, also, free scholarships, securing gratuitous tuition to students from different counties of the State, provided for by a Legislative grant of five thousand dollars. The institution appears to be in a prosperous condition, though it is still much limited for want of funds. Col. Wade's bequest, suitably noticed in a note to the report, will be the means of placing it on a firm foundation, and contribute largely to its future success. We find in the report the following notice of a female medical association, the first of the kind, probably, that was ever organized:—

NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL SOCIETY.—Among other agencies for promoting the success of female physicians, and aiding the cause of the Society of the above name, composed of graduates of this and other medical colleges, is likely to perform efficient service. The Society dates its origin from the 4th of March, 1857, when the seven ladies who took their degree of M. D. at the New England Female Medical College formed themselves into an association for mutual improvement in reference to their profession. On the first of April, 1858, they met, and adopted their present name and amended Constitution; of which the following are some of the articles:—"2d. The object of this society is to aid and encourage its members in the attainment of medical knowledge. 3d. Any graduate from this or any other legally constituted medical college, may become a member of this society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at any regular meeting thereof. 4th. The officers of this society shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, to be chosen annually by ballot; a majority of the votes cast being necessary for an election."

The annual meeting of the society is to be held in Boston on the autumn or winter day of the College. This society now numbers eighteen members. The officers are Mary R. Jenks, M. D., President; Frances S. Cooke, M. D., Vice-President; Anna Inman, M. D., Secretary; Susan R. Capon, M. D., Treasurer.

Short Dress Convention.

We have been greatly amused over the account of the "National Dress Reform Convention," published in a New York paper. The convention was held at Cortlandville, N. Y., on the 24th of June, and the proceedings are reported in full, for the benefit of the "sex." There were over two hundred women present, arrayed in the "reform dress," in which a great curtailment of the length of skirts was plainly visible, as was also the fair proportions of those who adopted the "reform style."

Resolutions were adopted denouncing the present style of dress as semi-barbarous, and as having been imposed upon women, by a false civilization, with a design of keeping her so fettered that she could not physically nor morally exhibit an equality with the male tyrants, who delight to lord it over the fairest portion of creation.

One gentleman—a Mr. Babcock—had the temerity to stand up and advance the opinion that the present style of female dress was the most graceful and becoming. The advocates of women's rights, almost choked with indignation at the heretical opinions advanced by Babcock, and came down upon him with anathemas both loud and deep, concluding by urging him to try the practical effect of his ideal of grace and beauty, by wearing long skirts for one year, and state his then opinion at the next annual Dress Reform Convention. This proposition appears to have non-plussed Babcock, who was glad to cry *piece à*, and remain silent during the balance of the session.

A certain professor Crockett—supposed to be a near relative of "Davy," a celebrated almanac-maker of that name—sank the floor at this juncture, and spoke learnedly and scientifically in favor of "shortening the skirts one inch every year, till there should be no skirt at all," rather than return to long robes again. This view of the great question was received with immense favor by the ladies, who, in their admiration of Prof. Crockett, quite lost sight of the adverse opinions pronounced by the heretical Babcock.

This war on long skirts, which raged to some extent in the days of Mrs. Bloomer's notoriety, has had just the same effect that the sneers at expansive crinolines has produced,—the hotter the war of words, the longer grew the skirts; and now the more crinoline is abused and ridiculed, the more expansive it becomes. Perhaps the best way to put a stop to further expansion would be to praise it, and insist upon our female friends wearing hoops at least three times the dimensions of the present fashion. We may then live to see the time when not a hoop will roll in our streets, though we hope the alarming alternative of Prof. Crockett, above quoted, will not take place in Woburn or vicinity at present, for then—what?

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.—This is the season of the year when public attention is pretty certain to be drawn towards the relative advantages, or disadvantages, of lightning rods, and when the qualities of the several kinds in the market, and they are quite numerous, are likely to be discussed and carefully considered by those who intend having them attached to their houses. It took us nearly a year of time, and no little investigation, to satisfy ourselves which of the many rods offered for sale was the best and safest conductor of lightning, and our decision was in favor of the copper rod invented by Lyons. We considered it to be the best because its power of attraction is much greater than that of iron, and as it is not liable to rust it retains its power, which, it is well known, iron rods do not when they become rusty. It also presents a larger surface to the electrical atmosphere, is made of copper the entire length, and the plan of insulation is more perfect than any we have elsewhere seen employed. For these reasons we give our opinion in favor of Lyons' Copper Conductor—an opinion sustained by practice, as we had it erected last season on

the building we occupy, which is the only rod of the kind, we believe, in Woburn, although many houses in the neighboring towns are provided with them. Thomas Richardson, Esq., of Reading, has put on a large number of buildings, and the owners of the patent right for this and other towns at a distance are, we learn, busily engaged elsewhere in filling orders.

The rod erected upon the High School Building, an iron rod, has been pronounced dangerous to the building, therefore worse than none, and is to be taken down. We invite the town authorities, and all others who may wish, to examine the copper rod before deciding on the merits of either.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.—Our friend ELLIS, than whom no man in his line of business is better or more favorably known, is now in full feather at his new and commodious store in Flagg's building. We have many times tested the quality of his groceries, and know them to be good. The large variety he keeps constantly on hand, is sure to please the taste and suit the circumstances of any and all the numerous customers who keep up a steady stream of visitation to his store. We wish him, in his new location, a continuation of the prosperity he experienced in the old "Chapel," with such an increase of customers as his increased facilities, large stock, and obliging disposition fairly entitles him to.

REV. I. S. KALLOCH RECALLED.—At a meeting of the Tremont Temple Church, held on Wednesday evening, a call was extended to their late pastor, Rev. I. S. Kalloch, to resume his pastoral relation with them once more. The vote by which this call was made was very large, Mr. Kalloch receiving 67 out of the 83 votes that were cast; the remainder being blank and scattering. A committee waited upon the Rev. gentleman, announcing the action of the church, when he appeared before the meeting, accepted the call, and fixed upon the 1st of September as the time when he would again stand before the Baptist pulpit of Boston as a minister in their denomination and pastor of the Tremont Church.

THE ATLAS AND DAILY BEE.—Now one of the very best Boston dailies, is out in an entirely new typographical suit, looking as fresh, lively, handsome and attractive as a country lass on her way to a picnic. The *Atlas and Bee*, in point not only of typographical appearance, but of editorial and reportorial ability, stands second to no paper in the Commonwealth, or in New England. We heartily wish it what it deserves—the best of stores. It is for sale at the Woburn Book Store.

WARREN ACADEMY.—The Academy building is undergoing a thorough course of repairs and alterations for the better, preparatory to the opening of the Fall Term. The basement is to be used for a class room, the entire upper story having been converted into a large recitation and exhibition room.

HAVERTHILL.—A drunken Protestant Irishman named Phillips, last Sunday week, attacked the Catholic priest at Havert Hill, and would have done him injury but for the Irish women, who fell upon Phillips and might have devoured the rascal on the spot but for the interference of an officer.

THE OLD FOLKS of Reading. under the leadership of Father Kemp, will attend the Promenade Concert, in Music Hall, Boston, on Monday evening next.

The Detroit Board of Education, who must be a little waggishly inclined, have adopted as a device for the seal of that body, a handsome young school-mistress, with a thriving youngster across her lap. The left hand is upraised, having a stout leather strap in the act of descending upon the youngster aforesaid, whose mouth is wide open, from which issues the motto of zeal:—"Strike, but hear me!"

CORRECTION.—It was not John G. Cole, the well known and excellent painter, who delivered the Salutatory in Latin at the examination of the Woburn High School, but James G. Cole, his son, who has since been admitted to Harvard College.

The July number of the Printer's Monthly Bulletin has been received from Messrs. John K. Rogers & Co., proprietors of the Boston Type Foundry. To printers it is a useful and valuable publication.

We were in error in stating that Mr. G. I. Hunt had applied for and been admitted to Harvard College. We learn that it is his intention to study at the Baptist denomination college at Waterville, Me.

GENERAL THOMPSON is having built an excellent wall of faced stone on the line of his grounds facing on the new street from Warren to Main streets.

W. M. P.—The Phalanx meet in their armory this evening for drill and business. They have got to sustain their old reputation at the Divisional Muster, and we have no doubt they will do it handsomely.

THE Y. M. L. A.'s, or a large number of them, are out on a sailing and fishing excursion, Swanscott being their head quarters. We wish them a merry time and good luck.

THE SEVENTH.—Colonel Dike has ordered another battalion drill of the 7th Regiment, to take place at Chelsea on Thursday, August 5th.

SECOND DIVISION, Y. M. V.—The encampment of the 2d Division, under Major General Sutton, will take place at Winter Island, Salem, on the 25th, 26th and 27th days of August.

They have a new mode of electroplating in Canada. The London Free Press has adopted the novel expedient of publishing the bumps of the respective candidates phenologically classified; and with their respective values more minutely given.

17th Queen Victoria will visit Louis Napoleon, shortly, at Cherbourg.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor—In an article published in your paper of July 17th, on the late Hon. John Wade, I made a mistake in regard to the location of the first store occupied by him; it was a part of the building now owned by the Woburn Bank. The first store built by him was located on or near the property owned by yourself, Mr. Editor. He afterwards removed it across the street, and it is now a part of the store occupied by A. E. Thompson.

Several worthy citizens, for whom I entertain the highest respect, seem to feel aggrieved at that part of my article which relates to the condition of public affairs when Colonel Wade came into office. They urge that I have done wrong to the memory of their fathers. I regret that my intention should be misapprehended. I merely stated facts as they existed at the time, and did not intend to do a wrong to the memory of the dead, or injure the feelings of the living; but the facts are well known, several of the liquor bills having appeared in previous numbers of the *Journal*, and there is a plenty left. It would not be just to judge of the men of 1802, by the prevalent opinions of 1858. Then the practices described were common, I venture to say, in all the adjoining towns; now, I hope, they are uncommon.

Allow me to say a few words in regard to an article published in the *Journal* last week, signed "E. Pluribus Unum." I must say I very much admire the largeness and breadth of his charity and the entire "freedom from littleness, taunt and sarcasm, which distinguishes his remarkably sane and temperate article, and without having to my knowledge the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, only presuming that he is a relative of the great American Eagle. I know from the temper of his article that he must be very liberal in his sentiments, with a heart overflowing with purity and goodness, and altogether such an example of christian manhood as is rarely found in a wicked and perverse generation like the present; and as he feels that a more full and perfect life of his friend should be written, I propose, if "E. P. Unum" will obtain for me a number of subscribers sufficient to pay the expense of publishing, to write the life of Col. Wade, and put his remarkably christian and dove-like article in the appendix. And as the discharge of so much "bills" in a very weak state, I will provide him leaves with me his address, furnish him with suitable medicines for his relief.

I will now leave "E. P. Unum" with himself, confident that he can be in no worse company than with a sour and bitter spirit, asking him to try and purge his heart from all malice, and henceforth to seek for what beauty, truth and honor he may find in his fellow men, and if he finds errors or sins in them, to show his disapprobation of such by living himself a better life.

Letter from Bangor, Me.

BANGOR, Bangor, }
July 21st, 1858. }

Mr. Editor:—Once more we have reached the land of knives and forks, and now, as we sit at mine host, Col. Lanaber's, excellent table, we are as dainty as though but two days since we had feasted at "Parker's" instead of "dipping in" with our fingers and satisfying our appetites from the same dish.

Agreeable to our intentions, yesterday morning found us ready to bid good bye to "Camp Faithful," and with a sigh of regret we stocked our canoes and dipped our paddles for the foot of the Lake.

It would have done you very good, Mr. Editor—yes, more than half-a-dozen subscriptions—could you have been with us and felt, as I know you would, even as we did, when, as leaving this romantic spot, our "three choppers and a tiger" woke the slumbering echoes of the hills. Our sail across the lake was delightful, hoisting our sails—I beg pardon, our cotton umbrellas I should have said—

"We envious not."

That ever spread her sails in Boston Bay.— Making but one stop on our downward trip, at Sand Island, for the purpose of procuring a sample of black sand, which, by the way, is of a very superior quality, we reached Greenville at 10 o'clock, and were ready for a start, perfectly satisfied with our short though successful fishing and hunting excursion.

As to the latter, my friend was more fortunate than myself, for being rather tender-hearted, the game generally left before I had made up my mind to shoot, but my worthy guide seeing that I felt somewhat disappointed at not having a shot, was very watchful for game, and just as we were starting brought me the gun, with the intelligence that a rabbit was patiently awaiting me, a short distance from the camp, and in a few moments the poor fellow had fallen a victim to the skill of the hunter; (wound, I feared at a distance of ten paces). Upon securing my game, I found that my shot might have been saved, for the rabbit had been already killed, the night before, and a loud and long laugh from my companions showed too plainly that I had been made the victim of a practical joke.

Being blessed with a private conveyance we were able to leave Greenville without being obliged to incur the usual delay; our ride to Bangor was a pleasant one, through a beautiful country, and being in high spirits we enjoyed it fully, meeting with no adventurous worthy of note, if we except the crossing of the floating bridge at Dexter. This is the only bridge of the kind in the State, and for the benefit of not over-courageous people like ourselves, we hope a mere substantial structure will soon supersede this. The bridge lies upon the water, and when the pond is high, as it happened to be when we crossed it, the waves dance across it, almost hiding the planking from the sight, but we are this side it, and there's an old saying, you know, "Speak well of the bridge that carries you safe over."

Yesterday we paid a visit to Oldtown, ten miles above Bangor, on the Penobscot, for the purpose of visiting and paying our respects to the last remnant of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, and we found that, as regards their own State, "as a race they have withered from our land." But certainly we were unprepared to find those that remained so near approaching to civilization. There are upon the Island, where they reside, about six hundred in number; instead of finding

them in tents and huts, as our imagined ideas led us to suppose we should, we found them in houses equal, to say the least, to those of an ordinary country village. They boast of a fine church and a school-house; we had the pleasure of visiting the school, and found the little "Indian boys" as bright, if not brighter, than many Yankee boys of their size, but the young "squaws" were dumb, and succeeded in showing their Indian character by preserving a dead silence. Not a word could we get from one of them. After leaving the school, we paid a visit to the grave yard, where lie the remains of the last Chief of the "Penobscots," who died recently at the advanced age of one hundred years. Next we visited the "Shylock" of the tribe, an Indian said to be worth some five thousand dollars, who lets out moneys to his poorer brothers, and takes "big interest." We found him like his namesake, with much show of riches about him, but with an exceedingly taciturn disposition. We did all the talking, being perfectly satisfied if we could get from him an occasional "yah," in answer to our general suggestions. We were denied the pleasure of seeing their Representative to the State Legislature, he being absent, but did see and was introduced to the defeated candidate, and found him to be very intelligent and prepared to speak fluently upon any subject. We were, to speak truthfully, obliged to quit the island without obtaining a glimpse of a "Minnehaha." We felt disappointed in that, and we pitied "Hiawatha's" taste, but then we remembered that he was an *Indian*. Notwithstanding their exceedingly unlovable appearance, yet we noticed they all had beaus (bows).

But I am telling a long story, and must omit the visit to the saw-mills, where thirty saws are run day and night; to the salmon traps and other objects of interest. We are off to-morrow, and when next you hear from us we shall be—"somewhere else."

Yours, S.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, July 23, 1858.

The Fall trade is just opening with those houses who sell goods by the package only; their buyers are those who supply the retail trade South and West. All the bright colors and flaming patterns in dry goods are brought forward for the special delectation of the far southern and south-western trade, which manifests a marked peculiarity of late for high colors and "big figures." The peculiarities of different sections of the country manifest themselves very cunningly in the demand for clothing fabrics. For California goods of high cast are now being made covered with a class of patterns of the gambler order, which would certainly destroy the sale of the goods to respectable trade in this part of the country. In California, the early printing, destined for the far southern trade, is extremely bright-lured and gaudy, while that intended for the "near by" trade is mostly of a dark and sober description.

The extensions which were granted last fall are gradually running out, and in consequence, we see one concern after another making its final exit from the stage; about 75 per cent, however, of those which have survived until this time will be able to hold through. With a large number, however, the result depends upon the turn matters take in the west this fall. If the farmers should keep back their crops for higher prices, which they can by no possibility attain, the storekeepers of the country will go unpaid; consequently they cannot pay the jobbers; the jobbers who depend on them will "burst up" and the commission-dealers will follow them.

All this time, however, the extravagances of the season are in full blast, though perhaps less numerous than usual. New York in miniature is re-produced in Newport, Saratoga, Cape May, etc., and the ten dollar silks wave triumphantly. Long may they wave!

Here, we are to have another Grand Musical Lager Beer Demonstration, which is to occupy the whole spacious area of Jones' Wood, and bring out the entire German resources of this part of the country, which are by no means contemptible. Quite all the professional music of the city is in the hands of Germans. Some German teachers of the piano make a very handsome income from their profession, driving fast nags and keeping stylish establishments; frequently concluding with an eloquent of which a beautiful heiress pupil forms a prominent feature.

Chowder-clubs and picnics are among the popular amusements for the million. The bay is quite populous, any sunny day, with steamboats chartered for the occasion, and crowded with young men and maidens, yunglings and frauleins, pats and acushaws. The prevailing tendency, however, of these excursions, is reported to be somewhat immoral.

The Blount case was closed up with almost the usual amount of scandal on both sides. The intimations with regard to Mrs. Blount's antecedents at a New Haven boarding-school were indirectly contradicted by Col. Blount. Still, we have heard worse things of New Haven boarding-schools. There is something in the atmosphere of college students which does certainly produce unhappy effects upon young ladies of an excitable temperament.

The weather has been very comfortable for a week past; there is something of the usual summer maladies about, but only enough to keep the doctors from starvation. Fruit of almost all descriptions has been very meagre thus far; peaches are beginning to come in better.

ANDOVER.—Patent Shoes.—The Advertiser states that Messrs. Tyler, Boyce & Co., of Compot Shoe Manufacturers in Andover, are doing a very extensive business. They employ 75 girls and 25 men, increasing the number rapidly to meet accumulating orders for their goods. In the establishment there is a twelve horse power engine, which carries all the machinery required in the process of manufacture. Nine stitching machines are constantly running, and four more have been ordered for immediate use. There is no other manufactory of this kind in the country. It is quite remarkable that every scrap of the shoe stock is worked up in this mode of manufacture, while under the old style about one-tenth is said to be wasted.

See the adv. of "Mystic Hall Seminary."

SOUTH READING.

ITEMS.

Short hair on the head and long hair on the face, seems to be the rage at present, because, they say it is fashionable. This is not the reason why Ephraim, a colored boy from the Marshpee plantation, a few days ago, wished to have his head shaved. "Missis," said he, one winter day, "do please cut my hair off close." "Why so," said Mrs. M. "who was a very indulgent mistress, 'Why do you wish to part with your hair this cold weather?' " "Cause, missis, it is in the way, do please cut it off." After a good deal of persuasion, Mrs. H. complied, and did it so effectually as to leave plenty of room for it to grow again. When the job was completed, Ephraim sprang upon his feet with delight, and exclaimed, at the same time passing his hands over the stubby surface, "There now, see if the school master can twist his hand round in my hair."

During one of the recent heavy thunder showers, of which we have had so many this season, the lightning struck in Green's woods, near the grove.

We regret to announce the removal from town of our excellent neighbor and fellow-citizen, Matthew Jolles, Esq. Having disposed of his fine situation on Avon street, to Mr. Oliver Perkins, of Chelsea, he has returned with his family to the city. Mr. Perkins has already taken up his abode with us.

We learn that pic-nics were held in Green's Grove by the First Baptist Society in Lynn, on Wednesday, and by the First Baptist Society in Charlestown, and the Perkins street Baptist Society in Somerville, on Friday.

Rev. J. B. Johnson exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Reed of Malden, on Sabbath last.

On the same day, Rev. D. W. Phillips' pulpit was supplied by Rev. Francis Smith of North Providence, R. I., son of Noah Smith of South Reading. Mr. Smith supplies the same pulpit next Sabbath.

The Universalist Society have extended a call to Rev. Edwin Eaton of Providence, to become their pastor. Salary \$1000. The call has been accepted, and Mr. Eaton will commence his labors with them next Sabbath.

Mr. Wm. H. Hayden is erecting a dwelling-house on a new street laid out by Stephen Sweetser, Esq.

The lot of land and barn situated on a street running from Main to Crescent, owned by J. Norcross, have been purchased by Peter Rogers, and the barn is being converted into a dwelling house.

The semi-annual meeting of the Republican Club for the choice of officers, will be held at the east room of the Town House, on Monday evening next, at 7 1/2 o'clock. As business of importance is to be transacted, a punctual attendance is requested.

Mr. B. W. Hall has rented a shop of Mr. John Day, on Crescent street, where he intends to carry on the business of making and repairing harnesses, &c.

Mr. Charles E. Locke has sold out his Apothecary shop to Dr. J. Norcross.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"The Human Face Divine."

This phrase seems a solecism; but that it contains both truth and poetry may perhaps be inferred from the inspired language, "In the image of God created he him."—"For a man indeed ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God," nothing like this being said of the creation or form of any other inhabitant of the earth.

How wonderful are the varied expressions of the countenance, and how many words are looked when none are uttered!

How surprisingly Garrick could adapt his countenance to the great variety of characters which he personated both in tragedy and comedy! It is related of Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated English actress, that she exhibited impassioned parts of her performance before small children, whose unsophisticated minds might teach her whether she delineated the passions effectively.

What sunshine and what storm may be gathered in the countenance! Here is the rainbow of promise when benignant, or the tent bow of discord when enraged. Here all the graces reveal, or all the cyclops thunder. When Cain perceived that his offering of fruits of his field was not accepted, "his countenance fell." What an assemblage of malignant tempers did David, the celebrated French painter, put into his countenance of Cain on this occasion. How astonishing that of the thousands of millions of human beings that have lived, each has had his own peculiar countenance, expressive of his own peculiar character.

When we contemplate this subject we are scarcely surprised at the enthusiasm of Lavater, who made this an interesting theme of discourse and study. And what a range in the world of spirits the good man may have found to pursue his favorite examination—for do not human spirits carry hence with them some intelligible characteristics? How else should the disciples so readily, and, apparently, intuitively, have recognized Moses and Elias on the mount of transfiguration? But how poorly we conceive of things in the invisible world! And we may justly say, in the language of Blair, to the uncommunicative spirits so near us—

"Well, 'tis no matter; A very little time will clear up all, And make us learn'd as you are, and as close."

J. E.

The Boston *Gazette & Country Journal* of July 17, 1758, contains the following:—"Just imported from Africa, and to be sold on board the brig Johnny, Wm. Ellery, Commander, now lying at New Boston. A number of likely NEGRO BOYS and GIRLS from 12 to 14 years of age; Inquire of said Ellery on board of said brig, where constant attendance is given. *Note.* The above Slaves have all had the small-pox. Treasurer's notes, and New England Rum, will be taken as pay."

The *New York Times* says that the Free Lovers of that city have established an institution there which they call the "Unitary Household." The Free Lovers meet every week and select their respective passions.

Every woman is said to be born with a master mind—that is to say, with a mind to be master, if she can.

Died.

In this town, 23d inst., ANN JANE RUSSEY, aged 3 months, 26 days.

27th inst., ARMY T. BOWEN, aged 44 years, 6 months.

29th instant, Mr. EDELMAN CAITER, aged 82 years.

In Winchester, 23 instant, Mrs. ADELINE C. WHITE, aged 33 years.

In Reading, July 22nd, Mrs. MARIA A., wife of George G. Beard, aged 37.

For the Middlesex Journal.

An alarm of fire aroused our citizens at 4 o'clock, on Sunday morning last, and it was soon ascertained that a barn belonging to Mr. Joseph Hancock was in flames. It was destroyed, with all its contents, consisting of 4 cows, a calf, and a valuable horse, which Mr. B. had purchased only a few days previous; also a considerable quantity of hay and nearly all his farming utensils. An ox wagon and cart were saved, they being in the cellar, and were drawn out at great risk. Two pigs in the cellar were invited to walk out and take their liberty, which was accomplished by the action of water being thrown in at one end, warning them to leave, they seemed to understand it very readily. The fire must have been burning a considerable time before Mr. B. had knowledge of it, for when he first discovered it the roof was nearly consumed. Loss about \$1500, no insurance. The Eagle boys were promptly on hand, and effectually saved the house and other buildings, though many thought the house in danger. Mrs. B. being sick, was conveyed on a litter, by two gentlemen, to a neighboring house.

The Atlantic Cable Laid!

Success of the Great Enterprise of the Age!

AMERICA AND ENGLAND UNITED.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE OF ASSOCIATED PRESS, Boston, August 5.

We have a dispatch from Trinity Bay announcing the arrival of the Niagara at that place, and a dispatch confirming the successful laying of the cable, and that messages are now being received.

To the Associated Press.

TRINITY BAY, August 5.—The Atlantic cable ship sailed from Queenstown on Saturday, July 17, and arrived at mid-ocean on Wednesday, the 28th. Made the splice at 1 p. m., on Thursday, the 29th, and the fleet separated.—The Agamemnon and Valorous bound to Valentia, Ireland, the Niagara and Gorgon for this place, where they arrived yesterday, and this morning the end of the cable will be landed.

It is 1698 nautical or 1950 statute miles from the Telegraph House, at the head of Valentia harbor, to the Telegraph House, Bay of Bulls' Arm, Trinity Bay, and for more than two-thirds of this distance the water is more than two miles in depth.

The cable has been paid out from the Agamemnon at about the same speed as from the Niagara.

The electric signals sent and received through the whole cable are perfect. The machinery for paying out the cable worked in the most satisfactory manner, and was not stopped for a single moment from the time the splice was made until we arrived here.

Arrival of the Agamemnon at Valentia.

TRINITY BAY, Aug. 5.

The British ship-of-war Agamemnon, arrived at Valentia Bay (Ireland), 4th, and landed her part of the cable at Trinity Bay to-day (the 5th). The electric current is perfect and the signals pass freely.

The Journal.

WOBURN:

Saturday Morning, August 7th, 1858.

The Atlantic Cable.

For several years the project of uniting the old world with the new by means of a telegraphic cable, has been a favorite theme with men of science and enterprise. The trials made through submarine wires, though of limited extent, rendered it certain that there would be no difficulty in sending messages back and forth through a wire lying at the bottom of the ocean, could a wire be thus laid. With the lapse of time the idea constantly gathered new importance, till plans were set on foot to lay a cable. The most careful preparations were made, the wire was put on board ship, complicated and expensive machinery was constructed solely for this undertaking, men of wealth and patrons of science contributed liberally toward the great experiment. The time for the trial arrived—the public mind of the world was on tiptoe for the result. Some laughed and called it a Quixotic undertaking, others were doubtful, a few far-seeing minds were hopeful and sure of success. Even should the first attempt prove a failure, they were firm in the belief that the thing was perfectly feasible, and would some day be accomplished. The trial was made—all went on well for a time—mile after mile of the iron thread was laid in its far down bed, till the middle of the ocean was reached, when, in an instant, the cable parted—and the trial was a failure. "We told you so," was echoed and re-echoed over the eastern and the western world. But, notwithstanding the ridicule and the disappointment, standing the confidence of some in the practicability of the plan forsook them, a few strong, persevering spirits were not to be deterred from the undertaking. They declared the first result a failure, though when it would be actually accomplished, was more than they could tell. Again was the trial made, and again the result was disappointment—a failure. But with a perseverance and a steadfastness of purpose that no obstacles, however great, could overcome, they remained immovable, confident that their efforts would yet be crowned with success. In the face of ridicule, and predictions of failure, they tried once more. Again and again the cable broke, but as often as the trial repeated. Finally, when all were ready to abandon the idea that such a thing would or could be done, the whole world was startled by the announcement that the thing was done! that the cable was laid! that the old world and the new had actually embraced each other, and that time and space were practically annihilated.

Of the magnitude of this result, of the influence it must and will exert upon the world, no man can form the smallest part of a conjecture. Time alone will show results at which everything hitherto regarded as great, will sink into insignificance. We well remember the strange thoughts that stole over us, some years since, when, after riding from early morning till noon in an express train, on raising our eyes we caught sight of the telegraphic wire, and the idea flashed through our mind that a message could be sent and returned, over the whole distance we had travelled, in an instant of time. But that was only one hundred miles, while now a belt has been put almost round the world, and—

"Before you can say, come, and go, And breathe twice, and cry so, so,"

a message will pass from the old world to the new, and back again. Who can comprehend, who can realize such an annihilation of space? And yet the means of its accomplishment is a little tiny wire, lying alone in the far down depths of the dark, blue ocean. Along this track, human thought, borne by the lightning speed of the electric current, will pass and re-pass, bearing messages of love and tenderness to some, messages of sorrow to others. Dispatches, big with the interests of nations will flash in an instant from Washington to London, and from London back to Washington. And even this is but a beginning—these three thousand miles is only a part, and a small part of the whole circumference of our globe. Business men can no longer grow rich through the ignorance of those on the other side of the ocean. Knowledge in business matters will in an instant find an equilibrium, when, from any cause, its equilibrium has been disturbed. It must result in

binding closer in the bonds of brotherhood, as one family, the nations of the earth now far separated. It should prove the breaking down of the mountains, which—

interposed, Make enemies of nations, who had else, Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.

When the elastic power of steam was pressed into service by man, and made to drive his machinery, his cars, and his ships; when the telegraphic wire, extended by the side of the rail track, a few hundred miles, was brought to perform the duties of the postman, with a precision that is a constant source of wonder and admiration, it seemed impossible for the human mind to accomplish anything greater than these. But who will hereafter presume to set any limit to what the powers of the human intellect can accomplish, or doubt the possibility of anything that can be imagined? Who would not rather wear the honors that encircle the brows of men of science—of Galileo—of Newton—of Watt—of Fulton—of Morse—of those who have accomplished this last great enterprise—than to wear the crown of the universe, steeped, as it would of necessity be, in human blood? It is not only westward that the star of empire has taken her way, but thither also the star of science has come and found a home. Here she snatched her wondrous knowledge, and sent it all abroad to bless the whole world of mankind.

FISHING EXCURSION OF THE LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The Y. M. L. A.'s report having had the highest kind of a good old time on their fishing excursion in Boston Harbor, in the schooner Albatross, chartered for the occasion. Their catch of fish far exceeded their "most sanguine expectations," and for number, size and weight would have excited the envy of a crew of Cape Ann fishermen. The said fish were brought home in triumph, accompanied by appropriate music, and generously distributed among the "stay-at-homes," and such friends as happened to be "around."

This free distribution of cod and haddock (sculpins thrown in) had a most depressing effect on the Woburn fish market, and the result upon our worthy fish dealers has not yet been fully determined. Sawtelle no doubt "saw sights," and opposition dealers could have shed tears without the application of an Onion.

We hear that an action for damages will not be commenced if the literary fishermen promise "not to do so any more." After their return they were invited by the members of the association who remained at home, to partake of a *recherche* collation at their rooms in Lyceum building, to which a table apparently covered with appetizing viands, but which were concealed from prying eyes by a cloth being spread over them. Speeches of welcome and congratulation were made by Mr. G. A. Carter and others, when the cloth was removed! and the furnished fishermen who had been "down to the sea in ships," were invited to appease their hunger with the good things before them, consisting of the following bill of fare:

Raw Beet Tops and Onions, served up in spittings.
Cucumbers and Summer Squashes—whole.
Peas and String Beans—in the pod.
Sandwiches, composed of alternate layers of sand and brown bread.

In the centre of the table was a huge feather duster—upside down, taking the place of a bouquet—in a splendid vase, which strongly resembled in appearance a stick of wood with a hole bored in it.

Cabbage plants, in prominent positions—roots pointing toward the ceiling.
Drinks—Lamp Oil, Camphene, and Black Ink—of the choicest quality.

Desert—Green Apples and "Short Sausages," was echoed and re-echoed over the eastern and the western world. But, notwithstanding the ridicule and the disappointment, standing the confidence of some in the practicability of the plan forsook them, a few strong, persevering spirits were not to be deterred from the undertaking. They declared the first result a failure, though when it would be actually accomplished, was more than they could tell. Again was the trial made, and again the result was disappointment—a failure. But with a perseverance and a steadfastness of purpose that no obstacles, however great, could overcome, they remained immovable, confident that their efforts would yet be crowned with success. In the face of ridicule, and predictions of failure, they tried once more. Again and again the cable broke, but as often as the trial repeated. Finally, when all were ready to abandon the idea that such a thing would or could be done, the whole world was startled by the announcement that the thing was done! that the cable was laid! that the old world and the new had actually embraced each other, and that time and space were practically annihilated.

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Assessment of Taxes.

THE DECISION OF JUDGE THOMAS in the case noticed below, is causing no small amount of tribulation among boards of Assessors and town officers throughout the State. Nearly all of them have completed the valuation and assessed the taxes for the year, and in many towns—Woburn for instance—a portion of the tax has been collected. The question now is, shall the Collector go ahead in collecting the taxes, the Town running the risk of lawsuits and refusals to pay, or shall the Assessors be directed by the Town to make out a new commitment, based upon Judge Thomas' decision? The question has to be met, as there will be plenty willing to avail themselves of this excuse to withhold their taxes, and the sooner the people see "what they will do about it" the better.

TAXES—A DECISION IN THE SUPREME COURT. The decision of Judge Thomas, of the Supreme Court, made in June, in a case in regard to taxation, has been published. This decision is important, because it will affect the action of many Boards of Assessors in the State. It relates to the amount of poll tax. Many assessors have supposed that the poll tax must in no case exceed \$1.50. The Revised Statutes say:—

"The assessors shall assess upon the poll, as nearly as the same can be conveniently done, one-sixth part of the whole sum to be raised; provided the whole poll tax, assessed in any one year, upon any individual for town and county purposes, except highway taxes, shall not exceed one dollar and fifty cents, and the residue of said whole sum to be raised shall be apportioned upon property."

This has been taken to mean that the poll tax must never in any case exceed one dollar and fifty cents. The case tried in the Supreme Court arose in Lunenburg. The assessors of that town took this view of the matter, and accordingly did not levy one-sixth of their whole town tax upon polls. A property holder refused to pay his taxes in the place until his property was seized, and then brought a suit to recover the amount.

Judge Thomas held conclusively that the revised statutes do not restrict the amount of the poll tax in all cases to the sum named; but only in the case of taxes for county and town purposes (exclusive of highway taxes), excess then and then only to be taxed to property. But one-sixth of the whole amount of all other taxes, such as State and school, without reference to amount, is to be assessed to the polls. As to the tax was not levied according to law, the plaintiff recovered.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

RAILROAD REFERENCE CASE.—A hearing has been in progress in Concord, N. H., for some days, before Judge Shepley of Portland, and Francis O. Watts and Robert Hale of Boston, referees, to award damages in the case of an alleged contract broken by the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and Lowell Railroad, from which violation of covenant the Concord Railroad claims to have suffered damages. Some years ago a treaty was made between the five roads between Concord and Boston, that the rates should be the same by either line. It is claimed that the Boston and Lowell Railroad, by breaking this agreement, and raising its rates on upper roads traffic, caused business to be diverted from a portion of the Concord road, and is liable for damages. Col. John H. George is counsel for the Concord Railroad; B. F. Butler and Josiah J. Abbott, Esqrs., for the Boston and Lowell Railroad.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.—Within a month the series of elections will commence which are to determine the political character of the next Congress. The choice of delegates to the House of Representatives will take place in the following order, according to the Tribune Almanac:

1858.—August, 1st Monday—Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Missouri and Texas.
August, 1st Thursday—Tennessee and N. Carolina.
September, 1st Tuesday—Vermont.
" 1st Thursday—California.
" 2d Monday—Maine.
October, 1st Monday—Florida and Georgia.
" 2d Monday—South Carolina.
2d Tuesday—Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Ohio and Pennsylvania.
November, 1st Tuesday—Delaware, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, New York and Wisconsin.
November, 1st Wednesday—Maryland.
1859.—March, 2d Tuesday—New Hampshire.
April, 1st Monday—Connecticut.
1st Wednesday—Rhode Island.
May, 4th Thursday—Virginia.
October, 1st Monday—Mississippi.
November, 1st Monday—Louisiana.

A RELIC OF MUNGO PARK.—The Cape Literary Magazine says that a relic of Mungo Park has been discovered and secured by Lieutenant Glover, of Balke's West Coast Expedition. Lieut. Glover, one of the officers under the command of Capt. Balke, has stumbled upon a valuable relic of Mungo Park, and has of course secured it. Passing through a native village near the scene of Park's melancholy death, an old man accosted the lieutenant, and showed him a book which he had for years been in his possession. It was a volume of logarithms, with Mungo Park's name and autographic notes and memoranda. The possessor offered it to Mr. Glover for 200,000 cowries. Inestimable as the prize was, the price demanded was enormous—and it was impossible to pay it. After some consideration the lieutenant took from his pocket a clasp knife, and asked the native what he thought of that. This was too tempting a bait to be refused; the native joyfully took the knife and the lieutenant still more joyfully secured his valuable memento of the distinguished African traveler.

DOUBLE SUICIDE.—Great excitement was created in Malden, Monday morning, by the discovery of an extraordinary state of affairs in the house of Mr. Monroe, on Spring St., in Centre village. Mr. Monroe and his wife were found in each other's arms, the woman dead, and the man but just alive. Dr. Sullivan was quickly summoned, and it was probable that the man would be restored. Both parties took a dose of laudanum Sunday evening, and then made a charcoal fire in their bedroom, for the deliberate purpose of destroying life. Mr. Monroe is about 50 years of age, and his wife was seventeen years older, and has long been an invalid. There is a suspicion that a fatal dose of laudanum was administered to the wife by her husband, and that the charcoal was managed so that he might render himself insensible for a time. The parties have two grown up children, and were found in each other's arms, the woman dead, and the man but just alive. 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See his appetite ¹—that was radiant with health
the new man. See how ² too early withering
and loveliness blasted and ³ languish, or some
away; want of exercise or mental ⁴ organs
lurking disease, has deranged the internal ⁵ organs
of digestion, assimilation or secretion, till they
their office ill. Her blood is vitiated, her health is
gone. Give her these **PILLS** to stimulate the vital
principle into renewed vigor, to cast out the ob-
structions, and infuse a new vitality into the blood.

And where late sorrow sat joy bursts from every feature. See the sweet infant vaulted with worms, and the mother's face, as if she were a man, is pale and painfully distinct, that they are eating its life away! It is pinched-up nose and ears, and restless eyes, and a face that is all a shudder, and a cry every mother knows. Give it the PILLS in large doses to sweep these life parasites from the body. Give it the PILLS in small doses to keep it in the hood. Is it nothing to do these things? And yet, are they not the marvel of this age? And yet they are the marvel of all ages.

Have you the less serious symptoms of these disorders, they are the easier cured. Jaundice, Costiveness, Flatulency, Headache, Stomachic, Loss of Appetite, King's Evil, Neuralgia, Gout, and kindred complaints all arise from the derangement of the bowels. Give it the PILLS, and you are cured, and under the counsel of a good Physician if you can; if not, take them judiciously by such a course as you may find in the directions for such diseases; they cure, what afflict so many millions of the human race, are cast out like devils in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Price 25 cents per box - 5 boxes for \$1.00.

Through a trial of many years and through every season, the PILLS have been found to be the only medicine that has been found to afford more relief and to cure

meny known to mankind. Cases of pulmonary consumption, thousands of sufferers who were deemed beyond the reach of human aid, have been restored to their natural enjoyments of life, by this all-powerful antidote to the diseases of the lungs and throat. Here a cold laid the first settled on the lungs. The dry, hacking cough, the incessant spitting of blood, the wasting of the system, the weakness was lately lusty and strong, whisper to all but him was CONSUMPTION. He tried every thing; but the disease was fatal symptoms more and more over all his frame. He is taking the CHERRY PECTORAL now; it has stopped his cough and made his breathing easier. He is getting strength, and his color is returning, and with it, his strength. The day, which pierced to his side is broken. Scarcely any neighborhood can be seen to shadow forth the virtues which have won for the CHERRY PECTORAL an imperishable renown. But the less colds and coughs which it cures are the seed which would have ripened into a dreadful harvest of consumption, Hoarseness, Pleurisy, Whooping Cough, and all irritations of the throat and lungs are easily cured by this medicine.

THE abovestore have been carefully fitted up, as an additional supply of new Books, Stationery Papers, Blank Books, House Papers, Fancy Goods, &c., has been added to the former stock, making a large and well-selected variety of Goods, which will be sold at the lowest cash prices consisting of works of History, Theology, Poetry, Fiction, Agriculture, and all the Sciences and General Literature. A constant supply of all the AZERBAIDJAN BOOKS, and of the High-Schools, Grammar and Primary

by the publishers
American and English Family, Pocket and School
Notebooks and Journals, Peabody, State and
Selected Christian Hymns. Barnes Notes and Union
Questions and Answers.
Note, bill, letter, cap, bank-post, Chinese and ornamental
envelopes, and many other stationery.
White, colored, ornamental and wedding envelopes.
Gillott's and commercial pens and holders of various
kinds.
Black, blue, red and indelible ink.
Covered, plain, transparent and porcelain slates.
Cartridge, drawing, blotting and tissue paper.
Whitney's tablet, portable, frames and office stands.
Globe and desk frames. Marbling, playing cards,
portfolios, ink erasers, ivory tablets, tape measure,
transparent slates, pencil leads.
Rulers and perforated sealing wax, wafers
and stamps, Faber's, carpenter's and common lead
pencils, crayons and holders, drawing boxes, stamps,
brakes, house points and brushes, pen racks, paper
tracers, and many other articles.

Blank Books
and Memorabilia of all kinds in general use, full and half-bound, leather, cloth, gilt, and letter books. Tablet paper and Ivory Memorabilia; all kinds of exercise books, school journals, &c.

HOUSE PAPERS.
A good supply of House Papers and Borders, Window Blinds, &c. of the latest and good fashionable patterns at low prices, always on hand, and supplied to order.

Fancy Goods, Toys, Baskets, &c.
A large variety of German Baskets, work boxes, C. has, rattles; puff, ball, round, fine, pocket and dressing Combs; hair, tooth, clothes and shaving Brushes; enamel needles, ivory combs, and all the necessary variety playing, plain and ornamental Cards; Dolls a variety, and TOYS of all kinds.

Periodical Agency.

The subscriber is Agent for the leading new papers and periodicals of the United States, any of which will be furnished at publishers' prices, *free of postage*. [For list see advertisement of "Periodical Agency," page 10.]

NEW BOOKS will be found on the counter as soon as published.

Book Bindings. Magazines and periodicals of all kinds, and old books bound in satisfactory manner at short notice.

Connected with the **WORLDLY STORE** is the

Job Printing Office of the "Middlesex Journal," well provided with Presses, Type, and every facility for executing all kinds of compositions of pamphlet, card and Job Printing, in the neatest and at the lowest cash prices.

JOHN J. PIPPY,
Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

BATES, GOLDTHWAIT & CO.,
Importers and dealers in
PAPER, BOOKS, &c.

CARTLINGTON.
Warehouse, No. 45 Washington Street,
BOSTON.

REMOVAL!
Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company,
ACCUMULATED FUND, \$2,500,000.
All \$24 fee invested for the Benefit of its Members.
The Boston Agency has removed from 99 to 27 Brazier's
Building, State Street.
J. B. PRINCE, General Agent.

STATE CONVENTION.

The legal voters of Massachusetts, who are opposed to the present corrupt National Administration, and the aggression of the slave power, and who are in favor of the general policy of the present State Administration, are requested to attend delegates to a State Convention to be held at Worcester, on Thursday, August 14th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates to be voted for at the State election next ensuing, and organizing for the coming political campaign.

The basis of representation in said Convention to be one delegate from each city and town in the Commonwealth, and one additional delegate for every two hundred voters, according to the last State census.

JOHN B. ALLEY,
OTIS CLAPP,
WILLIAM CLAPPIN,
J. WALDO DUNN,
GIBSON HAYNES,
EDWARD HAMILTON,
WILLIAM A. HARRINGTON,
A. N. HERRICK,
GEORGE ORRISON,
THEODORE OTIS,
Z. K. PANGBORN,
THOMAS A. PARSONS,
E. E. SAWIN,
VALERUS T. TOTT,
Boston, July 23, 1858.

State
Executive
Committee.

The Journal.

WOBURN:

Saturday Morning, August 14th, 1858.

Curiosity.

It will be conceded, we doubt not, by every one, that curiosity is an innate principle of the human mind. Many and various are the ways by which it manifests itself. From mother Eve, who felt a peculiar desire to know how the forbidden fruit, so beautiful to the eye, tasted, down to the ragamuffin of four years, who cries as though his big heart would break, because his brother will not let him see what there is under his hat, almost all are unwilling to live by faith, or to draw, to any great extent, upon the imagination. All pre-er sight and fact, and feel, at least sometimes, very uneasy and unsatisfied with anything short of this. Curiosity, properly directed, and kept within certain limits, is an exceedingly important element of the human intellect. Often the scholar, as he engages in severe and abstruse study, is stimulated and urged onward by an earnest desire to learn what is as yet unknown to him. The curious mind loves to trace effects to causes, and thence deduce the laws of science. The curiosity of Newton, as he saw the apple fall, was awakened to know the reason of the phenomenon, and the result was his Principia. But it is not always that the mind, in the exercise of this trait, is engaged upon subjects so exalted. It is in common every-day life that we see it in its most active exercise. Perhaps nothing was ever stronger than the desire to know "who struck Billy Patterson." unless it be to ascertain the bona fide personages wearing the *nom de plume* of Parturientes and E Pluribus Unum. There is a witchery around these names that makes people feel an irresistible desire to know who they are and how they look. Do they eat, drink, sleep, walk, and engage in business like other men, or are they inhabitants of a more ethereal sphere? Oftentimes, were the veil of secrecy raised, and the earnestly desired information given, the charm and the interest would vanish in an instant, and we should wonder how it happened that we ever felt any curiosity in the case. It used to be thought that the female sex possessed this trait in double measure. They certainly are not deficient, nor are men wholly destitute of it. If Mr. A. walks, rides or dances with Miss B., everybody is half crazy with curiosity to know whether they are, or are not likely to become engaged. The moment the fact is ascertained, the whole affair becomes a commonplace reality, and the peculiar interest previously felt ceases; and so in ten thousand other instances.

Yankees are a matter of fact set of beings. Although they are prone to keep shady, when they have a shrewd project under consideration, they love dearly to bring some of the mechanical powers, especially the wedge, the screw, and the pump too, although this last does not belong to the mechanical powers proper, to bear upon others. They are pretty sure to split a man open, screw him into so this a space that they can see through him, or, failing in these, to exhaust him. Now all these powers generally work well, but sometimes they fail. The forcing pump may be vigorously applied, but it will not always give forth the much desired result. Curiosity is frequently doomed to be baffled in its investigations, and compelled to grow hungry from failing to ascertain the most earnestly sought information. Yet so it will and must often be. It will, we doubt not, continue to remain a mystery, who wrote the letters of Junius, who struck Billy Patterson, and, more than all, who writes the articles signed E Pluribus Unum. They constitute a distinguished trio, and their names will long remain upon the pages of history, exciting the curiosity of each generation, as it passes along the stage of life.

STORY TELLING.—Patrick Toomey was detected, on Friday evening of last week, stealing provisions from the store of J. S. Ellis, Officers Simonds and Dooliver, who had been apprised of his movements, arrested him as he came out of the store with the stolen property, and conducted him to the lock-up. Property stolen from O. Beaman's store was also found in his possession, and it appeared probable that he had been in the habit of pilfering from the stores for some time. In consequence of the absence of Justice Converse he was taken before Justice Robinson of Charlestown for trial, who let him off, in consequence of a previous fair character, with the slight fine of \$2 and costs for each offence. Let him be careful to sin no more in this respect, or it will go hard with him.

THE PRINTER.—Of all the publications devoted to the interests of Printers and Type Founders—and they are, we are glad to perceive, becoming numerous—none come quite up to the standard of "THE PRINTER," published by Henry & Huntington, New York. We welcome it to our exchange list. No printer should be without it.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—We publish to-day a brief history of the Atlantic Telegraph, which cannot fail to interest our readers.

THE PHALANX.—The Phalanx parade this evening for street drill.

Salt Water.

For a pleasant summer tour let us recommend a trip on the water, out at sea, where you lose sight of the land, and see the ocean billows roll in all their majesty and sublimity, while you speed swiftly and safely over them in a staunch ship well found and provided with everything necessary for your comfort and convenience. The Lakes, the Mountains, the Springs and the Falls are all favorite places of resort, and we like them all, but for a pleasurable, invigorating, jovial, health-restoring summer tour commend us to one that we can travel over by water. We have just now a canoe in our mind, and feel "mightily" like throwing down the pen, seising a carpet-bag and dashing off, for we have erst experienced the pleasure that awaits the tourist in such a ramble,—but pressing duties say "nay," and we stick to the "old arm chair." As many of our readers are now travelling, or about to travel, some for pleasure and others for the restoration of health, let us advise them to take as much salt water in their route as they possibly can. A short cruise has a wonderfully beneficial effect on the physical and mental systems; so the doctors say, and "so say all of us" who have tried it. Many persons reading this will ask the question: "Where can we go to?" Let us reply: Take passage, some fine Thursday morning, on board the steamer *Admiral* at Boston, bound for Portland, Eastport, and St. John. On board her you will find every comfort and convenience, and as good a table as is furnished at the best hotels. The *Admiral* is pronounced to be a strong and staunch boat, provided with engines of the best quality. Her commander, Capt. Maclean, is an excellent specimen of a gentlemanly sea captain, kind and affable in his deportment, careful in the discharge of his responsible duties, and always attentive and obliging to his passengers. He is, by-the-way, a citizen of Framingham, and will doubtless be known to some of our readers. On board this boat, too, you will have the pleasure of travelling with the prince of expressmen and good fellows—Colonel Favor, to whose good graces we commend all travellers. A short stay at Portland and Eastport, and on the afternoon of the second day you arrive at St. John. Here you may find sufficient interest to detain you for a day or two—not the least of which is seeing the tide rise from forty to sixty feet. From this point the tourist can extend his trip up the Bay of Fundy by steamer to Moncton, across to Shediac by railroad, where he comes in view of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Straits of Northumberland, across which the first telegraphic cable in America was laid, and thence twelve hours by steamer to Charlottetown, the capital city of Prince Edward Island. The pleasures of a visit to this beautiful Island were well described by a correspondent a few weeks since. Thus far the tourist will have travelled nearly seven hundred miles, sixteen of which only has been on land, all the rest at sea, stopping at six different towns and cities. The return home can be made over a route entirely different and quite as interesting, namely: across the Straits by steamer to Pictou, thence to Halifax by land and direct to Boston or New York by steamer, or from Halifax to Windsor and St. John, and "home again" by the *Admiral*. The best season during the year for fishing and shooting is now approaching, that is, from the 20th of August to the 1st of October. Some of the localities above mentioned afford rare facilities for the sportsman. We would give our best beaver to stand for a few hours upon a sandy point we wot of, where the yellow-legged and ring-necked plovers fly in flocks and the black duck nudges under the lee.

WOBURN LYCEUM.—The Lyceum Committee for the current year met this week, and organized by electing Rev. Dr. STEPHENS, President, and Dr. E. CUTTER, Secretary & Treasurer. The vacancy in the Committee occasioned by Mr. John D. Tidd declining to serve, was filled by the appointment of Mr. E. J. Jenks. In addition to the gentlemen above named, Messrs. John Cummings, Jr., and J. G. Shute composed the Committee. We learn that it is their intention to make an essential change in the administration of Lyceum affairs; a change which, we hope, will prove a benefit to the whole community, by vastly increasing the number of Lyceum-goers. It is proposed to popularize the lectures by reducing the price of tickets for the course, to 50 cents each, and evening tickets to 10 cents each, being just one-half the former prices; the course to consist of from eight to twelve lectures—the number of lectures, and the price paid to lecturers, depending, of necessity, upon the number of tickets sold. The committee also propose, we understand, to solicit, and if possible secure, the sale of a certain number of tickets before making any engagements with lecturers, and for this purpose our citizens will be called upon during the ensuing week. We hope the gentlemen of the committee will meet with a welcome reception from all, and be able to "report favorably."

Whether we are or are not to have a course of Lyceum lectures, and, to a very great extent, what the character of the course shall be—that is, whether we shall be instructed and delighted with words of wisdom and power uttered by the master-minds and great orators of the country, or while away a dull hour in listening to the quips and quibbles of lesser lights—depends altogether upon the inhabitants. If they buy tickets liberally, and thus furnish the committee with a sufficient amount of means, we will no doubt have an excellent course of lectures; if the reverse in the purchase of tickets, so with the lectures—a poor course, half a course, or no course at all. The question of supporting the Woburn Lyceum is thus put to you, gentlemen, and ladies too; be liberal in the outset in sustaining this excellent institution, and you will be gratified with the result.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July is upon our table. It contains articles on the following subjects:—1. Calvin at Geneva; 2. The last days of Charles I.; 3. Domestic Annals of Scotland; 4. Cardinal Wiseman's "Recollections"; 5. Medical Education; 6. Women Artists; 7. Recent Astronomy; and the Nebular Hypothesis; 8. Contemporary Literature.

LOST CROCKERY.—See the advertisement among special notices.

The Atlantic Cable.—A Brief History of the Enterprise.

The Atlantic Cable enterprise is without doubt the greatest and most magnificent project of the age. Indeed, it is the greatest and most significant, in many respects, of all history, and announces an era, the importance and importance, even the most imaginative, can conceive.

"And, henceforth, there shall be no chain, Save underneath the sea. The wires shall stretch from the main Street of London to the main Street of New York."

In this connection we propose to give a brief history of the enterprise, gathered from a variety of sources, and contributed by sailing hands. This much, at least, is a duty of every journalist in Christendom.

ITS INCEPTION.

The project, so far as is known, was first broached in the London *Advertiser*, in 1851, by a correspondent. He proposed to use a single stout wire, covered in a rubber or percha coat, and, secondly, in hemp, saturated in some imperishable matter, and to extend it directly from the coast of Ireland to Newfoundland. The suggestion fell still-born.

THE THING PROGRESSING.

In the meantime experiments of electricians and others, made on a more or less extensive scale, submarine and otherwise, demonstrated the practicability of the project. This was followed by the successful laying of a cable 21 miles across the Straits of Dover, connecting England and France. But could the Atlantic be crossed? What was 24 to 3000 miles? Facts will by and by answer Mr. Field entered into the project heart and soul. By his pen and tongue, by using every means and appliance which a determined man exhausted in resource and courage, could command, he succeeded in rousing public attention, first in New York city, and afterwards in some other of the leading cities of America.

FORMATION OF A COMPANY.

He succeeded in forming the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company, of which Mr. Peter Cooper was President, Mr. Field Vice-President, Moses Taylor Treasurer, and Mr. John A. B. Allen Secretary. The first step was to secure a charter. Consulting the historical narrative of the company, we find this was obtained in April, 1857, from the Colonial Government of Newfoundland, and the Act being entitled "An Act incorporating a Company for the establishment of Telegraphic Communication between Europe and America."

The company was thenceforth known as "The New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company." It received various grants from the Government of Newfoundland, subsequently from that of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and from the British Government, England and the Congress of the United States.

The specific object for which this Company was organized was the laying of a telegraphic cable across the Atlantic Ocean, from Valentia Bay, in the southwest part of Ireland, and Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. The distance between the two points is 1650 miles. Surveys of the ocean bed were authorized and carried out by the United States and English governments, and the results arrived at by the different surveying officers, though differing as to details, established the facts of the approximate depth of the ocean, the nature and of the character of the bottom as affecting the stability of the cable when laid. It was found that at no point was the water more than 2000 fathoms deep, and that the average depth was some 2000 fathoms. The bottom of the ocean was found uniformly smooth, and favorable to the undisturbed location of a cable; and it was thought, from experiments tried, there were no obstacles to the laying of a cable to interfere with the wire either before or after it reached its resting-place.

The selected landing-places on either shore of the Atlantic were believed to be the most suitable in their respective locations. The capital stock of the New York Company was fixed at \$1,750,000, and the whole was subscribed at one hundred and one shares in London, eighty-eight in America, eighty-six in Liverpool, thirty in Glasgow, twenty-eight in Manchester, and the remainder in other parts of England. The capital, however, had to be subsequently increased to \$2,000,000, to meet the failure to procure the various attempts to submerge the cable. The company having appointed Professor Morse their electrician, next proceeded to connect St. John's, Newfoundland, with the lines already in operation in the British, French, and American provinces, and in the United States, by immersing 13 miles of cable across the Straits of Northumberland, and 85 miles in the waters of the St. Lawrence, England and the Continent had already been connected with Ireland, irrespective of any design to extend the telegraphic communication toward the West. There therefore remained only a single step to be taken, and that was the laying of the cable to the coast of America. The Atlantic itself. The company at once instituted a series of experiments on a scale of great extent, employing the first electricians in our country. These resulted in not only increasing the facilities in re-demonstrating the feasibility of the magnificent enterprise, but also in making another effort. But little was said of the four walls of the company's sufficiency of cable, the supplying of stores was but the work of a few days. It was now—or a whole year. The thing was decided, and on Saturday night, the 18th of July, the fleet left Queenstown, met in mid-ocean and spliced the cable on the 24th, and succeeded in laying the whole without accident, arriving at Valentia Bay and Trinity Bay respectively, on the 10th of August.

The first is known. The glad hearts of millions of mankind have rejoiced over the glorious achievement. Its success has been celebrated in every form that can give expression to an exultant people. Thought and feeling have flashed from one end of this continent to another; and the glad tidings are doubtless to-day echoing over the civilized globe. Henceforward a new era opens in the history of mankind, an era irradiated with hues more splendid than the rainbow, more brilliant than the great orb of day itself.

compliance with the instructions of Congress, the Niagara and Susquehanna were deputed to assist in the undertaking; but after the first failure last year, the latter vessel was withdrawn, and was not able to assist this year, on account of the yellow fever which attacked her officers and crew while she was on the West India station in the spring. The company also obtained a charter from the colonial Government of Newfoundland, granting them the exclusive privilege for fifty years of running a telegraph across that island and through any of the adjacent waters; also an appropriation of twenty thousand dollars for the construction of a bridge path over the southern portion of the country, which was considered indispensable for the regulation and repair of the telegraph; the interest on two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for twenty years, and a present of fifty square miles of land, which the company had the liberty of selecting in any part of the island. An exclusive charter had been previously granted by the colonial government of Prince Edward Island.

FIRST ATTEMPT TO LAY THE CABLE.

It had been at first decided by the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company that the Niagara and Agamemnon should proceed to mid-ocean, and there, having spliced the cable, assist in laying the cable to Valentia Bay, and the other for the coast of Ireland. At the last hour, however, this plan was altered, though not without some strong opposition on the part of the directors. It was decided that the Niagara should commence laying down the cable from the Irish coast westward—that she should be accompanied by all the vessels of the fleet, and that upon reaching mid-ocean the Agamemnon should join her, and that the Niagara, and complete the connection by proceeding to the coast of Newfoundland. At 6 P. M., August 3, 1857, the Telegraph Squadron steamed out of Queenstown. Harbored in the harbor of the great Ocean Cable was to be first laid down. On the following day the fleet arrived at Valentia. It consisted of eight ships: the United States steam frigate Niagara, (1) to lay half the cable from Ireland; and (2) her attendant, the United States steam frigate Susquehanna; (3) the United States steamer Arctic, to make further soundings on the coast of Newfoundland; (4) the United States steamer Victoria, to assist in laying the cable at Newfoundland; (5) H. B. M. steamer Agamemnon, to lay the half of the cable on the American side; (6) H. M. steamer Leopard, to attend upon the Agamemnon; (7) H. M. steamer Cyclops, to go ahead of the steamers and keep the course; and (8) H. M. steamer Advice, to assist in landing the cable at Valentia.

The attempt, as is familiar to the world, failed. An accident happened on the 9th of this was repaired, and on the 11th, 380 miles (statute) had been submerged. The engineer here concluded that there was too much cable in the cable's course, and some modification in the machinery was consequently made. This appears to have been badly attended to by a subordinate; the cable snapped, and so ended the experiment of 1857. The assignment was general, yet the people on both sides of the Atlantic had a fair faith in the accomplishment of the enterprise at some future period. First attempts are almost always failures; and after the fleet had returned to New York city, and some modification in the machinery was consequently made. This appears to have been badly attended to by a subordinate; the cable snapped, and so ended the experiment of 1857. 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continue to groan under its present miseries.—
Channing.

To Correspondents.

"W." in reply to *E. Phyllis Union*, has been received and will appear in our next issue.

"E. R."—The continuation of the interesting articles by E. R., of South Reading, will be resumed next week.

"W. C. W." has been received and is on file.

"L. G. R."—We publish your sketch on Self-Made Men this week, and will be happy to hear from you often in the way you propose. The address of your paper has been altered.

"H. S."—South Reading.—A press of matter has excluded the "Old Church Bell" from this number. It has in it the ring of true poetry, and we will send it "merely peering through the" columns of the *Journal*, next week.

"UNITY" is on file for publication.

"A PARENT" in reference to the public schools came too late. We have not yet had time to read it.

Other communications on hand will be attended to at the earliest moment.

The Journal.

WOBURN:
Saturday Morning, August 21, 1858.

CAUSES AND RESULTS.

Coming events are said to cast their shadows before them. This is oftentimes true, most certainly, though the shadow is sometimes so dark, that no one can foresee or predict what result is about to be disclosed. Matters of real importance seldom burst at once upon our startled vision, any more than the child grows in a year into the maturity and greatness of intellectual and moral powers. There is a path that must be trod, a steep that must be climbed ere the lofty summit of knowledge and true greatness can be attained. So, too, in the world of invention, there is the inception of a new idea, or a new combination of well known principles, followed by the development, and isolation of that idea, giving it a tangibility and a definiteness, ere it can be fully understood, or reduced to any practical purpose. When once the primal element is given, however much it may be obscured, or entangled with surrounding principles, the human mind is capable of turning it over and over, of clearing it from everything foreign to itself, of developing it into its full proportions, preparatory to its being applied to some useful purpose in science or art. Seldom does the full value of any great discovery become understood by the mind that first apprehended and disclosed the principle. It seems as though it was intended that there should be a division of labor, even in this field, in order to the greatest perfection in the attainment of results. With all its power, the human intellect has a limit where it must pause, wearied in its flight, and let another mind, undimmed and unwearied, take up the labor, and carry it still further onward. Such has ever been the fact in all the discoveries in science and in art. Trace the subject of steam as a motive power, from the time when the rising and falling of the cover of the dinner-pot, as it hung over the fire, gave the first immature idea of the steam engine, down to the present day, and we see that one has taken the subject in hand and carried it on to a certain point, and then passed it over to another, and he to another in turn, each adding his contribution of labor in carrying it onward to perfection in its practical uses. So, too, in respect to electricity. Little did Dr. Franklin, when first the idea of drawing the electric fluid from the clouds by a kite and an insulated string, foresee the exceedingly important results that must spring from his discovery. The identity of the fluid, whether thus obtained from the clouds or from the glass plate by friction, was established, and with it, the presumption that it was governed by precisely the same laws. Further experiments established this presumption as a scientific fact. The discoveries of Franklin awakened the philosophers of Europe from their drowsiness to a profound investigation of electricity, its phenomena, and its laws. Connected with it, electro-magnetism has since been discovered, its powers and laws investigated, and its practical applications, over land and through the sea, as a bearer of intelligence, shown to the world.

And so it has ever been, and will continue to be, in every field of intellectual toil. One makes a beginning by clearing away the rubbish, another sinks the mine, another brings forth the true metal, rough and unpolished, while still another moulds it into forms of beauty, the wonder and admiration of the world.

Let him, then, who is engaged in any pursuit that promises to benefit mankind, faint not, though he may seem toiling unheeded and alone. Every blow of his hammer will leave a mark, every movement of his chisel will leave a line, that future generations will observe and admire. Let him who is exploring the field of youthful intellect, ever remember the inexpressible greatness and importance of his labors. Gems, more precious than the mines of Ophir and Golconda, are committed to his trust. Be it his care, his anxiety, daily, hourly, to bring forth their hidden beauties, to form them and fit them to shine as stars in Heaven forever and forever.

GOOD BREAD.—What a luxury is good bread, and how seldom do we have it placed before us, particularly when we are abroad. A lady of Woburn visiting Portland the other day was struck with the excellent quality of the bread upon the breakfast table, and procured a few loaves of it to bring home. She has kindly furnished us with a sample, and we must say that we have rarely eaten bread of a better quality, or seen any that presented a handsomer appearance in the loaf. We are much obliged to her for the sample loaves, but if she will tell us, and throw us the public, (not omitting our excellent friends, the bakers) how to make loaves of the same quality and appearance, she will be indeed a public benefactor.

STREET DRILL.—The Phalanx are coming up to the mark. They were out for street drill last Saturday evening in good numbers, and also again last evening. We hope to see them second to none at Winter Island next Thursday.

THE GREAT EVENT.

Has been celebrated all over the country "with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and with illuminations." The first thrill of the great ocean harp, when England sent her greeting to America, was the signal for a general outburst of rejoicing throughout the land. Not a city nor a town reached by telegraphic communication that did not send forth shouts of joy and celebrate the great event with almost unparalleled enthusiasm. We give below the messages of the Queen of the United Kingdom, and of the President of the United States, as transmitted over the Atlantic Cable:

VALENTIA VIA TRINITY BAY.
To the President of the United States, Washington:

The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of the Great International Work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the Electric Cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the Nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

The President's Reply.
WASHINGTON CITY, August 16, 1858.
To Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain:

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise, accomplished by the science, skill, and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious because far more useful to mankind than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse Religion, Civilization, Liberty and Law throughout the World. In this view will not all the Nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to the places of their destination, even in the midst of hostilities?

JAMES BUCHANAN.

HIGH SCHOOL.—The full term of the Woburn High School will commence on Monday, 30th inst. Miss S. G. Twitchell, of Bethel, Me., a lady highly recommended to the Superintendent Committee, has been engaged as assistant teacher, in place of the accomplished lady who long filled that situation with credit to herself and profit to her pupils, but who was struck by a quiver from the bow of Cupid, receiving a wound which Hymen had to be called upon to heal. Miss Twitchell has recently been connected with the Academy at Chester, Vt. The Principal of the High School, Wm. A. Stone, Esq., is enjoying the vacation among the green hills of the old Granite State.

WARREN ACADEMY.—The full term commences on Monday next. The Principal of this Institution, John J. Ladd, Esq., has been rusticated among the mountains, both Green and White and visiting the "Kanucks" in Victoria's dominions, from whence he has returned with renewed health and vigor, which he brings to the discharge of his laborious and important duties. Miss Lucy Stevens has been engaged as assistant teacher in the English branches and teacher in French.

The Academy building will be much more convenient, and present a fine and imposing external appearance, when the extensive repairs and additions now going forward are completed.

PICNIC AT BURLINGTON.—A picnic will be held on Thursday next at the Grove near the Poor Farm in Burlington, under auspices of the Methodist Society, the excels to be applied to the support of Methodist preaching in that town. The committee have made arrangements calculated to render the occasion one of much pleasure and enjoyment to all who attend. The object being so good a one we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that the attendance will be quite numerous, and the receipts correspondingly large.

LIGHTNING ROD.—Mr. Charles Stearns, of Lowell, has purchased the right of manufacturing and putting up Lyons' Copper Lightning Conductor in Woburn and Lexington, and has been engaged in putting the rod up on buildings in this town during the past week. A specimen of the rod can be seen at the Woburn Book Store, where orders for it may be left.

SCHOOLS—FALL TERM.—The Grammar, Intermediate and Primary Schools in District No. 1, open for the fall term on Monday morning next. We are pleased to learn that all the teachers in this district have been re-engaged, a circumstance fortunate for the town, as we believe they have all given unquestionable evidence of a high degree of cultivation and capability. The schools under their charge will doubtless be "model schools," as are also some of the schools in the other districts. The school at East Woburn commenced last week, after a short vacation. The district schools in other parts of the town will commence, most of them next Monday, but in one or two instances a week later.

REV. JOHN PIERCE will occupy the desk of the Unitarian Church in this town, next Sabbath (to-morrow). We are informed that his address in the afternoon will be upon the subject of Spiritualism.

WINCHESTER.—The Assessors of Winchester have re-assessed the taxes. The poll-tax is now \$1.94, an addition of 44 cents.

MAJOR THOMAS J. PIERCE, of this town, has been elected Captain of the Boston Light Dragoons, vice Kibbe resigned.

Queen Victoria had an enthusiastic reception at Chertburg.

The Atlantic Telegraph.

Dear Journal.—In very ancient times—so ancient that nothing of them remains but a few scattered ruins, mutilated sculptures, and a treasure of the pure gold of poetry—it was the custom of the people to celebrate the occurrence of momentous events by indulging in rhapsodies thereon. These rhapsodies were in thought poems, while their form was simple prose. Were not the genius of old Greece sleeping, the great event of this century would form the theme of Rhapsodists, and the thunder of the cannon silenced, the air would vibrate with the music of their eloquence. Let us, too, indulge in rhapsodies, and arouse our slumbering faculties to an appreciation of the wonderful achievement, and of its effects throughout all the ages that are to come.

The worlds are joined together in marriage bonds, and the oceans are the altar, science was the high priest, God himself will bless the union! The fruit of the marriage bed shall be harmony, good-will, peace among nations. Let the past rise up and call us blessed. Pilgrim Fathers look upon the ocean that to you was a terror, while your little vessel ploughed its weary, wintry way above its unknown depths, and see it bound, as with a cord, the servant of your children. Great shade of him who first taught the lightning to leave its home in the clouds at his bidding, rejoice that those who still live and honor your name and form, have made that lightning their subtle messenger to bear that name in glory through the world.

War! who now shall talk of war, while all day long, and every day, over the wide land, and through the depths of the mighty sea, messages of love and peace are vibrating from nation to nation! The Good God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth. Where the Musselman sits on the throne of the Cæsars, where forty centuries look down from the summits of the pyramids, on the vine-clad hills of Rhineland, on the chill plains of Muscovy, in beautiful Italy, by the Gualdualque, the Tagus and the Sea, in the land of the Gaul, where the Briton lingers by the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon, there are our brothers, and to them shall we send greetings every day and have greetings in return. War! The atmosphere that folds the earth is an atmosphere of peace. The world's heart is growing great with love, and the world's soul is increasing with affection.

Commerce, civilization, literature, art, poetry, join hands in jubilee; for Time, the great enemy of all, has conquered. Distance is a dream, and leagues are phantoms. Life! Life is long, for thought is quickened. Into a single day the life-thoughts of a year are crowded. Hark to the thunder of Atlantic surges. How the mad waves are plunging and shaking their war-crests. How the tempest is lashing the sea, and the sea is defying the tempest. Wild the gray cloud sweeps above, wilder the mad waves leap below. Far down beneath the terror of the storm, secure and still upon its pebbly bed, the little cove, unseen, is stretching far from continent to continent, while through its trembling heart this thought is speaking: ON EARTH PEACE! GOOD-WILL TO MAN!

Mother and Daughter, Britain and Columbia, join hands together! Raise an anthem to Him who rules the waves and dwelleth in the hearts of men, and let the burthen be: Peace and Love forevermore!

Let the nations rejoice, for the mountains are enveloped, and the sea is their pathway! All silently, unseen, unheard, through the heart of the world, vibrate the tidings of joy. Honor and fame, to the last day, to him who first conceived the great idea; and to them who, through trouble and discouragement, undismayed by the sneers of men, and the roars of ocean storms, have gone on their way and stricken the world with wonder. Our children shall learn to speak their names in reverence, and our children's children, for many generations yet to come, shall keep their memory green.

Self-Made Men.

The large majority of the really great men that the world has ever produced, either in ancient or modern times,—men who have rose to eminence and distinction,—have been what are generally termed self-made men, who, to use a homely proverb, have "hewn their way through life," and who, while they had to remove the obstacles and impediments in their way, had to toil up the often steep and difficult path of life.

It is a most pleasing, as well as instructive task, to read and study the lives of these self-made men—to notice their peculiar genius and bent of mind, as exhibited in their career—to observe the force of circumstances operating upon them and contributing to the development of their genius and faculties—to see how they seized upon the favorable occasions that exposed themselves, and turned them to good account—to view their management of events and things, as connected with their pursuits—to contemplate them under adverse circumstances, and notice how they battled with them; as the ship on the ocean in a storm, with her anchor made fast, rides the billows securely, so they breasted the storms of life, and bore up under the difficulties they met.

Of the examples of those men, ancient and modern history afford us many. But of their number, our space will allow but a brief mention of the most prominent ones.

Columbus, the discoverer of America, was the son of a weaver, and followed that occupation in the first part of his life.

Homér, the "divine Homér," as he is called, whose Iliad forms a part of the classic code of every student of modern languages, was a poor blind beggar—the most unpropitious situation for the development of genius.

Demosthenes was the son of a cutter, a maker of knives, forks, &c. He had almost every obstacle to contend with; and one of the worst and most difficult for an orator—an impediment in his speech.

Howard, the philanthropist, was an apprentice to a grocer.

Benjamin Franklin, one of the proudest names that American history boasts, is as familiar as a household word. Franklin, who drew the vivid lightning from the clouds, and

rendered it harmless, was a journeyman printer.

Whitefield, the great preacher, the John Calvin of Methodism, was the son of an inn-keeper, in Gloucester, England; and the celebrated Cardinal Woolsey was the son of a butcher.

Hogarth was an apprentice to an engraver of power, where, perhaps, he derived the hints that led to his profession.

Shakespeare was the son of a wool-dealer.

Milton was the son of a money-scrivener.

Pope was the son of a merchant.

Dr. Johnson was the son of a bookseller.

Burns was a ploughman of Ayrshire, Scotland.

These names are, certainly, enough; but we might, had we space, swell the list with numbers of others of humble origin, who became great in their respective spheres, as Cervantes, author of Don Quixote—the master-piece of Spanish literature; Molière, the celebrated French comic writer; Claude Lorraine, an Italian, and one of the greatest painters that ever lived; Rabelais, the celebrated French wit; Daniel Defoe, author of Robinson Crusoe; Ferguson, the great Scotch astronomer; Niebuhr, the author of that great work, the History of Rome; Virgil, the great Latin poet; Milton, the author of Paradise Lost, the greatest epic poem ever written in the English language; Cowley, Gay, Akenside, Collins, Butler, Gray, H. Kirke White, Bloomfield, Gifford, Addison, Goldsmith, Atterbury, Canning, and others. But these are enough for our purpose. With such illustrious examples before him, let the student and young man ever be encouraged, and never deem anything reasonable too arduous to be accomplished, or beyond his reach.

L. G. ROGGS.

New Haven, Conn., 1858.

From the Mountains.

GLENN HOUSE, Aug. 11th, '58.

FRIEND PIPPY.—I quietly advertised you that if the writing mania seized me as it so commonly does summer tourists, I should inflict upon you and your readers, some of its results. I hope they and you will patiently bear them. If you want to take a jaunt that has inspiration and health in it, then just step up here—watering places may be well enough, (the sea is certainly a respectable sized body, and should not be spoken of slightly), but fashionable hotels and congregations of mere excitement seekers are entirely unworthy of attention compared with the scenery and atmosphere of these mountains. Let me advise you or any of your neighbors who feel the languor of monotony or ill health to take an early breakfast and put themselves under the safe conduct of Mr. Carter, in the 6 o'clock, a. m., train for Boston. You can there take either the Boston and Maine or the Eastern road, for Portland. If you should choose the first, you would pass through many thriving manufacturing towns, as well as quiet rural villages, both of which will afford objects of inquiry to the mind as well as sight to the eyes that will be interesting and useful. Be careful that you have your luggage properly ticketed and checked to save the error of having it left at Portland, for between the two depots there, which are a mile apart, you run the risk of having it left at the wrong one; and the blunder cannot be removed without staying over one train.—But if you have no fellow travellers (and you ought surely to have) whose baggage is "all right," you will find it no irksome matter to spend a few hours in the flourishing commercial metropolis of our sister State. You are now ready to take a seat in the cars of the Grand Trunk Road. This is a noble highway through Maine and New Hampshire to the Canadas. The track is laid with the "broad gauge," and the cars have an amplitude, and an easy motion that is quite luxurious. After leaving Portland, the train traverses an agreeably diversified but sparsely inhabited country, which affords no especial points of interest till you arrive at Bryant's Pond, some sixty miles mountainward. At this point the hills begin to assume bolder and more rugged forms, and lift themselves up with that proud and majestic bearing which become them, as the heralds and runners of the hoary old monarchs that are soon to come to our view. These elevations, with their ever-shifting outline and expression, as the cars thread the meandering of the Peabody River, are constant objects of beauty and interest, till you are encircled in the amphitheatre that environs the village of Gorham. You have now the choice to make of remaining at the Alpine House at Gorham, with its good company and comforts, or pursuing your way to this place. Should you decide upon the latter alternative, the stage is ready to take you over the eight miles of mountain road with as much expedition as you will care to move, when you discover the rude, angularities and boulders that beset each rod of the way. But patience, jolly companions, and the vistas of grandeur that occasionally open to view, will make the two hours upon the road seem sufficiently brief. The illuminated windows of the Glen House now break upon the sight, and in a few moments you are landed upon its piazza, surrounded by its temporary dwellers eager to see the new comers, and gather the news from the centres of life and activity. Your room secured and baggage located, and with a readjustment of any disorder that the jolting has induced upon your habiliments, you are quite happy to hear the anecdotal of supper; and if you go to bed hungry or dissatisfied it is no fault of mine host Mr. Thompson, or the excellent viands he has furnished.

It is too dark, and you are too much fatigued for sight seeing to-night; it is better therefore, to digest your supper by a quiet stroll through the avenues of the house, or pleasant conversation in the ample parlor.

You will be invited to an early repose by the labors of the day, and soon find in an easy oblivion that strength and refreshment which may long have eluded your pursuit. Have you ever seen the mountains from the Glen? If not then you are now to enjoy a sight that nothing in New England can parallel for grandeur and sublimity. You are directly at the base of the three towering summits of Washington, Jefferson and Adams. From the river bed that washes their feet to the lofty cap-stone that crowns their head they

are revealed to your vision. But you cannot comprehend their vast proportions till you have looked at them repeatedly, and under different aspects of light and shade, sunshine and mist. Sometimes you think that in the full blaze of a morning sun and a clear and radiant atmosphere, they stand out with more fulness and majesty than you had ever noticed before. Then again, you are more impressed with the power of their presence when they are partially enveloped in clouds and the hidden portions seem magnified in your imagination by the effort to take in the visible and invisible at the same time. But you are never more completely filled with their greatness and sublimity than at evening after the shadows of the declining sun have touched the last summit, and the dusky twilight settles upon the dark forests and down into the deep and solemn ravines. A deep blue haze is now cast about them as a mysterious veil, softening the rugged, filling the chasms, rounding the jagged peaks, and giving to the huge masses forms of unexpected symmetry and beauty. So are these mountains ever changing in their variety and grandeur, and ever presenting new studies for wonder and delight.

Besides being one of the best points to observe the mountains in their magnificence, the Glen is perhaps the most salient place from which to ascend Mt. Washington. The distance is about seven miles, and for nearly one half the way a road has been opened, over which vehicles can comfortably pass; though the usual method of ascent is on the saddle. If the day is clear, you will be more than repaid for the fatigue encountered in scaling the great father of the white mountains. Another day can be very profitably spent at the Glen, in visiting the Falls upon the Ellis River, and the Crystal Cascade upon a branch of the Peabody. They are both exceedingly fine specimens of mountain torrents roaring and tumbling over rocky precipices nearly one hundred feet in height.

It requires some care to clamber up and down the rugged chasms to get views of the falls both from above and below, as I had occasion to know from a little personal experience. Stepping upon a stone wet with the splashing of the water I suddenly found myself prostrate upon the bare rock, with no one near to help me to gain a perpendicular position. However I was not long in ascertaining that no bones were broken or dislocated, and that, saving a loss of epidermis on the arm and a bruise upon the hip I was free from injury. It was however a caution to me, and I transfer the same to others, to take care how they stand on "slippery places" where "foaming billows roll below."

I shall leave this place to-morrow for North Conway, via Pinkham Notch.

C.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14, 1858.

The fall trade is opening rather more hopefully this week, and our business-men are in somewhat better spirits. The immigration of foreign goods will not be large, as the results of the last two seasons' business do not encourage foreign manufacturers to consign their goods to this market. In fact, many French houses, which have, in past years, manufactured for this market altogether, are doing very little. The west is buying of our merchants almost half as much as in ordinary seasons, while some sections in which the crops have been an exception to the general fair average, will buy hardly anything, and it is questionable indeed whether they will pay their debts.

The "Can't-get-away-Club" has been luxuriating in Jones' Wood this week. Never before, in New York, which is, in itself, a name for all that is incongruous, was there such a heterogeneous assemblage of all nationalities and classes of people, and such a carnival of all descriptions of fun, indiscriminately jumbled together. There were Americans and Englishmen who sat on the tables and shook with inextinguishable laughter; they had come to see the elephant amusing himself; there were German mynbers and their fraus debilitated with much larger bier; there were Irishmen singing the "Star Spangled Banner," with maudlin patriotism, to crowds of Tuetons, Italians, Gauls and Celts. There was a miscellaneous jabbering of all the known and unknown tongues which demand the special musical performances of the occasion, and even swelled over the tooting, drumming, and bellowing of the thousand and one shows of fat women and thin men, and monsters of all descriptions with which the grounds were crowded. Travelled people say that this was a most perfect reproduction of scenes which are to be witnessed in the great annual fairs of the continent, and certainly it was unlike anything which had ever before been witnessed in this part of the globe.

There is still a subdued disposition on the part of the community at large to exult over the triumph of the Telegraph Cable. If the announcement had come suddenly that the cable was wholly and successfully laid, there would undoubtedly have been a tumultuous outburst of rejoicing. But people had the dish served up to them too gradually, and their enthusiasm had ebbed out by degrees almost before the final success of the enterprise was announced. As it is, the principal public movement in honor of this national enterprise will be a movement of Aldermen and Councilmen to a public dinner-table, to the tune of \$8,000 for the company. "Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!"

There is very little local matter, at present, which possesses general interest. At the present moment New York exists only in a business point of view, not socially. Every cranny, where there is a tavern or boarding-house, over the whole surface of the country, is nourishing and hiding some refuge of a New Yorker. But this city is very pleasant just now; the weather has been delightful, and no infectious diseases have prevailed, though one or two struggling cases of yellow fever have occurred among longshore men. But for business purposes, there is no healthier, pleasanter, or more generally favorable time to visit New York than at the present.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September is received. All the September Magazines can be found on the counter of the Woburn Book Store, at a great discount from publishers prices.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—The moment the ink is spilt, take milk and saturate the stained spot; rub it well with a rag, and apply a little more milk, rub it well. In a few minutes the ink will be completely removed. So they say. It is a thing easily done, try it and see.

George P. Edgar, late publisher of a religious paper in New York, called the Way of Life, has been arrested and held for trial on the charge of obtaining printing paper on false pretences, having represented that he had ten thousand subscribers to his paper, while there were only six hundred. A clerk in his establishment was recently sent to Blackwell's Island for embezzlement.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Again I have to record the work of the incendiary, which occurred on Sunday, about half-past one o'clock, in the total destruction by fire of the buildings owned by Mr. C. Phillips, (but recently owned by Pinkham & Co.) near the Depot. The lower story of the main building was occupied as a sales-room for stoves, glass and tin-ware. Stoves to a considerable amount, with some other wares, were saved. The upper story was the manufacturing department, with all necessary machinery for the manufacture of tin, stoves, funnel, &c. I believe nothing was saved from this room. The incendiary accomplished his purpose by setting fire to a barrel of shavings, placed in such a position as soon to communicate with the hay in the back building. The Depot was for a time, on the east roof, nearly covered with burning cinders, but by strenuous efforts of many men it was saved, sustaining little damage. The water tank in the Depot furnished a good supply of water for our two engines without action hose, and they did good service. The loss probably is thirty-five hundred dollars. Insured in the South Reading Mutual office for \$2150. The "Yale" from South Reading was on hand with much promptness.

A wag in this town, a few days since, remarked, when the sun was shining and rain pouring down at the same time, "that it made no difference this year whether the weather was foul or fair, it rained just the same." This same wag said last spring, when snow was on the ground, that "we need not expect any warm weather until the snow went off, and the snow would never go off until we had warmer weather." An inference might be drawn from this latter statement that good sleighing might be expected the year round.

Last Sabbath afternoon a celebration of the Sabbath School was had in the Bethesda Church. A most beautiful and touching address was given by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wilcox, selecting as a text: "Son, give me thine heart." He pressed the subject home upon their minds with much fervor and earnestness, urging them to acquaint themselves with "wisdom's ways" while young. A portion of the children, as many of them as could be accommodated, occupied the singing seats, and conducted the singing exclusively, being accompanied by the organ. They made a fine appearance, and sang admirably.

No news to communicate! Potatoes rusting, and rotting; beans blighted; cucumber vines turning yellow; apple-trees backing out and refusing to yield their fruit; corn trying to make a little headway, but seems to hesitate; tomatoes bursting open when half grown; and squashes cutting all sorts of capers, is all I have to write this week.

Reading, August, 1858. LENO.

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The shoe business in this town is reported as being quiet at present, although a good spring business has been done, and the prospect is that there will be plenty of employment for all during the fall and winter. Mr. Hill's immense new factory, which will doubtless be a great benefit to the town, is fast approaching completion. It will be the largest shoe factory in Middlesex County, and probably the largest in the State.

The town authorities have re-assessed the taxes, in compliance with instructions from the State Treasurer, making the poll tax \$1.58.

Mr. E. T. Whittier's new store, in which the Post Office is kept, is found to be a great convenience to our people. It is to be hoped that a large increase in his business will amply repay him for the large outlay he has made in the erection of so handsome and commodious a building.

Our A No. 1 corps of volunteer militia, the Stoneham Light Infantry, are in first rate order for the Divisional Muster next week. They had a union drill this afternoon, with the Richardson Light Guard, at South Reading. Colonel Dike and staff were present, and expressed their warm approbation of the drill and discipline of the two companies. Dr. Richardson, the father and special patron of the Light Guard, surprised the companies with a generous entertainment of good things.

The Cable celebration in this town was rather "dim." Yours, truly,

STONEHAM, August 19.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—Nixon & Kemp, proprietors of the American and English Circus troupe, advertise an extraordinary programme in horsemanship and athletic exercises. Among their performers stand out most conspicuously, the great Australian rider, Melville, and the wonderful child-rider "Little Alice." Besides there are various other artist in gymnastics, vaulting, carrying walking, herculean feats, &c.

The principal outside attraction is the driving of a team of forty horses by a lady, in the grand procession of the company in town. This company performed lately in Portland, afternoon and evening, to the greatest audiences ever assembled at any public exhibition in this country, and are universally allowed to be the best circus company ever organized. They are to perform here on Tuesday, August 24th.

The Agamemnon experienced very stormy weather while laying her half of the great Cable, and part of the time it was expected that it would cause it to part every moment.

On the arrival of the news at London that the cable had been successfully laid, shares in the company rose, in one day, from £350, (\$1750), to £250, (\$1250).

New York City Hall was partly burnt during the present week. Cost to repair it, about \$50,000.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—The moment the ink is spilt, take milk and saturate the stained spot; rub it well with a rag, and apply a little more milk, rub it well. In a few minutes the ink will be completely removed. So they say. It is a thing easily done, try it and see.

SOUTH READING.

ITEMS.

We asked a gentleman from a neighboring town the other day, what earthly reason could be given for setting fire to ice-houses, barns, tin-shops and the like property? "Why," said he, "to have a good time; for it is said that rum is freely distributed at these fires, and sometimes the effect is clearly seen." We could hardly believe this to be the practice, for two reasons: 1st, because it would seem that fire companies would feel too much responsibility as protectors of the public property, to indulge in the use of an article at such times, calculated to prevent the proper exercise of their bodily and mental faculties; 2d, that the honorable board of engineers would not countenance or allow it about the premises, for the reason that its tendency would be to disqualify members for the right discharge of their duties, and encourage the frequent occurrence, of these scenes of midnight terror.

In the times of Murray the degrees of compensation were confined to three numbers, but in these days of commercial enterprise, a fourth has been added. Hence in speaking of foreign news it has been customary to say, "Late news," "later news," "latest news," "still later news." Hereafter it will be necessary to look over the files of old newspapers to find, "Seven days later from Europe." The morning edition of each penny paper may relate the daily occurrences of the old world.

Three Cousins, Henry T. Newhall, Reuben F. Newhall, and Isaac G. Floyd, left town for California, on Wednesday morning. They are steady and industrious young men, and will doubtless be successful in their enterprise. One of them (H. T. Newhall) has previously had several years of satisfactory experience in that golden region.

It was said on the 12th of the present month, by one who knows from observation, that since the 1st of January the wind had been East some part of 118 days. Most of the days since the 12th, may with safety be added to the list.

A man by the name of Bragg, who says he held a fat office under the last State administration, and resigned it for the more lucrative employment of vending his patent medicines, entertained a crowd on the Common on Tuesday evening, by fiddling, singing, talking and selling his tooth-ache relief. He was a right down honest, clever fellow, or at least he says he is. He does his own Bragg-ing.

Many of our people at the present time are enjoying a season of rustication, having gone to Maine, New Hampshire and various other places; while of others large numbers are improving all the fair weather of this "rainy season" in parties and private rides to the Nahant beach, &c.

STATE CONVENTION

The least voters of Massachusetts, who are opposed to the present corrupt National Administration, and the aggressions of the slave power, and who are in favor of the general policy of the present State Administration, are requested to elect delegates to a State Convention to meet at Worcester, on Tuesday, August 28, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates to be voted for at the State election next ensuing, and organizing for the coming political campaign.

The hosts of representation in said Convention to be one delegate from each city and town in the Commonwealth, and one additional delegate for every two hundred voters, according to the last State census.

JOHN B. ALLEY,
OTIS CLAPP,
WILLIAM CLAPLIN,
J. W. ALDEN,
GIDSON HAYNES,
EDWARD HAMILTON,
WILLIAM A. HARRINGTON,
A. S. HERRICK,
GEORGE OGDEN,
THEODORE OTIS,
Z. K. FARRINGTON,
THOMAS A. PARSONS,
E. R. RAY,
VALERIE TAPP,
Boston, July 28, 1858.

The Journal.

WOBURN:
Saturday Morning, August 28, 1858.

Public opinion is seldom at fault ultimately in its decisions. Prejudice and misrepresentation sometimes warp the popular judgment, but time is sure to place things in their true position, and to secure, sooner or later, an impartial verdict. We need not cherish any fear, but rest in the confident expectation, that the public voice will award the laurel wreath and direct it to be placed where it justly belongs; while, with no less certainty, it will point the finger of scorn and just rebuke toward those who, through selfishness, or so called indifference, have stood aloof from their fellow-men, cherishing no sympathy for them amid the trials of life, and doing nothing to brighten and smooth their checkered pathway. A man may be rich in this world's goods, and his wealth may buy for him a degree of influence. But it is his money, not himself, that secures that influence. He himself, unless characterized by the nobler principles of our nature—kindness, benevolence, sympathy—will be an object contemned by the public, as unworthy of honor and grateful remembrance.

It is by no means uncommon, in this boasted age of "progress" and "reform," to see men pompously striving to carry out some favorite theory, social, political or religious, hoping thereby to gain for themselves a name and a place on the roll of fame. They are men of wonderful wisdom, far seeing, philanthropic, so gentle in their feelings, that they rival Uncle Toby. The public will, for a time, gaze and stare, and vainly strive to imagine how "one small head can carry all they know." Oftentimes even homage is rendered, and that homage is most gratefully and graciously received. Such men, puffed up with foolishness and vain glory, often adopt the conclusion that they are quite in advance of the age in which they live, and that their opinions and attainments are almost entirely unappreciated by the ignorant and benighted multitude around them. The public, however, judging by the standard of practical knowledge and common sense, comes to a conclusion exactly the opposite, and time is very sure to prove their decision just.

It must ever remain, doubtless, a matter of regret to some minds, that the sphere of their influence is so limited, and that their lot is cast where it is. Had they lived some six thousand years ago, they could have aided essentially in making the universe more perfect. But as it was created, everything has been going wrong, and getting worse and worse, till it becomes absolutely necessary, a duty they must not shun, to attempt to put things into a state of repair. Old and decayed landmarks of society, were placed wrong, and they seek to move them a little, in order to make everything symmetrical, beautiful and harmonious, so as to realize Tennyson's idea, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." The public looks on amused, sometimes wondering that such a subject is allowed to run at large, although there is no danger at all that he will be misunderstood and appreciated.

Whoever sounds loud and loud the trumpet of change, setting himself up as the introducer of radical reforms anywhere, should be subject to the closest surveillance. Too often the only object aimed at is the securing of a name, as the author of important changes and improvements in our public and social institutions. They imagine it an easy thing to guide the flaming chariot of the sun, adown the western sky, and rashly aspire to grasp the reins and mount the glowing chariot. Were it not that they are pitched headlong, by their own giddiness, into the cooling lake, dire would be the confusion and the ruin they would work. Instead of securing a place among the stars, the public voice assigns them a place on the other side of the lethan waters.

There is a public voice that every one does well to heed. We may read in it our own standing, and learn from it a lesson that may do us good. It will take from us some of our cherished self esteem, but it will replace it with that true confidence a man feels, when he knows precisely where he is. It is foolishness to dispute that voice, or to disregard its behests. It speaks in tones of rebuke to the selfish and the unworthy, and bids us shun their example. It points to those who have walked daily in the paths of benevolence and humanity, and speaks of the crown of joy that will soon encircle their brows. It tells the reckless and the unfeeling, that they would be laid to rest amid flowing tears of profound sorrow, esteemed and honored by the living, they must

"Hear to some work of high and holy love,
And they an angel's happiness shall know."

STREAM FIRE ENGINES.—The grand trial of Steam Fire Engines will take place on the Boston Common on Tuesday next. The prizes are \$500, \$300 and \$200. Previous to the trial, to measure perpendicular streams the flag-staff on the hill on the Common is to be lengthened thirty feet, so that its entire height will be one hundred and fifty feet. The exhibition will commence at 8 o'clock, and the engines will be tried in turn, each drafting water through suction hose, into a gauged tank provided for the purpose.

Camp Banks.

SECOND DIVISION MUSTER.—The Second Division M. V. M., reported at Head Quarters on Winter Island, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Wednesday. There are thirty-seven companies in the Division, divided as follows:—Infantry, 29; Rifles, 5; Light Dragoons, 1; Light Artillery, 1; Cadets, 1. At the encampment last year the aggregate number of troops present belonging to the Division was 1887.

The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, under command of Lieut. F. A. Thompson, reported on the first day 45 guns—since then the number has been added to; the Stoneham Light Infantry, Capt. C. C. Dike, report 50 guns; the Richardson Light Guard, Capt. J. F. Emerson, 42 guns.

The military display, when the Division is on parade, is grand and imposing. The first two days of the encampment were very fine, and on the second a large crowd of visitors assembled. Friday brought with it a cold east wind, to which the situation of the camp exposed both soldiers and visitors, somewhat to their discomfort. The review by the Commander in Chief was attended with much "pomp and circumstance," and seemed to afford much pleasure to His Excellency and the brilliant staff of military celebrities surrounding him. The muster has been, we learn, on the whole, pleasant to the several companies engaged in it, although some things connected with the encampment might possibly have been more judiciously arranged and better managed. We are pleased to learn that the companies from this vicinity, composing part of the 5th and 7th Regiments, were in no wise deficient in drill and discipline, and held their own with the best on the field, as we expected they would. The glory of the Phalanx has not yet departed, and we hope it never may.

POLITICS.—"Where are the politicians? We scarcely hear a word on the all-important subject of the State election, and what little we do hear comes in the shape of enquiries as to "what the Republicans are about." "Why they don't move," and so forth. The Democrats are already in the field and are at work lustily in sustaining their organizations and adding to the strength of their party whenever and wherever they can. The Republicans and Americans might do far worse than to follow their good example in this respect. Many a good man has been brought over to the Democratic faith by the supineness of their opponents, and judging by present appearances the work of conversion is still going forward. The silly idea that it is the policy of the Democratic party to keep their numbers "conveniently small" in Massachusetts, is very well for stump orators and political parties to talk and write about; but it isn't true; and we supposed, until we saw it reproduced the other day in a leading Republican paper, that it had long been exploded. Let the Republican party go on and act upon this supposition for a few years and they will wake up some fine morning to find themselves bitterly mistaken. Come, gentlemen, be stirring; we care but very little about it personally, but we like to see you at work.

A State Temperance Convention will be held in Boston on Tuesday, September 11th, in the Tremont Temple, at 10 o'clock A. M. The meeting will be one of great interest. Measures will be proposed for the formation of temperance leagues, the design of which is to secure the enforcement of the prohibition liquor law in the cities and large towns. It is expected that Dr. Charles Jewett, Hon. Neal Dow, and other distinguished friends of the cause will be present.

REVOLTING CRIME.—An investigation has been going on in the Boston Police Court this week of a case of abortion resulting in the death of a young female. It appears that a scamp calling himself "Doctor Brown," who has been an inmate of the House of Correction and State Prison, keeps some kind of a respectable house in Union street, Boston, where it is supposed similar crimes have been often practised. At this house a young girl died suddenly on Thursday of last week, and the burial of the body was attended with circumstances so suspicious that the attention of the police and city authorities was excited. The coroner had the body exhumed, and an examination presented undoubted evidence that her death was caused by violence produced by abortion, her body being lacerated in a horrible manner. The name given by Brown, and that under which she was buried, was Emily A. Thompson, of Gardner, Me., but the evidence before the coroner's inquest proves her to be Susan Aroline Webster, of Lawrence, and that she had been for some time a domestic in the family of one Philip Ullmer of Lawrence, who appears to have been mixed up with the "poor girl's" misfortunes. Hearing before Judge Russell resulted in the commitment to jail of the abortionist, Doctor Brown, in default of bail in the sum of \$20,000. Philip Ullmer has also been committed in default of \$3000 bail, as a witness. Judge Russell said in Court that a charge of murder could be sustained against Brown. We hope the villain will receive his full deserts.

WOMEN'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—A number of the young Irishmen of Woburn have organized a Literary Association, bearing the above name, for mutual improvement, and for the purpose of giving instruction, to those who may need it, in grammar, arithmetic, reading, declamation, &c. The following is the list of officers:—President, Patrick McDonald; Vice President, Luke Balfe; Secretary, John Gilbride; Treasurer, John Mahoney. They have a room in Kelley's Building, Main street, where they meet every evening, Sabbath excepted. Their tables are furnished with the newspapers of the day, and they are making efforts to procure a library. We trust that the best of success may attend an undertaking so laudable.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.—The new stable on the "Fowler Lot" adjoining the Central House estate, is shortly to be occupied by Mr. Charles Wade as a Livery Stable, with an additional fit out of carriages, harnesses and "horses."

The time for holding the Republican State Convention at Worcester, has been altered to the 7th of Sept., instead of the 9th.

THE CABLE A REALITY.—We are beginning to realize and have a just appreciation of the "great achievement." The first cable message of news over the "great ocean harp" was sent, skin in skin, from England to America, and China. This is a good beginning. May the Ocean Cable never transmit any other messages than those of peace and good will, and then indeed will it be a blessing to all mankind. We published the message in another column. It was transmitted from Valencia, Ireland, on Wednesday afternoon, and appeared in the New York and Boston papers on Thursday morning!! We are thus brought within thirty days of the Antipodes!! Who will dare say that before the expiration of half a dozen years we will not have China and India news every morning with our cup of coffee?

Woburn Court Record.

BEFORE JUSTICE P. L. CONVERSE.

August 19.—Michael Hevay and Michael Dolan, drunkenness, fined \$3 and costs, paid. 20. Cyrus Converse, do., committed. 25.—Samuel B. Cutter, com. drunkard. House of Correction 30 days.

26.—Cornelius Mahoney, bastardy, Mary Fitzgerald complainant. Held over for trial before the Court of Common Pleas, in the sum of \$400. Committed for want of bail. Mahoney was also complained of for drunkenness, fined \$3 and costs, committed.

27.—Samuel Austin, of Duxbury, against Henry Russell and Charles Davis, for the larceny of a horse, valued at \$200, on the 25th instant, at Draught. It appears that two men of rather suspicious appearance, brought a horse to the Central House stables on Thursday, and ordered grain for him. The hostler, Warren Livingston, thought he recognized the horse as one belonging to a man in Nashua, although efforts had been made to disguise the animal by cropping off his tail, &c. Officer Dilliver was notified of the circumstance, and questioned the men as to how they came by the horse. Their story was contradictory, and the officer accordingly detained them until he proceeded to Nashua to make enquiries. There he met with a man from Draught, enquiring after a horse that had been stolen the day previous, and the description he gave left no room to doubt that the stolen horse was the one in question. Friday morning the prisoners were arraigned before the Trial Justice Court, and pleaded guilty, and Mr. Justice Converse held them under bonds of \$1000 each to appear for trial, in default of which they were committed.

The same parties were charged with breaking and entering a barn at Draught, and stealing therefrom a harness belonging to Bradley V. Lyon, of Westford. To this charge they pleaded not guilty. After an examination they were held over for trial in the sum of \$500 each, and committed.

They are a pair of hard looking customers. The names they gave are probably aliases. It is supposed from documents found on them that the real name of one of them is Chester Sumner. Thursday afternoon when they thought they were alone in the lock-up, they concocted a plan of escape, a part of the plan being to quiet officer Simonds by knocking him on the head, or murdering him if necessary. They were however, overheard while concocting their schemes and due precaution was taken to secure their safe keeping.

We learn that an effort is being made by the heirs of the late Colonel Wade to set aside his Will. The hearing before the Probate Court takes place next week.

Yale Engine Company of So. Reading have voted to attend the Firemen's Muster at Worcester.

CAUCUS.—The Democrats of Woburn held a caucus on Monday evening, for the nomination of candidates to the Worcester Convention. Sec advt.

CATTLE SHOWS.—The Annual Cattle Shows in Middlesex County will take place as follows: Lowell, Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th; Framingham, Sept. 21st and 22d; Concord, Sept. 24th.

[For the Middlesex Journal.]

Christian Associations.

I would like to say a few words through the columns of your paper, Mr. Editor, upon Young Men's Christian Associations, an institution which I look upon as a general agency of high and noble promise. They hold forth hopes of great achievements in that vast practical work which is supplementary to the work of the pulpit. The mere fact that they originated with, and are composed of young men, is enough to make them objects of importance and interest. If you gain young men, you gain all; if you lose them, you lose all. When you exert an influence on its young men, you lay your hand on the heart of a nation. If, therefore, a Christian movement originates among young men, and the attempt is made by themselves to contribute their aid to the general Christian cause, the circumstance must be one of supreme interest and importance. By recognizing the success which has attended Young Men's Christian Associations, both in England and in America, we shall find sufficient encouragement to warrant perseverance. At the first glance, looking to the objects aimed at by these Associations, and the means used to attain them, we can extend our hearty and unqualified approbation. The object is to unite young men for mutual encouragement and improvement in Christian conduct and character—to link them together in the bonds of Christian intercourse, and to bring energies to bear effectively in fields of Christian enterprise. While preserving the essential truths of Christianity as held by the protesting church, they endeavor to organize a union, penetrating the walls of denominational difference, and cemented by the sympathies of Christian character;—their watchword is "love," rather than " creed," their maxims in endeavoring to extend the boundaries of the Christian kingdom, is "practice," rather than "argument." It is an invigorating and happy exercise to contemplate the substantial unity of the one Christian character, and it may be still more delightful, and to the full as profitable, to contemplate the Christian character in its variety of individual peculiarities. Here, perhaps, more than elsewhere,

is it to this day, and unmistakably true, that Christians are known by their love, and that love is the only basis of true fellowship. It is not, however, so much to the public lecture, or any part of the more imposing operations, that we look with most hope; it is in the Christian intercourse among young men themselves, in the library, the reading room, and the private dwelling, we trust for the most substantial and abiding results.

Knowing, therefore, something of the workings of these Associations, and having received some of the benefits which have accrued from them, I can most cordially recommend the Woburn Young Men's Christian Association to the sympathies and hearty cooperation of this community, and to the young men more especially. I hope they will avail themselves of the benefits of this Association, as it has for its object their mental, moral and religious improvement.

Woburn, Aug. 19th, 1858.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Aug. 24, 1858.

Business is brisk; business men are looking about and tripping around livelier. It is about time for this welcome change. This week we have had auction-sales of dry-goods to the amount of over five hundred thousand dollars. Next week the New England Worst Company, one of the concerns which was involved in the ruin of Messrs. Lawrence, Stone & Co., will sell out their entire production of fine carpets. There are a good many bankrupt estates to be settled up, and most of such stock is sold off at auction, at low prices. On the whole, there is a better feeling among merchants, and the country trade is coming in pretty well, especially from the South.

But for the whole week hardly a sentence has passed the lips of man, woman, or child, that did not begin with, cable. Invertebrate punsters draw out the cable to a tedious infinity; advertisers hang their wares on it, and poetsasters, male and female, try to slide up to glory with it. The celebrations in New York and Brooklyn were full of a quiet, homely, enthusiasm. We saw no riotous behavior in the Park on the night of the pyrotechnics, except, perhaps, the riotous position of a drunken Irishman, to conclude the exhibition by setting fire to the City Hall and the Astor House, which, in some part, did come to pass. The whole Park was a sea of heads and upturned faces, flashing back a many-colored light from Drummond and Bernal lights of every hue. The display of rockets, both from public and private buildings, was perfectly "regardless of expense."

In fact everybody "went in," feeling that they had a right to rejoice on that occasion whether they could afford it or not. We are to have yet another celebration it seems about the first of September. But the enthusiasm, we fear, is pretty well "played out;" people are getting tired of yelling on that head; they will not yell any more. But then we shall have the watering-place people back by that time, and they, poor things! have had no chance to let off their superabundant delight as yet, except, perhaps, as Aristotle says, the old N—k gets rid of his superfluous ideas, i. e. by sneezing.

Amusements have been so plenty at the public expense, since the cable landed, that the theatre managers are rather cut under, finding it slightly unprofitable to work for nothing and board themselves. Literature is picking up for the fall trade, and a good many new poems are announced. Butler's new poem is evidently a success. His first effort marked him as a young man of promise; this is a further earnest of his powers, which cannot be claimed by any one else, and which is sufficient to give him a reputation rather above the ordinary range of poets.

In murders there is nothing of striking interest, except the romantic affair of the young German who shot himself and his obdurate Duenna together, the other day. The weather was very warm yesterday, and has turned to-day to an almost November coolness. We shall soon see the "Last Rose of Summer."

For the Middlesex Journal.

NORTH CONWAY, Aug. 18, '58.
Friend Pippy.—The ride from the Glen House to this place, has in it many no feeable features. In the first place, it seems among the impossibilities to get out of the Glen, except by the way you extend. The mountains are piled up on every other side of the area you occupy, to the apparent exclusion of all avenues of egress. But, putting yourself on the top of the stage, the driver gathers his reins and cracks his whip with an air of entire confidence in his ability to put his passengers through, at some point. The road immediately enters the forest (nearly opposite the point you came in,) and continues to penetrate it for several miles without affording the sight of human habitation. It is hardly worth while, however, to be concerned at that account, as other things may reasonably for a time, usurp the places of shelter and indifferent dwellings. During a wet season like this, you may be sure of being frequently recalled from your forest musings or your admiration of nature in her grander moods, to your shifting position as the inhabitant of a stage-coach.

The fat and lumpy soil has drank in the abundant rains till the wheel-ruts sink to a point that subsoil plows seldom become acquainted with. But the birches and alders of the roadside are introduced into many quagmires that might otherwise be found fabulous. These branches and shrubs are a positive improvement on the logs that are usually found in such places, and which form that species of highway known as "corduroy."

Not unfrequently, as you proceed, buried boulders are suddenly discovered, which geologists might be proud to make acquaintance with, but the manner of your introduction to which you consider decidedly rude. However, in spite of all these obstructions, you wind through the forest road, surprised perhaps, that you are not ascending the steep side of a mountain, which seemed as you started to forbid your passage. But you are traveling through the "Pinkham Notch," and have almost imperceptibly been gaining a higher elevation, as you will ascertain, when at the end of six or eight miles, you find yourself at the top of a long and rather abrupt hill, down which you are slowly and cautiously driven, toward the valley of the Ellis and Saco rivers. You now begin to emerge from the woods, and are glad to find that with the return to a more open prospect, you are also brought to a harder and smoother road. But there is no occasion to be testy or churlish because of the vibrations and concussions you have undergone, for they have afforded yourself and companions abundant sources for the most desperate jokes, and all rising resentments have been smothered in vehement laughter. As you get fairly into the open road, you are surprised and delighted at the fine mountain views that are now disclosed. The abrupt ranges on either side, give you some idea of the "notch" through which you are passing, while through the vista before you, are seen rising groups of mountains of varied hues and forms, that make a picture of indescribable beauty.

On the right you have the company of the Ellis which flows with a constant, though musical roar, over its rocky bed, to mingle its waters with the Saco, a few miles below.

When twelve miles from the Glen are accomplished, you are at Jackson, "city." This is not so-called, I presume, because of its dense population or extensive business, but may refer to the number of bears and trout that roam over its mountains and glide through its streams. Mr. Trickey, the landlord of the Jackson Hotel, and though it has nothing very attractive or imposing in its exterior, you are sure to find good welcome and good fare within. A few rods from the hotel, are the Jackson Falls. They are well worth seeing, and the driver of the stage takes ample time in making his exchange of horses, to give you an opportunity to examine them. They are more properly cascades, than falls, as the water makes no perpendicular descent, but rather tumbles over a succession of granite shelves and clefts, for two or three hundred feet. Many of these little plunges are exceedingly fine, and make the eye of an artist kindle with delight. Proceeding a mile further, you again come to the Ellis, near the Goodrich Falls. These are more precipitous than those just alluded to, and the body of water is brought into one channel and poured over the rocks in a wild and tumultuous manner. A saw-mill stands at the head of the cascade, which in some measure detracts from its impressiveness, as such scenes of nature's handiwork seem more harmonious when set in bold and unartificial surroundings.

As you approach North Conway, which is nine miles distant from Jackson, you are struck with the beauty and picturesqueness of its situation. The valley which you had entered some miles back, here winds into a most rich and luxuriant interval. Kearsarge and Rattlesnake mountains skirt it on the east, while on the opposite side rises a range of high and precipitous ledges, terminating at the south with the sharp ridge of the Mote. The Saco, now increased by the Ellis, winds along the base of these crowning ledges. You feel satisfied at a glance, that this is the place for a few days enjoyment of mountain air and scenery, blended with the softer beauties of wide reaching meadows and wood crowned hills. These broad meadows are varied with groves of maples, white hawthorn, and standing out in pleasant relief are seen graceful elms, with their trunks traced about with shoots of their own brilliant green. You will be of course stop at the Kearsarge House, kept by Mr. Thompson. Substantial comforts will surround you, but what is to be seen and done while you remain, must be the topic of another letter.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Private and Confidential.
To Mr. "UNUM,"—Dear Sir:—
I am very happy to hear from you again; it is a pleasure unexpected, and although we have never in quantity this time it is very much less in quality; it lacks the coldness and polish of your first article, but the deficiency is made up by a very warm vinctiveness which shows you more of a human diabolist than one might have at first supposed. It is not every one who can look down into a new made grave and coldly drag therefrom all the faults and frailties of the poor human being, who has been laid there to his last earthly rest. Some people are willing to leave the errors and sins of their fellow men to the final judgment of HIM who knows the secrets of all hearts, and the motives which induce every act of our lives; but others, fearful that HE may not judge according to their notions of justice, would prefer to settle matters for themselves. I am willing to leave the matter in HIS hands.

I infer from your insinuation that had you received "certain golden glories," (supposing you judge me out of your own heart,) that instead of the mere statistical sketch that I wrote, we should have had from your pen a glowing eulogy of the deceased, such as the readers of the Journal have rarely read. Men do not often judge others by their own strength, but out of their own weakness. I must confess that you did not charge "a mis-statement of facts," nor that I was "super-culogistic." You were only disappointed that I did not distort those facts, and incorporate with them, as facts, all the false stories that have originated in busy brains and black-hearts for the last twenty years.

You say, "I uttered no indignation, nor indulged in any severity." I hope you have some regard for truth, and I will, therefore, refer you to your first article, hoping you will read it in one of your seener hours,—if you have any,—and then tell us if you will stand by this statement. Your impeachment of my motives in writing the sketch did not show your "moral and religious condition" to be of the highest order; was not such an "exhibition of soul" as we look for in one who sets up as a public censor.

Howloway's Pills.—Armed with this great antidote, the traveller is prepared to encounter all varieties of climate, for he has the means of eradicating nearly every species of internal disease. The epidemics of the alluvial district of the West, and the miasmatic swamps of the South, and the epidemics which at particular seasons decimate the population of our crowded cities, are susceptible of being controlled by the purifying, disinfesting action of the pills upon the animal fluids; while external diseases and injuries are rapidly and thoroughly cured by the anti-inflammatory and healing agency of the Ointment.

For the Middlesex Journal.
Speculation.
Once on a time, when a young man who had been manifesting extraordinary personal vanity and self-complacency, left the room, Mr. F. said to him, "It should like to make one grand speculation." "Ah, how so?" inquired one present. "Why, I should like to buy that fellow for what he is worth; and sell him again for what he thinks he is worth!"

"Holdeth no his tongue."
When a clergyman, who allowed himself to make impudent speeches, was conversing with a friend about the dissatisfaction which existed in his parish, he expressed his surprise at it, saying, "I hold to the same sentiments now that I did when I was settled—I hold to the five points, and I hold—"

"Yes, yes, I know it," said his friend, "but you don't hold your tongue!"
V.
Howloway's Pills.—Armed with this great antidote, the traveller is prepared to encounter all varieties of climate, for he has the means of eradicating nearly every species of internal disease. The epidemics of the alluvial district of the West, and the miasmatic swamps of the South, and the epidemics which at particular seasons decimate the population of our crowded cities, are susceptible of being controlled by the purifying, disinfesting action of the pills upon the animal fluids; while external diseases and injuries are rapidly and thoroughly cured by the anti-inflammatory and healing agency of the Ointment.

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ELEVEN DAYS LATER.

Via ATLANTIC CABLE.

Highly Important Intelligence!

TREATY OF PEACE IN CHINA!

Later News from India.

OFFICE ASSOCIATED PRESS,
BOSTON, August 26.

The following despatch has just been received from Europe, via Trinity Bay:

TRINITY BAY, N. F., August 25.

The following news has just been received from Valentia, Ireland:—

DE SAULT.

A Treaty of Peace has been concluded with China, in which indemnification has been secured to England and France.

Later India news has been received, Bombay dates to 19th July having reached England. The mutiny in that country was being rapidly quelled.

The papers of to-day have a long and interesting report, by Mr. Bright, the Atlantic Telegraph Company's engineer.

The steamship North America, with the Canadian, and the Asia, with the Boston mails, sail from Liverpool on Saturday next. The steamer Fulton leaves Southampton for New York same day.

STILL LATER.

Friday Morning's London News received in America same afternoon.

London, Friday, Aug. 27.

The Emperor of France had returned to Paris on Saturday.

The King of Prussia was too ill to visit Queen Victoria at Potsdam. Her Majesty returns to England on Monday next.

The Chinese Empire is to be open to all trade; the Christian religion is to be allowed and recognised; foreign diplomatic agents are to be admitted to the Empire; and indemnity is to be made to France and England.

No commercial news will be transmitted through the Cable until it is opened to the public.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

"THE OLD CHURCH BELL."

Listen to the swell of the Old Church Bell,

Musically pealing through the air;
Marking holy time with its blessed chime,
Summoning to praises and to prayer!

Listen to the swell of the Old Church Bell!
Merrily it rings at early morn;
And it seems to say, "On this Christmas day,
Jesus Christ of Bethlehem was born!"

Listen to the swell of the Old Church Bell,
Ringing out its anthem, joyful, grand,
Telling to the world of the flag unfurled,
Liberty proclaiming through the land!

Listen to the swell of the Old Church Bell,
Rolling out its messages of "Fire,"
In the deep midnight, when the lurid light
Rises from cottage, or from lofty spire!

Listen to the knell of the Old Church Bell!
Solemnly its timely warnings come,
Tolling for the dead, as with measured tread,
Moves the sad procession to the silent home!

To the sounding swell of the Old Church Bell,
Thousands have listened that now in darkness dwell!
Life's stern duties o'er, soon will thousands more
Cease to hear the swell of the Old Church Bell!

Greenwood, August, 1858. P. H. S.

ITEMS.

We are glad to learn that frequent picnics now visit Green's Grove, because it is a good and retired place, yet so near the village as to add to the appearance of activity. But we could always wish parties of the right stamp. "Last Monday the Saint Mary's Catholic Church came out from Boston, with large numbers from other places, amounting as it is said by some, to 1700. Many of our citizens also went to the vicinity of the Grove where the Germania Band—(by the way we hear that there were but three of the genuine Band present.) A gang of blacklegs took possession of the woods, and our Police repaired to the spot and took possession of them, but the force was not strong enough to arrest them, and several of our men got a beating, among whom was J. O. Boswell Esq., the Chief of the Police. Constable Day fastened one handcuff upon the leader of the gang, when, by the assistance of his comrades, he escaped. On Wednesday he was arrested and brought to town, but his destiny is not fully fixed. Fighting as well as gambling entered into the programme.

A view of Doctor Kane's Arctic Voyages was exhibited at the Town Hall on Friday, Saturday and Monday evenings, and on Saturday afternoon. The paintings are excellent and some of the descriptions highly graphic, and on the whole a very interesting exhibition; though it was thought by some to be a great leap from the "mournful and impressive scene of the funeral of Dr. Kane" to the "enchanted bower" which immediately followed.

Mr. German S. Churchill has purchased the shop formerly leased by Mr. Charles E. Locke, and enlarged it by a Bay window, and otherwise remodelled and much improved it. When completed he will furnish it with medicines and a variety of other notions.

Mr. Locke is fitting up a shop near the Bakery, South of his former stand. We have not learned the nature of the business to which in the future he intends to devote himself.

We wrongly used the name of Brag instead of Flagg last week in connection with the vending of certain sure-cure medicines. Hearing that the name was "Bragg" we thought it not inappropriate.

The following persons are the delegates to the Democratic State Convention to be held at Worcester September 2nd:—Messrs Jonathan F. Hartshorn, B. F. Barnard, and Thomas Kusser.

The Universalist Sabbath School and Society held a picnic at a Grove in Reading on Thursday.

STATE CONVENTION.

The legal voters of Massachusetts, who are opposed to the present corrupt National Administration, and the aggressive of the slave power, and who are in favor of the general policy of the present State Administration, are requested to elect delegates to a State Convention to meet at Worcester, on Tuesday, Sept. 7, at 11 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates to be voted for at the State election next ensuing, and organizing for the coming political campaign.

The basis of representation in said Convention to be one delegate from each city and town in the Commonwealth, and one additional delegate for every two hundred voters, according to the last State census.

JOHN E. ALLEY, State
OTIS CLAPP, Executive
WILLIAM M. KELLY, Committee.
J. W. HENRY, State
EDWARD HAMILTON, Executive
WILLIAM A. HARRINGTON, Committee.
A. N. MERRICK, State
GEORGE O'DONNELL, Executive
THEODORE OTIS, Committee.
Z. K. FANGHORN, State
THOMAS A. PARSONS, Executive
E. F. SAWYER, Committee.
VALERIE TAPP, State

The Journal.

WOBURN:
Saturday Morning, Sept. 4, 1858.

THE SEASON OF THE YEAR.

Autumn, with its ripening fruits and changing leaves, is with us once again. Spring, with its bursting buds and opening flowers, and the awakening into a new life, as it were, of the whole vegetable and animal kingdom, has come and gone. Summer, too, rich in the luxuriant beauty and melody of forest, grove and dell, has been shedding health and joyousness around our path-way, till the world seems all brightness and gladness. But she has just taken her departure toward more southern climes, while her sister, sober Autumn, with serious brow and majestically dignified, has taken her place.

"Her softened sun a mellow lustre shed,
And laden orchards glow with tempting red."

We love each season in its turn, and could almost wish with the boy in the story, that each would last forever. When spring first smiles upon us in fitful coquetry and inconstancy, how the warm blood courses with new life through our veins, imparting gladness and new vigor. Summer, too, all decked in smiles and blushes of youthful beauty, with profusion of fairest flowers, and joyous notes from every copse and dingle, all contribute to render this world so lovely and so fair, that we almost wish that life and summer was to be without end. And now Autumn, so staid, so dignified, with sober walk and mien, so matronly, so rich in blessings to mankind, rich, too, in the lessons of the "sere and yellow leaf," who of us has not sometimes felt that it was the season of seasons, and vainly wished it might abide forever? But, ere long, Autumn will give place to Winter, and nature become cowed in the icy pall of frost and snow. But while winter brings lessons of deepest wisdom to the thoughtful and the aged, he does not forget that youth is sportive, and mingles here and there pleasures for buoyant, happy childhood. Each season, in its turn, brings joys and sorrows, and teaches us lessons, peculiarly its own. But Autumn, clad in russet gray, with teeming fruits and changing leaf, we love her best of all. Even from our "boyhood's years" she has been to us the time, of all the year, the most congenial to our feelings. She possesses a calm, a mellowed sadness, that steals over our spirit like the notes of some sweet yet plaintive melody, heard at the hour of nightfall. Yes!—

"Autumn! thy scenes I love, thy lonely fields;
Thy silent groves; thy falling leaves; thy winds
That hush through forests drear, that sweep the tops
Of distant mountains, like the undying roar
Of Ocean, gliding in his mighty power.
I love thy somber hues; I love those scenes
Where nature seems to smile in summer hours,
When friends were round us, sleeping now in death."

To the husbandman, Autumn is the season of seasons. Patiently, amid the heats of summer, amid rain and sunshine, he has toiled on, strong in confidence and hope. With assiduous hand he has prepared the soil and planted the seed. Day by day he has watched the springing blade, removing the noxious weeds that would impede its growth, till, now, he begins to gather in an abundant harvest, and to render heartfelt thanks to Him who crowns his labors with good.

The sports peculiar to this season, in New England, are few. We are a set of money-makers, and for that alone—almost—we live and toil. Money, money, money, is the thought, morning, noon, and night, during the seasons in their changes, and during the years in their ever onward cycle. Children early forget their pleasures and their sports, and give their time and thoughts to "business," to the making of money, to learning how to become rich. But in merry England, at least in days of yore, the pleasures and sports of autumn were many, and most highly prized by all. Of these "merriments" was by no means the least highly valued. In those days a basket of nuts was the universal tribute of country gallantry, and many a pretty damsel was favored with not one nor two. And then there are the sports of shooting, the chase, &c., &c. But we have not space to enumerate them here.

It would be well if all could find time, now and then, to leave the wearing road of business, and find recreation and pleasure in rural sports. The ascending, unvarying toll to which so many constantly bend, during every day of their existence, except Sunday—and some, even then, are wearing out both soul and body, and are fast effacing those kindly affections which are the light and joy of home. All, all is now sacrificed at the shrine of mammon, since a man's standing and opinion is to be valued only by the length of his purse. Who that is not already debauched and demoralized by this cursed thirst for here will not rejoice to see the good old customs return, when a little of this world's good, joined with contentment, rendered home a paradise on earth?

Careless.—The Republican and American parties of Woburn hold a joint Caucus this evening. Let there be a good attendance and good feeling on both sides. A perfect unity of sentiment and action is desirable, and ought to exist now and go on strengthening forever after. See advertisement.

Bouquet.—Just after our paper had gone to press last week, we received from an unknown man, an exceedingly elegant and tastefully arranged bouquet of choice flowers. We looked it over carefully and counted a large number of beautiful varieties, among which we recognized some elegant dark purple, white and crimson Dahlias; pink and white Phloxes; Roses, splendid; Verbena, several very fine varieties; Balsams; Pyrolas; Coriopsis; Canterbury Bells; and Heliotropes; besides several others, the names of which did not occur to us. The family by whom such flowers are cultivated must possess kind hearts and gentle spirits. We hesitate not to say that they would esteem it a real pleasure at any time to do a neighbor or friend a kindness. We tender them our cordial thanks for this token of their kindly remembrance. It is not often that an editor's sanctum is adorned with aught so elegant, so well calculated to bring him into a near communion with the muses. We know that flowers are fading though beautiful, yet they have never been employed to express love and kindness, between individuals. Beautifully speaks the poet when he says—

"The bright rose when faded,
Flings forth o'er the tomb,
Its velvet leaves laid,
With silent perfume."

fit emblem of the fragrance that long remains around the memory of deeds kind and benevolent, done in secret, to bless the recipient, and to cheer him onward to that world where the flowers never fade, where friendship never grows cold, and love never dies.

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION.—We call attention to the auction of real estate on Railroad street, to take place on Monday next. It would be difficult to find a building lot within the limits of Woburn possessing more or better advantages than the one here offered, while the orchard is in a thrifty and excellent condition and the meadow is highly valued for the hay, peat and manure obtained from it. We advise intending purchasers, or capitalists who wish to invest, to examine this property prior to the sale.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.—The Democrats of Massachusetts held their State Convention at Worcester on Thursday. The attendance was very large, 1215 delegates being present. Hon. Erasmus D. Beach of Springfield was nominated for Governor by a vote of 636 against 406 votes for Hon. B. F. Butler.

DRY GOODS AUCTION.—Mr. Nathan Wyman intends selling off the whole of his stock of English, French and American dry goods on Wednesday next, at auction. His stock comprises a large assortment of just such articles as are needed in every family, and they will no doubt be sold at very low prices, as Mr. W. informs us that he is determined to sell the whole of his stock for the most it will bring. Strangers attending the auction who do not know Mr. Wyman may rest assured that everything put up will be as good at least as it is represented—those who know and have dealt with him, require no word from us to induce them to attend and purchase.

FRUIT STEALING.—We have recently heard of several depredations committed upon fruit trees growing near the roadside and upon orchards in this vicinity. The handsome fruit trees of Mr. Franklin Smith were broken and robbed of a few nights since. It would be well for some people to bear in mind that it is as disgraceful a crime to pick a pocket as to pick the fruit from a tree, and is punishable with as severe a penalty. The police officers have their eyes upon the fruit-stealers, and will have their hands upon the shoulders of some of them before they are aware of it. They had, therefore, better beware.

CLOTHING.—Mr. Hammond has just laid in a fine stock of Autumn clothing, which he is selling at low prices.

LITTLENESS.—The latest instance of meanness that has come under our notice is that of Samuel Austin of Dracut, who tendered the large sum of \$75 cents to Warren Livingston, of the Central House Stables, through whose instrumentality Austin's horse, a valuable animal, worth at least two hundred dollars, was restored to him, and the thieves arrested and committed for trial. What a generous hearted soul the said Austin must be! He also demurred paying the officer's car fare for going up to Nashua to hunt up the owner of the horse. Truly, a most liberal gentleman! Prodigious!

ELLIS.—The indefatigable James S.—is about to open another store at his old stand in the Chapel Building, for the sale of fancy goods, &c.

The Commissioners for setting off one-fifth of the estate of the late Dr. Plympton held a court at the Central House on Thursday. After hearing the evidence of a large number of witnesses as to the value of the several lots of real estate held by the heirs, a settlement of the most important points in dispute was effected by mutual agreement.

BALMORAL.—A red petticoat—beg pardon ladies—a Balmoral skirt, has been displayed at the door of our neighbor, Mr. A. E. Thompson, during the past few days, and many were the eyes, both male and female, that opened a trifle wider as they fell upon it. It is a comfortable looking garment, and a handsome one, and we cannot see why it shouldn't be the vogue during the ensuing fall and winter. Crinolines is a worn-out subject, and the Balmoral will afford a new sensation. By all means ladies put it on—by so doing you will at least have the pleasure of wearing something more durable and comfortable than ten hoops of whalebone or steel wire strung together with pieces of tape. A. E. T. has the article for sale.

My principal method for defeating error and heresy, is by establishing the truth. One purpose is to fill a bushel with tares; but if I can fill it first with wheat, I may defy his attempts.—John Newton.

New Publications.

THE RELIGION FOR THE HEART AND HOME. Two Sermons preached in the First Church, Woburn, May 16th and 23d, 1858, by Rev. Daniel March. Woburn: John J. Pippy. 18 mo., pp. 96.

These two sermons were delivered by their author in the regular course of sabbath duties, with no expectation that they would be asked for publication. The impression made by them upon many minds was so salutary, that it was believed that they were eminently calculated to do good, if scattered among the various families of the congregation, and they have accordingly been given to the public through the press.

The themes discussed are the two most important of all with which we have any concern—the Religion that shall best meet the needs of the individual soul, in view of the retributions of the future world, and the Religion best adapted to the home-circle—for raising up our children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." Both these subjects are treated with a clearness, and a directness, that at once takes hold of the conscience and the heart, and are calculated in their legitimate influence, to lead men to examine well the foundation of their own future prospects, and the influence they are, or should be exerting upon their families. No one can read them carefully, understandingly, and reflectively, without feeling that it does make a difference what he believes and practices as his Religion. The sacred joys of the Christian home are delineated with such a vividness and truthfulness as must lead the reader to desire an experimental knowledge of their blissfulness in his own family circle. There are sorrows, too, no less sacred, that have been drawn in colors so distinct, that many a one will be ready to apply them to his own individual experience. Did space allow, quotations could be made to illustrate these suggestions. But we can only say to each one who sees this notice, buy the book, read it carefully, and you will find it eminently adapted to do you good.

BLACKWOOD FOR AUGUST.—The familiar face of "old blacky" is again before us, and though he looks grim and awfully wise, he is still one of the best companions for our leisure hours that we ever met with, and we wish we had a few more leisure hours to devote to the cultivation of his acquaintance. Let us advise those who like to gain good and valuable information in the pleasantest way to read Blackwood.

COSMOPOLITAN.—No. 4 of the Cosmopolitan Art Journal for 1858 is out, and it is a superb number. The steel plate illustrations, and the wood cuts also, are very fine, and do credit to American art. The Association of which this excellent periodical is the organ, is doing a good work, and furnishing its subscribers with the best magazines and engravings, at very low prices. If the details of its business were a little more punctually attended to and executed with greater care, the Association would be all that could be wished for. We hope to hear of a decided improvement in this particular in its next years transactions.

AMERICAN WATCHES.

THEIR MANUFACTURE AT WALTHAM, MASS. COMPARISON WITH FOREIGN PRODUCT.—Is this age of splendid mechanical triumphs, in which our own country stands so proudly foremost, there is one that is just beginning to receive the attention and prominence that it deserves. The same perfection of machinery that has made Colt's firearms the acknowledged best in the world, after patient experiment, has been successfully applied to the manufacture of watches.

The introduction of American watches marks an era in the history of time and timekeepers, and may well be joined with the Atlantic Telegraph, Sewing Machine, and other kindred successes of mind over matter, which so wonderfully distinguish the present period.

Hitherto England and Switzerland have been the watchmakers of the world. Coventry and Prescott in Lancashire and Warwickshire, in England, and Leode and La Chaux de Fonds in the Northern cantons of Switzerland, by Lake Geneva, have been and are the world's famed seats of watch manufacture; but now it seems that Waltham, Mass., has surpassed the old world competitors, and with machinery, system and intelligent skill, unaided by protection of any kind, already produces the most thoroughly exact timekeepers, at about half the cost of the best foreign made watches.

All imported watches are made by hand, the movements and parts of movements by different persons, and at different times and places; and each watch is finally finished with special reference to itself—every part being made to suit only one place, and the whole movement fitted to a case which will suit no other movement—no two watches being in all respects approximately alike.

A large majority of these watches are worthless, as timekeepers, and a constant bill of expense to their owners, over \$4,000,000 being annually thrown away in vain attempts to improve them.

The American watches are constructed upon the most scientific and approved principles, designed to secure uniformity, simplicity, durability, cheapness, and unvarying perfection of movement, and are sold with a certificate of warranty in all cases, for ten years, signed by the manufacturers.

The specific advantages of these watches to dealers and wearers, as compared with the best imported hand-made watches, will be most readily apprehended by the following enumeration, to wit: Each watch and each part of every watch, of a given style, is the unvarying counterpart of every watch of the same style, so that any single part is exactly fitted and may be transposed indiscriminately to make up any one of many watches. The movements are made to fit any one of many cases, thus enabling the dealer to keep a large and varied stock of movements with a limited number of cases, to suit the demands of trade.

The case and facility with which any part is restored when broken or lost by accident—each part being registered at the factory—a counterpart can be had for the mere cost of reproduction, and with whole movements changed and sent by mail or express to any part of the world. Dealers are thus brought

directly in contact with the manufacturer, and a single retail profit is the only added cost to the wearer, to manufacturer's price.

The watches have fewer parts, are more substantially made than any others, are easily kept clean, and the chances for failure by breakage are diminished four-fifths as compared with the English watch, which has upwards of eight hundred separate parts, while the American watch has but one hundred and twenty-five parts, and most of these are so substantial, and all so perfect that it would be very difficult to break them.

The American watch is eminently adapted for railroad engineers and conductors, where exact time is of the utmost importance, and where the constant jar of the moving train offers the most trying test to prove the quality of a watch as a timekeeper. Many eminent engineers and conductors on the leading railroads of the country have been supplied with these watches and now will have no other.

There is no article of common use that is so little understood, and about which so much deception, charlatanism and swindling may be and is constantly practiced, as attaches to the watch; and it will be a great comfort to honest dealers and legitimate buyers and wearers, to know that they can have a substantial and reliable pocket timekeeper, at moderate price, made at home, and about which there can be no deception or mistake that may not be easily, promptly and cheaply remedied, by writing to Waltham, or to Robbins & Appleton, 15 Maiden Lane, New York, General Agents.

In many parts of the country great difficulty is experienced in finding good watch repairers and reliable timekeepers. By the introduction of American watches this difficulty may be almost entirely obviated, so that the country merchants can obtain adjusted watches as a part of his miscellaneous stock, and the customer will buy his regulated timekeeper, wind it up, and go about his business, as he would after purchasing any other article, without mystery or humbug.

The manufacturers, Messrs. Appleton, Tracy & Co., with their present means, can furnish 20,000 watches per annum, and they intend to furnish, from time to time, as the wants of trade require, other styles and sizes of watches, including an entire new form of sporting or timing watch, which will indicate the minutest divisions of time with more accuracy than has ever before been attained.

Arrangements are now being made to supply small elegant finished watches for ladies.

The manufactory stands on the bank of Charles River, in the town of Waltham, Mass., and occupies a site of surpassing beauty, covering an area of 100x100 feet, forming a quadrangle, with an open court in the center. The building is two stories in height, and has eight hundred feet of floor line, with about sixteen hundred feet of bench line, for the accommodation of the one hundred male and female artisans employed.

The motive power is a twelve-horse steam engine, which gives motion to lines of shafting in all the rooms, to which are attached the numerous delicate and wonderful machines which are used in the various processes of manufacture.

Appleton, Tracy & Co. have added about a hundred acres adjoining their manufactory, which affords admirable locations for home sites for their workmen, several of whom have already purchased lots and erected comfortable homes in the immediate vicinity of the manufactory.

Every facility is afforded to encourage and attract the attention of skillful workmen, who are here offered largely remunerative wages and constant employment, under the most pleasant conditions, with an opportunity, in a few years, of securing a competency and an independent home, with other advantages and attractions such are nowhere else to be found.

WINCHESTER.—The Literary Association held a meeting for the election of officers on the evening of August 23d, when the following gentlemen were elected:—L. M. K. Stanton, President; H. P. Stone, Jr., Vice President; E. P. Boon, Secretary; S. Thompson, Treasurer; E. D. Chaloner, W. W. Pettengill, C. H. Hazleton, T. E. G. Stanton, E. Gill, Directors.

There is not a little squabbling about the large increase in the poll tax, which has much increased the difficulty of collecting, and made the Collector's situation one not to be envied.

Excelsior Engine Company have voted to attend the Firemen's Muster at Worcester, next week.

SPIRITUAL PICNIC.—There was a large gathering of Spiritualists at Bancroft's Grove, Reading, on Wednesday last, from Lowell, and the towns in this vicinity. Some of the best trance speakers were present, and others who spoke in a normal condition, among whom was Dr. Lyon of Cincinnati. Amusements of various kinds were provided, such as dancing, singing, plays, &c., and all present appeared to enjoy themselves and pass the time pleasantly.

PROP. WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.—In an advertisement of this popular restorative. We know nothing of its merits save what we read, but that is sufficient, particularly when we see testimony of its efficacy as the following, which we clip from the Ottawa Free Trader:—

"Having tried successively sundry highly recommended 'hair tonics' on our own bald denuded crown, we about lost all confidence in nostrums of that sort, until a week ago we met a distinguished politician of this State, whom we had seen three years ago with thin hair, and as 'gray as a rat,' now boasting a fine head of hair as one could wish. We demanded the secret of his improved appearance, when he readily accounted for it by ascribing it to the virtues of Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative. We shall try that next.—Back River Democrat."

Sold by all respectable Druggists.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment—Avoid Imposition!—As there may be counterfeits in the market, it is well to know that there is a Water-mark that exists in every leaf of the genuine book of directions, viz., the words, "Holloway, New York and London," which can be seen in the paper itself on being held to the light. In external inflammation there is an unnatural rush of blood to the part affected. The effect of the Ointment is to disperse a local fever. The Pills relieve the system through the bowels of all morbid and irritating influence.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—When you allowed me a corner in your excellent paper, a short time ago, to offer a few hints to "W." respecting his pangeney after a person then recently deceased, I had good reason to expect a candid and courteous acknowledgment of the omissions pointed out, and that an attempt would be made to repair them. I know how sensitive authors frequently are with regard to criticisms upon their style, or upon matters of fact or sentiment which their writings either omit or contain. I long ago read the story of Gil Blas and the Arch Bishop of Toledo with a very keen sense of its truth to nature. But as I believed my suggestions were put in the most delicate and inoffensive form, it seemed very reasonable that they should have been met in the proper spirit and the required corrections given. The public, however, are quite as well aware as myself of the manner in which my proposals were received, and my subsequent vindication treated. Could it have been believed that a man would hesitate to enlighten the world on the most select points of character which adorn the life of his patron and friend? Indeed, could the deceased have anticipated such a doubtful policy on the part of him who was to be his publicologist? How true, as well as trite, is the proverb, that we need "to be saved from our friends."

Take note, O world, that henceforth the highest virtues of men must be carefully concealed; that they must be laid away with the crumbling body in some great mausoleum, where carping inquirers cannot disturb their deep repose; that their goodness must not be dragged to the light of day, lest it be confounded by the deeds of a naughty world, which would meet it at its rising. Nay, that the tomb must not be ravished, even to admit to a partnership in that final rest, the dust of one, never so close in mortal relation, or never so endeared by long union amid life's companionships and toils. For purity might thus absorb a stain which even the cycles of eternity would be too brief to erase.

There is a sadness in the thought that I am thus foiled in my undertaking, and that my suggestions are unheeded and my hints turned against me. No further revelations are to be made of the man who supposed he had a "friend" to keep green his fair fame and his honor untarnished. The book is closed, and the seal is set. What is written, is written, and all the people must see, Amen!

So mote it be.

E. P. CURRIE, UNDM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MEDFORD, Sept. 2d, 1858.

Mr. Editor:—News being a scarce article everywhere, little can be expected from our town. Business is with us, but it is generally dull. There are a few items of news. We are to have a launch on Saturday next. J. T. Foster will launch, at about nine o'clock on Saturday morning, a fine ship of about 800 tons register, and 1200 tons burthen. There are, besides, two other vessels on the stocks, one of which is nearly completed.

A new lawyer has lately opened an office in our town, and we now expect to have business brisk, though we have not quite the Woburn complement. Our new lawyer, by-the-way, is I am told, a native of Woburn, and you may perhaps know him. I understand he studied with J. P. Converse of your town.

There is talk of the Horse Railroad being continued to Medford, but the late reduction on the Medford Branch will probably nip the affair in the bud; and our gossips will have to get something else to talk of.

SINCERE.

[For the Middlesex Journal.]

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31, 1858.

The most prosperous branch of manufacture in this city just at present is the manufacture of "genuine trans-atlantic cable." It cannot be made fast enough to supply the enthusiastic public. There are all sorts of ways of wearing it— in the button-hole, on the watch-guard, in seal rings, or your ears, just as you may fancy— or, perhaps, on the head of your cane. But really its about time to stop rejoicing. When Jenny Lind came over the American people made a collective national jassack of itself, and it seems likely to do so ever again about this cable of ours. But, to be sure, it is a fine chance for windy people, to let out their long-pent eloquence, and people who are fond of tramping in the mud must have some excuse for making up processions.

At any rate, whether the excitement is justifiable or not, everybody is taking "Cable." And the puns suggested by the achievement, the epigrams and the conundrums, are the most monstrous abortions in that line which the nineteenth century has given birth.

Trade does not recover so fast as had been hoped. The West is buying very light, and the home trade has not commenced yet. We have every prospect of a hard winter in cities and large manufacturing places. Manufacturers will find it hard work to get a dollar for an old one before next spring, to say nothing of the wear and tear of machinery. Consideration for their workmen will be the only reason for continuance through the winter, with many manufacturers. The large sea-port cities, on the other hand, depend for subsistence on the negotiation of exchange between the farmer and the manufacturer. The greater the amount of such exchange, and the more rapidly they are made, the more prosperous is the trader, and his prosperity is the life of a host of subordinates, who do his heavy work for him. Then there are the working girls, who make flowers, paper-boxes, caps, shirts, hair-work, everything imaginable, in the way of "notions;" this city counts them by myriads. But there is very limited sale for such articles in the present constricted state of the public pocket. So the girls must find their living—where they can.

People are beginning to stream back to the city since the snap of cold weather. At the summer resorts they are hopping their last "hop," and shutting up the season with expiring blazes of glory in the shape of "last balls." The churches are opening again, and the parsons are back with ruddier faces, freer

lungs and heartier voices. People who went up from the sea-side into the mountains, two weeks ago, with sorrow faces and dim eyes, came back with elastic steps and flashing glances, ready to turn summersets, play baseball and cricket, hurrah for the Cable, or do anything else extravagant.

Politics are beginning to stir,—conventions, primaries, and caucuses are abroad,—and keep sober people out of bed beyond honest hours, sometimes, as in late cases, to wake up in the watch-house.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Letter from the Mountains.

NORTH CONWAY, Aug. 25th, 1858.

Friend Pippy.—There are other public houses here beside Thompson's, but this is the best, and has been recently enlarged by its enterprising proprietor, and made capable of accommodating a large number of permanent or temporary guests. Still, large as it now is, Mr. T. has found it quite small enough to stow away the throng of visitors that have asked his hospitality this season. The other hotels alluded to, are the North Conway and the Washington Houses, both quiet and respectable places. But the influx of visitors has been so great this year, that not only the houses mentioned, but numerous private dwellings have opened their doors for public entertainment. There is now no place in the mountain region so popular as this. Many families remain here during the entire season, coming with the expanding verdure of early June, and continuing till the frosts of October have put their brilliant coloring upon the foliage.

There are many pleasant drives and walks in this vicinity as well as sundry points of natural beauty and interest, which deserve especial attention; among the latter is the Kearsarge Mountain. Do not fail to ascend it. A drive of two and a half miles brings you to the end of the carriage road and to the base of the mountain. Here you can mount a horse, if you feel disposed, though as the distance to be walked is only about three miles you had better try your stamina on foot.

By taking the ascent easily, and using the projecting ledges and prostrate logs as places of rest, you will gain the summit without undue fatigue. You will be very often tempted from the path, by the luxuriant growth of blueberries that cover the mountains above the forest region. As you near the top, you will also find an abundance of the wild cranberries, whose rich acidity is extremely grateful to the thirsty mouth. A few more scrambles over the rough granite and you are on the crest of the mountain.

"Heaven! what a gloriously prospect spreads around!" and indeed the view is grand and lovely beyond description. The White Mountain and Franconia groups are mapped out in majestic distinctness on the north and west. Lakes, ponds and rivers gleam like silver, in all the vales around. Forests, fields and meadows are spread in "gay confusion" on every side. You want two hours for rest and lunch, and for feasting your soul on the glorious display before you. You will very likely soon forget your fatigue, and the vicissitudes that composed your mountain repeat, but that scene of surpassing grandeur and loveliness will be slow in fading from your memory. Two hours of careful walking will bring you to the rendezvous for carriages, and you are soon back again to your hotel.

Another day you must go to "Diana's Baths." They are on a branch of the Saco, some two miles distant. Take an open wagon, fill it with a pleasure party, and away for the baths; on your way you will have to ford the Saco, as there is no bridge for you within a distance of five miles. But in the summer season the stream is easily crossed. Sit quietly in your place, the horses are used to the ford, and the water will but little more than cover the hubs of your carriage. A little farther on over the meadows and you are at the spot you are seeking.

Perhaps you may think the so-called-baths, are deep pools of translucent water, enclosed with mossy rocks and flecked with reeds and lilies—a place where the chaste Diana and her nymphs might enjoy an immersion secure from mortal eyes. You will soon perceive that you have mistaken their character. Instead of that you will find a series of cascades leaping over an inclined bed of solid granite for several hundred feet. The rock, although so hard in its structure, has been worn very smooth over the entire channel of the stream, and in many places the swift current and the whirling eddies have hollowed out many remarkable cavities, various in size and depth. Some are quite round and several feet deep. But as many of them are elliptical in form, and somewhat resemble a modern bathtub, some classical lady has attached to them the name they bear. It may be doubted whether Diana was accustomed to such solid bathing utensils. Perhaps, however, the beauty and seclusion of the place, enforced the above reason for the appellation given to it. An hour or two can be frequently spent in this charming spot, as the water and the rocks are ever fresh in their sparkling beauty and wildness.

Another curious and interesting place to visit is the "Ledges," or the precipitous cliffs that form a part of the western boundary of the interval. About the base of these, a road is opened to a small lake, a beautiful sheet of water, which is famous for its very perfect echo. It is scarcely inferior to its name-sake at the Franconia Notch. Beneath one of these cliffs is a large excavation, which from its peculiarities, is called the "cathedral." It has a pulpit and dome, and would conveniently seat (if they brought their stools with them) two or three hundred persons. It is quite a wonder in its way. The view from the top of the cliffs, is exceedingly fine, but you will find the point difficult to reach; the climbing will be of the roughest kind.

Besides the places mentioned, you will enjoy a walk to the Artist's brook and falls, only a mile distant; also, a jaunt to Thompson's Falls, which are less accessible. You can also ascend Paved Mountain, one of the Rattlesnake range, on the east of the village. Then if you fail of sight seeing and recreation in the near vicinity, you can go to upper Bartlett, and get new and glorious views of the mountains, and explore the cascades for beautiful rocks and brilliant streams, or if more practically inclined, find abundance of sport and exercise in angling

for trout. A basket full is the sure reward of moderate skill.

I have by no means exhausted the subject of Conway and its environs, but fearing I have wearied your patience, I will end my correspondence with the usual initial,

C.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Musings on the Atlantic Cable.

'Tis accomplished at last! that wonderful plan!

A cable, metallic, the ocean doth span!
Uniting, as 'twere, (in comparative phrase,) two powerful nations in friendly embrace!

Though men to believe it were loath to engage,
And heads there were shaken, both ancient and sage;
Though doubts at the enterprise freely were hurled,
At last it is finished!—the pride of a world!

But a few years ago, how little 't was dreamt
That man such a project would ever attempt;
Or science would e'er such a victory gain,—
Intelligent lightning would traverse the main.

See, over yon city, from chimney to spire,
Like threads of the spider, a net-work of wire,
On which speeds the lightning, as case may demand,
Diffusing intelligence throughout the land.

But man, not contented with what he has done,
Two countries now wishes to bind into one,
For friendship's promotion, with science and trade,
Which end to accomplish, the "cable" is laid.

Away from the life, on the gay, busy shore,
'Neath ocean it glides, on the wreck straddled floor,
'Mid silence and gloom, where Leviathans sleep
In sub-marine caverns, far down in the deep.

O'er hill and through valley—o'er wide-spreading plain—
O'er bones of the victims of wreck, and the slain—
O'er reefs of bright coral, in pinnacled pride,
Until it connects with the opposite side.

O, wondrous achievement! more glorious far,
Than conquest of battle, or glories of war!
Its influence now, on the millions that dwell,
And future unlimited, who can foretell?

O long may it serve as a bond to unite
The hearts of the nations in feelings ar

Scotch Argument for Marriage.

Jenny is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we shall wed—so say no more;
And should the bairnies to us come,
As few that wed, but do have some,
No doubt but heaven will stand our friend,
And bread, as well as children's send;
So fares the hen in the farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known her weary every claw,
In search of corn among the straw;
But when in quest of nicer food,
She clucks among her chirping brood,
With joy we see the self-same hen,
That scratched for one could scratch for ten.
These are the thoughts that make me willing
To take my girl without a shilling;
And for the self-same cause you see,
Jenny resolved to marry me.

The Journal.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Men differ widely in opinion on almost every subject. This difference is sometimes honest, but too frequently, arises from motives that would not stand a very severe scrutiny. It is well, doubtless, in some respects, that this diversity exists. In the world of science and of mind, an honest disagreement often acts like the flint and the steel striking out original ideas that glitter and sparkle as gems of the first water. Were there no counter currents to stem, the human intellect would sail easily along, seldom, if ever, rousing itself for the defense of a principle, or the discovery of a new truth. The so-called new inventions would be few and far between, and all would be content to do as their fathers did. If all men thought alike, or if the minority were to yield to the majority, particularly in matters of science, the wonderful improvements of the present age would be still unknown, and would continue to be so. When a man conceives the idea of a new invention, he is too often regarded as a visionary dreamer, whose new fancies hardly stand the test of actual trial. On one side are to be seen the very few, and on the other, the many. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred regarded the idea of uniting the eastern and western continents, by means of a wire cable laid at the bottom of the ocean, as chimerical and impossible, and looked upon those who persisted in attempting to do it, in the face of repeated failures, as almost fit subjects for an insane hospital. And yet the thing has been done. The very want of confidence on the part of the many, has done much, no doubt, by inspiring to redoubled efforts, toward securing the accomplishment of the undertaking. Equally true is it, in respect to the use of steam as a motive power. While Fulton was engaged in getting the first steamboat ready, would be called philosophers doubted of his success with a very knowing look, very much like that of the antiquarians, when informed by Noah that he expected to make a sea voyage in the huge ark he was building, without the trouble of launching it. When all was ready Fulton invited the public to witness—not the failure—but the success of his undertaking, for he never once dreamt of failure. Well might he feel it to be a proud moment for him when the wheels of the steamer began to revolve, and the vessel—without sails—plough her way up the Hudson. Men once laughed at the absurdity of the idea, and now here is the water that is unploughed by steam propelled keels? And the same is true in many other instances that might be named. It becomes necessary sometimes to think differently from others, to strike out a new path, and pursue that path without wavering, if important ends would be attained.

But when we leave the domain of science and art, and turn to social life—to the duties man owes to his Creator and his fellow men, differences of opinion are seldom attended with good results. Often the reverse is too true. It does not follow, however, that each one is to discharge the same duty in precisely the same manner. We are under obligation to bestow of our goods to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. One man gives liberally from his abundance, another sparingly from his little, while another gives—no money, but what is equally acceptable and desirable—sympathy,—that mutual sharing of the trials and sorrows of this life which seems to lift the burden that is pressing down the spirit. Wealth and sympathy do not always exist together. The man who will be rich often steals his heart to the kindly emotions of his nature, and turns a deaf ear to the cry of suffering humanity. He possesses money, which he vainly imagines will answer for all things. But a time will almost surely come when he would willingly give thousands of his hoarded wealth for the consolations of sympathy and kindness, the wealth of this world can never buy.

In respect to many things society would be much better off if there were more unanimity of opinion. In things essential, if we cannot think alike, we can agree to differ, and, at the same time, exercise a spirit of brotherly kindness. But if we cherish a dislike—a hate—toward others on account of the name they bear, we really do them no harm, but are sowing, in our own hearts, the seed that will produce a harvest of sorrow and regret. Prejudice, unfounded, is cherished by far too many. It does the possessor no good. It brings him no better happiness than is felt in the dark world of despair. Its pestiferous breath blights the flowers and withers the leaves of kind feeling that would else make this world a second Paradise. Many there are, in almost every community, who are slaves to this unallotted feeling. We can read it in their restless look, their flushed cheeks, their bitter, sarcastic remarks. Their spirit is burning with no heavenly fire, and we sometimes think they would not wish a place in the world of bliss if some they now hate were to be there too.

We all need to purge out this unallotted principle from our hearts, to let in the sunlight of kindness, that the characteristics which adorn the moral and intellectual character, may spring up there and blossom.

fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal." If all the unkind feelings, the groundless prejudices and hate which are cherished among us, were once cast out, and sent into the great deep, to become choked in the waters, what a change would take place. With what a cordial greeting each neighbor would meet his neighbor. The very sun in the heavens would seem to shine more brightly, and we should all feel a fullness of joy welling up in our hearts, that would compel us to seek out the sons and daughters of sorrow and affliction, that we might impart some of our overflowing happiness unto them. Is there no way in which so desirable a result may be secured? Yes, truly. Were each one to seek, not his own, but his neighbor's highest happiness, he would certainly thereby secure his own, and leave behind him, when he passed away, a name that all would mention with reverence and with honor.

Effects of the Storm.

The storm of wind, rain and lightning on Saturday last left its marks behind. A very fine barn belonging to Mr. George Winn of this town, was struck by lightning, set on fire and totally consumed, together with its contents, consisting of 30 tons of hay, a large quantity of farming tools, a new hay wagon, and other articles of value. The barn was nearly new, with slated roof, and finished in an excellent manner, and was one of the best buildings of the kind within the limits of the town. The total loss is estimated at \$17,000, on which there is an insurance of \$700 in the Farmers' stock at Georgetown. The lightning struck the building at the ridge pole and passed through it in two directions, shattering the large doors so that they had to be cut away before an entrance could be effected. Mr. Winn was approaching the barn and within a few rods of it when it was struck. The lightning appeared to fire the building in all parts as it went through, as it was wrapped in flames almost immediately after. Engine companies Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were promptly on the spot, and rendered efficient aid. An ample supply of refreshments was generously provided by Mr. Winn, and after the fire the "Washington" boys entertained their friends of Nos. 1 and 2.

The dwelling house of Mr. Mosely N. Brooks on Church street, was struck and slightly damaged.

Mr. Stephen Hines' residence on Vernon street, was also somewhat shattered by lightning, and the inmates much frightened, though fortunately they were not injured.

The barn of Sherman Converse, Esq., on Salem street, was entered by the electric current, and two oxen and a horse knocked down, but not injured. Mr. Converse's hired man received a shock in the leg which made his knee joints tremble, and brought on a sudden fit of limping.

A cow belonging to Mr. Mel J. Nelson of Reading, was killed while at pasture in the field.

The roads throughout this and the neighboring towns were very much washed by the torrents of rain which descended, considerably damaging them in some places. The Stoneham end of Railroad street was much damaged—workmen are now engaged repairing it.

Political.

AMERICAN REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The Americans and Republicans of this town met in joint caucus, in the Town Hall, on Saturday evening last. Horace Conn, Esq., was chosen Chairman, and M. M. Tidd, Secy. After a brief discussion of some minor points the following gentlemen were elected delegates to the State Convention at Worcester: Timothy Winn, Horace Conn, C. C. Woodman, Horace Collamore, E. N. Blake, Wm. B. Fiske, A. G. Carter.

E. W. Champney and W. T. Grammer were elected, but declined serving in consequence of other engagements.

The following gentlemen were chosen as the Town Committee for the ensuing year: Timothy Winn, Horace Conn, E. W. Champney, W. T. Grammer and Josiah Brown.

Mr. C. C. Woodman moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. M. M. Tidd, and passed unanimously:—

RESOLVED, That the citizens of Woburn do to the present National Administration, heartily approve the policy of the present State Administration, and request their delegates to use their endeavors to procure the nomination of the members of the present State Government.

STATE CONVENTION.—The State Convention at Worcester, was very largely attended, and the decisions arrived at by the delegates in Convention appear, so far as we can learn, to be highly satisfactory to all the opponents of the national government in Massachusetts. The nominations made are as follows:—For Governor, Hon. N. P. Banks; Lieut. Governor, Hon. Eli Hale; Secy. of State, Hon. Oliver Warner; Secretary of State, Hon. Oliver Warner; Northampton; Treasurer, Hon. Moses Tenney, Jr., of Georgetown; Auditor, Hon. Chas. White, of Worcester; Attorney General, Hon. Stephen H. Phillips, of Salem.

The State Central Committee for Middlesex County, chosen by Senatorial districts, is composed as follows:—

District No. 1, Eugene L. Norton of Charlestown. No. 2, Geo. W. McLellan of Cambridge. No. 3, William Clifton of Newton. No. 4, Geo. M. Brooks of Concord. No. 5, Horace Conn of Woburn. No. 6, Isaac S. Morse of Lowell.

EP A Division of the order of the Sons of Temperance, was instituted in Winchester, on Thursday evening, by Grand Worthy Patriarch Stodder, and other members of the Grand Division. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:—W. P. Oliver R. Clark; W. A. K. W. Baker; R. S. F. Dewey; A. R. S., Stephen R. Nichols; F. S., Stephen Thompson; T. H. K. Stanton; C., Abijah Thompson, 3d; A. C., Samuel M. Rice; I. S., Robert Crawford; O. S., Nathan Jaquith, Jr. There are already thirty members enrolled. We hope they will accomplish much good, as there is abundant room for their labors.

THE TOWN CLOCK is again in working order. It had become dirty and slightly out of repair, and needed the ingenuity of Mr. Sullivan to put it in running condition. The First Congregational Society has annually paid from its funds a sum of money to keep this clock in repair and insure its running.

METHODIST SOCIETY, BURLINGTON.—The recent Picnic of this society was very successful, both in a social and pecuniary point of view. The net proceeds of the picnic was \$85. This society is rapidly growing, and bids fair to increase in prosperity and usefulness. The Town-house is now used for its meetings; at some day, not very far distant, they expect to be in a position to erect a meeting-house. The Sabbath School and Bible Class in connection with the society, both of which are well attended, meet in the forenoon, and in the afternoon and evening there is preaching by Rev. Mr. Emerson of Melford. We trust the society may go on increasing in numbers, prosperity and godliness.

SURPRISE VISIT TO REV. JOSEPH BENNETT.—One of the incidents in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph Celebration at Lockport, N. Y., was a surprise visit to the residence of the Congregational pastor, Rev. Joseph Bennett, formerly of this town. The Niagara Courier thus describes it:—

THE ILLUMINATION ON GENESEE STREET.—While the occupants of the "Plate House" were enjoying the liberal entertainment of our business men, given with true national feeling, over against their own doors, the young gentlemen and ladies from the region round about, took possession of the parsonage and prepared for a grand surprise. The visitors briskly stepped in, and while father and mother were out, "sweet Alice" was lifted from her snug little cot, with baby glees, to give each and all a welcome, with a laugh and a kiss. Thus the hour passed, in that brief preparation. The pastor and his lady, on their return, entirely in the dark, concerning the good time in store, step into their parlour, and in an instant, by unseen hands, the gas is let on and every light burns brightly, and brighter than all are those sparkling, laughing eyes. This room is full, that room is full; now this way, the tables wide spread, looked as if a fairy lifting her wand made them a bed of flowers and a garden of luscious fruit. Such an illumination, kindled by warm hearts and brilliant eyes, will never be turned into darkness.

DISTRICT COURT JURORS.—At a meeting of the Board of Selectmen, on Monday evening, Messrs Henry Bulfinch and John Weston, were drawn as Grand Jurors, and Walter Frost and Elisha Burbank, Petit Jurors at the U. S. District Court.

WE are every day experiencing what a blessed thing it is to have kind friends and generous neighbors. Our table has been bountifully supplied with choice fruit and vegetables during the past two weeks, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments to Hon. Bowen Bucknam, G. R. Gage and Wm. Winn, Esqrs., Jesse Curtis, Esq., of Stoneham, and other friends to us unknown.

THE funeral of Miss CYLINDA A. WATSON, a young lady of rare christian virtues and accomplishments, was attended by an unusually large number of sympathizing friends and acquaintances. The funeral services were performed by Rev. Mr. Bronson, in the Baptist Church, on Wednesday last, and were of so impressive a character as to start tears into many eyes unused to weeping. A week before her death she was in the bloom of health, but was suddenly stricken down by fever, and death came to conduct her spirit to a brighter and happier existence among the angels in heaven, and into the presence of that Saviour in whom her faith was well founded.

DRY GOODS CHEAP.—Mr. N. Wyman is selling off the remainder of his stock of dry goods at exceedingly low prices. Those ladies who want "great bargains," should not fail to embrace Mr. W.—ahem! embrace the present opportunity, we mean.

NEW STOCK AT LOW PRICES.—Read Hammond's advertisement in another column, and go and buy your Autumn and Winter clothing.

THE WEATHER is indeed delightful. Pretty warm, though not too much so; genial, pleasant and invigorating. Glorious weather for a tour either on land or sea. If nothing unusual "turns up," and we are not, like Wilkins Micawber, expecting it, we hope to enjoy a cruise on the ocean wave next week. If we find anything to write about our readers may be treated to a dish of "editorial correspondence"—we hope the dish, if it is presented, may be palatable, though we have our doubts about it.

We congratulate our friend and Connecticut correspondent, Luther G. Riggs, Esq., on the happy event which occurred in his family on the 9th instant. May the male representative to the house of Riggs & Co., bring untold happiness and unnumbered blessings to the hearts of his happy parents.

"PAY THE PRINTER."—We often wonder if some of our friends ever think of this. We wish they would, occasionally.

A WIFE KILLED BY HER HUSBAND'S MISTRESS.—The wife's Mother Fatally Injured.

In the town of Cheshire, New Haven, Ct., on Thursday night of last week, a woman named Stevens, wife of Gilbert Stevens, was strangled to death by a woman named Tobin. The murder was discovered Friday morning by some neighbors who were attracted by a loud noise to the house, where they found Mrs. Stevens lying dead in her bed, and the mother of the deceased, a woman ninety-seven years of age, so badly injured that the physicians have no hope of saving her life. The old woman stated that the previous night the Tobin woman came to Stevens' house, where she had been in the habit of visiting for some time, and with whom Stevens has frequently had improper connexion, to the great scandal of Mrs. Stevens and her mother. The old lady further states that Stevens and his paramour got drunk together Thursday night, and she heard him urge her to kill Mrs. Stevens, as he wanted to get rid of her. About midnight, the old lady says, the woman Tobin choked Mrs. Stevens to death, after which she attacked her (the old lady), threw her down and jumped upon her, inflicting the injuries of which it is supposed the old lady will die.

The alleged murderers, who has heretofore led a vagrant life in New Haven, was arrested in that city, where she had fled after the murder, on Saturday last, and taken back to Cheshire. The man Stevens has also been arrested.

For the Middlesex Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you allow me a brief space in your paper, that I may make a suggestion on a subject that everybody ought to be interested in, but few like to say much about, for the reason, I suppose, that it is rather unpopular with the greater portion of the community. I mean the subject of SPIRITUALISM. I do not want to discuss this subject, sir, but as I was somewhat interested in the lectures delivered in this town last season, by Miss Hardinge and others, in common with many persons I would very much like to have them continued. When I was visiting the "old folks at home," in my native State, "the land of steady habits," a short time since, I found that from almost every town and village in the neighborhood, invitations had been sent out to lecturers on this most interesting subject, many of whom had delivered a series of lectures on the phenomena of spiritualism, and held spiritual circles, much to the edification of the people, who are not so fastidious about investigating the subject, as many in this neighborhood appear to be. If the thing is evil, I, for one, want to have suitable opportunities to find out wherein the evil consists, without having to go too great a distance for the information; but if it is really good and true, and calculated to benefit me, my neighbors and mankind, as is claimed for it, apparently with some degree of truth and justice, then the necessity of investigating, that we may appreciate and enjoy its benefits, is certainly more urgent. I send these few lines to you paper in the hope that those persons who are in the habit of taking the lead in such matters, may use their endeavors to obtain a short course of lectures from such mediums as Miss Hardinge, who lectured here with much acceptance last spring, or from Mrs. Henderson, Mr. S. B. Britton, of whom I have heard much, though I believe he has not lectured in this immediate vicinity, Miss Amedy, and Mrs. Coan, whose phase of mediumship is the best that can be used for testing the soundness of the doctrines of this great "ism." Hoping that the hint I have ventured to give, may spur on those more immediately interested in this matter, and that good may come out of it, I subscribe myself,

Yours truly,

AN INQUIRER.

P. S.—If it is necessary to take up a subscription to pay the expenses of these lectures, I will be happy to throw in my "mite," and know of many others who, like myself, are not professed Spiritualists, but will "go and do likewise."

Connecticut Gossip.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 8th.
From our Regular Correspondent.

"The complete success of the cable," has been almost the only topic of discussion and sensation in these parts, since the news of the accomplishment of this magnificent enterprise, was first announced. The New Haven "celebration" was among the "things magnificent," and superseded everything the State had heretofore witnessed.—A week ago, the Bethel Bank affair afforded abundant occasion for the daily papers to mystify and moralize upon. Of course you are familiar with the particulars—a gang of New York "professional" burglars effected an entrance into the banking house of the Hatters' Bank, of Bethel, saved a hole some six feet square through the floor of the Directors' Room, undermined the vault (the floor of which was paved with brick) and carried off \$7,000 in gold, and some \$80,000 in bills of that and similar institutions. An advertisement in the New York papers, offering five per cent. for the return of the stolen bills, was answered by the package being sent to Capt. Walling of the New York police, who had it conveyed to the officers of the bank. There seems to be a deal of mystery connected with the matter,—meanwhile we probably shall hear of the quiet borough of Bethel being carried off bodily some fine moonshiny night.—Have you any "pictures" of the Litchfield Bank of Litchfield? and if so, and some friend offers to pay you ten per cent. bonus for them, "let 'em slide." Judge Ellsworth of Hartford, issued an injunction against this Bank, upon application of the senior Bank Commissioner. Its circulation in the hands of the people is something less than \$20,000, and has been \$60,000. Charges of fraud have been sustained—and it has been shown that the majority of its pretended capital is "bogus."—The Hartford papers have been using up the firm of Talcott & Fuller, coal merchants, for selling short weights, and the City Court has fined them \$200, on eight counts. The case is to be carried up to the Superior Court.—During the past week, we have had a series of Balloon ascensions by Messrs. King and Allen, in their splendid "Aerial Navigator," the "Queen of the Air." They made several ascensions to the height of one thousand feet; he was pulled down again by a rope attached to a windlass. On one of those occasions, "Prof." Brown of New York—(the Brown who weighs a trifle less than 300 lbs., avoirdupois, and who is Sexton of Trinity)—took a fancy for a solitary aerial flight, and being seated in the basket was allowed to ascend about ten hundred feet, when it was discovered that the rope was nearly parted. Steps were immediately taken to bring him safely down. It is feared that of the crowd surrounding the rope, some bad fellow must have designedly trifled with the life of that valued citizen; but it is possible, after all, that the rope parted from excessive strain. It is painful to reflect upon what might have been the consequences to society, to Mr. Brown and the balloon, had it escaped. Although he has long been familiar with upper-tension—the fields of the upper air, whether he might have been remorselessly whirled, would have proved, we fear, too frigid for his genial attributes. We welcome him back to that earth on which he is so prominent an actor, and which could hardly properly turn on his axis without him.—Horrid are the facts related of Mr. Albert Burr of Fairfield, being goaded by a boar. The animal made a rush at him, and planting his tusks through his leg just above the knee, threw him down and caught him again in the fleshy part of the thigh, taking a piece of flesh clean out. He was terribly lacerated and lay in a very painful state for several days, when hydrophobia set in. It is stated that six men were barely able to keep him in his bed.—Among the notable persons present at the Methodist Camp Meeting held at Redding, last week,

was the fat woman, from Brookfield, who is yet in her teens, and is said to weigh near six hundred pounds. It is stated that large numbers visited the tent to see her, and were pleased with her appearance. She was dressed in Bloomer costume, with short sleeves and low neck—thus giving spectators a tolerable view of her fair proportions. She is pronounced by all as decidedly good looking.—Messrs. Malliffert is at work with his men, drilling a big hole in "Sow-west Ledge," at the mouth of our harbor, for the insertion of a huge iron spindle which will mark the spot where the beacon formerly stood. He is working four men, in a monster iron bell, under water, which is supplied with air by means of a force pump. He is to drill a hole three feet deep by a about one in diameter.—The "Hartford Homestead," in speaking of the crops in New England, says, "Corn is filled well, so far as we can learn in Connecticut. We shall probably cut a large rowen crop, which will affect the price of hay somewhat. Potatoes are showing infallible signs of decay, but so far, much less than common. The prospect for the crop on dry land is favorable."—Speaking of crops, we have seen a stalk of corn that measured pump fifteen feet in height, and had three ears almost full grown upon it. It was raised by Mr. John R. Holcomb, of Bradford.—An agricultural paper advises sowing a handful of salt under gooseberry bushes, to prevent mildew. We tried the experiment on a choice oleander plant, claimed as the personal property of Mrs. R., and saw no more of mildew—or the oleander either! It was a "dead cure."—Lewis Hopkins, of New Milford, sold his bay mare a few days ago for \$1,600. She is believed to be one of the fastest trotters in the country. The purchaser is a member of the Jockey Club of Long Island, and will probably bring her out at the Fall races. Mr. H. bought her in Sherman, four months since, for \$425.—A 200 lbs. sea-turtle was caught in this harbor on Monday week. It is the largest craft ever seen in this neighborhood.—An American eagle, measuring seven feet from point to point of outstretched wings, was shot one day last week, by Mr. Robert Scofield, of Stamford.—But this must suffice for the present—and with our best bow to Journalists generally, and collectively—"thus endeth the first lesson."

L. G. ROGGS.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1858.

It is fortunate for this part of the world that great inventions and achievements, great victories over man or nations, things, in short, which require special celebration; it is fortunate, I say, that these things do not come upon us every year. Suppose steam navigation, the fire-arms, the printing press, the locomotive, and the telegraph, had all been precipitated upon our astonished bosom in the space of a single year! Why New York would have been, from one January to another, a continual blaze of pyrotechnics, a wilderness of transparencies by night and an army of processions by day. There would not be a moment in the whole three hundred and sixty-five days, in which hurrahing would not be heard, in which there would be no caps in the air, and no bricks in the hat of this metropolis. Of course, the chief thing to see on Wednesday was the crowd itself. It was estimated that, on that day, at any given moment in the afternoon, there were, on Broadway, between Union Place and the Battery, three hundred and fifty thousand souls! Add to these the innumerable crowds who could not get in, and you have an army to rival that of Xerxes. To sensible bystanders the procession was a bore, as what procession is not? though this was contemptible even of its kind. But the main interest was in the by-play, the surging of the crowd to and fro, the battling with infuriated police-men ineffectually striving to keep the coast clear for the procession, the compression of fat liddies by the "circumambient" crowd, the smashing of hoops, and the forlorn, misshapen figures which came out of the pressure. Seats in the store windows, on the line of the procession, sold for round prices; the vendors of perishable fruits drove a thriving trade, especially in water-melons, which were "closed out at low prices," in immense quantities, so that the whole Park, which belongs to the City Hall, was strewn with them. The only real balk in the whole affair was the humiliating fact that the lions of the day, men worthy to be the guests of a nation, were obliged to submit to the escort, and listen to the complimentary platitudes of a deputation of Common Councilmen and Aldermen, who are in no sense representatives of the city, socially, morally, financially, nor, indeed, in any proper point of view.

The next subject of popular discussion is the impending war between the United States and the Principality of Staten Island. This puny vicinage has taken the law into its own hands and burnt up the yellow fever deposits, not without some cause indeed, but certainly without any law. Blackstone says "there is no evil in nature for which there is not to be found some remedy in law." But the Staten Islanders didn't think so about their evil, or, at least, considered that they were taking a short cut. Their mode of treating yellow fever cases is entirely novel and ingenious. They proceed on the principle that the quickest way to cure a man of yellow fever is to burn him up altogether.

Trade has been looking up a little, though much disturbed by the celebration. The news from China is very important to New England manufacturing interests, as an immense new market is thus opened for cotton fabrics, which promises to give employment to all the idle looms, at paying prices. If the event equals the promise, manufacturing property in New England will rise one hundred per cent. in the course of two years.

The book season is beginning, and there are said to be some piquant things in press. Operas have re-opened this week for a short season, and the town is beginning to look quite itself again. The weather, however, has turned rather warmer.

There is no yellow fever in this city at all. Trade is considerably affected in the Southern cities, however, by the prevalence of this epidemic.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. R. W. Parker had the small bone of his fore arm broken by a kick from a horse a few days since. The accident did not prevent his going about as lively as usual.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

FRIEND PIPPY.—Instead of "Items," this week, I write you a hasty letter, which must be a substitute.

On my way from Boston this morning, in the 104 train, I learned, when as far as Greenwood, that the building occupied by Mr. Joseph Cartwright, as a stove and tin-ware store, was enveloped in flames. This information, in view of the fact that the fire was in the immediate vicinity of my own store, caused me no little anxiety, and the cars seemed to go so slowly, that I began to question how it would do to leave the train and go ahead on foot. On arriving on the street I was told that the sparks had already taken on the roof of my store, though this was a mistake. I had the north-end of it covered with wet quilts and blankets, and kind neighbors assisted me in bringing water to keep them wet in case the flames came near. But the progress of the flames was stayed before reaching me.

Some of the property destroyed is as follows:—The large building occupied by Mr. Joseph Cartwright, as a tin and manufactory store, the barn and shed of Mrs. Rayner, adjoining, were entirely consumed, as also the apothecary shop of Mr. Churchill, opened one week since, beautiful and new. Mrs. Rayner's house was a good deal damaged by fire and water, the breaking of windows, doors, ceiling, &c. The Universalist Meeting House was well scorched, and only saved from destruction by the greatest efforts of the citizens. The stable and dwelling house of Mr. John Day, were several times on fire. At this moment, as we are writing by the smoke of the ruins, it is impossible to calculate very accurately the amount of loss, and as this is the last hour of grace, on the privilege to this week's columns of your paper, I must wait until another week to speak more definitely. Probably the loss is several thousand dollars. Much of the stock of Mr. Churchill was saved, as also most of the heavy goods in the lower store of Mr. Cartwright. Dr. Congswell, dentist, who occupied the rooms over Mr. Churchill's store, saved his effects. The furniture of Mrs. Rayner was mostly saved, though in a damaged state. The old lady, who is 80 years of age, worked busily in packing up her things, until the house took fire, and not until much urging would she leave it. Most of the property was insured at the South Reading Mutual.

It was a time of the greatest excitement, the day one of the warmest of the season, and several of the firemen required the services of the Physicians; others were injured, but to what extent I have not learned.

During this trying time our Engine Company was at Worcester. It was probably all right, though I did not hear any one say so at the fire. The engine, the company, and the majority of the engineers, were gone. The Union engine was left at home, but those who tried to work it, pronounced it entirely useless, being left without suitable hose.—Good judges say that if the "Yale" had been in town, the damage could have been exceeded Fifty dollars. Engines from Reading, Melrose and Stoneham, and the Hook and Ladder company from the latter place, were as promptly on the spot as they could be under the circumstances, and no doubt they saved very much property. Mr. Yale, the patron of the "Yale Engine Company," presented the out of town Companies with \$50, to be divided among them. They worked very hard, and we tender them our heartfelt thanks for saving our property. When they are so unfortunate as to need our assistance, it shall be cheerfully rendered.

The fire originated in the workshop of Mr. Cartwright, in the second story, with three workmen present, making preparations for soldering.

South Reading, Sept. 9, '58.

For the Middlesex Journal.

EXPONDSING SCRIPTURE.

At a conference meeting, the scripture read referred to charity and benevolence. The brethren who chose spoke in turn, when it rested with Charles Benjamin, a waterman, whose comment was as follows:—"I shall say nothing more than this: we have been talking of charity, here is our brother Ephraim Forth, who goes to dock every morning this cold weather without an over coat, and here is my shilling toward buying him one." The company followed his example and Ephraim was the next day furnished with the necessary garment. Can the laity expound scripture?

CONTRAST.—
"How brittle is glass, and how slippery the ice!
How fleeting a shadow—a bubble how thin!
So brittle, so slippery, so fled in a trice
Are the joys of the world and the pleasures of sin."

"How glorious the sun, and how pure is the light!
How firm is the rock, and how boundless the sea!
But more full and more firm, and more pure,
And more bright,
Are the blessings, Religion, conferred by thee."

AN EDITOR'S DREAM.

We had a dream the other night,
When all around was still—
We dreamed we saw a host of folks
Pay up their printer's bill!
We wish the dream would come to pass,
And our empty coffers fill!
Tar umph te de diddle dum,
Te umph te iddle ill.

NO TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU.—It begins to be doubtful whether the "telegraphic plateau," of which so much has been said, has really any existence after all. W. P. Trowbridge, assistant engineer in the coast survey, argues in his report to Prof. Bach, that the existence of such a plateau is not proved by any soundings yet made. The conclusions of Mr. Trowbridge are sustained by the experience of persons in charge of laying the cable. The quantity of cable played out for different distances varied in a manner to be accounted for only by the great inequalities of the bottom of the ocean, and quite irreconcilable with the idea of a grand level plain at the bottom of the ocean.

READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

The court of enquiry in relation to the late fires in this town, met on Saturday last, but without coming to a decision, adjourned to Wednesday of this week.

The Fall Term of our High School commenced last week under the instruction of Mr. C. Porter. Mr. Littell, the former teacher of this school, I am informed, has taken charge of a similar one in Nashua, N. H., at a largely increased salary.

Rev. Mr. Wilcox is, at the present writing, quite ill with dysentery, and for this cause was unable to preach to his people last Sabbath.

The contractor has begun work in earnest on the new road alluded to last week. This is right. As Messrs. Taylor & Robinson contribute largely to this road, they are desirous of using it themselves—not building it exclusively for posterity.

Several persons were added to the Old South Church last Sabbath, and quite a large number of children took their first lessons in the sanctuary immediately after.

Many anticipated a reduction of fare on Season Tickets, between here and Boston, but it seems they are destined to disappointment in this regard. Railroad companies seem to be very slow to learn wisdom, and the refusal to reduce the fare on season tickets will probably have the effect to stir up our citizens to efforts for the continuance of the horse railroad from Malden to this town. Many, it is believed, would obtain work in Boston were it not for the exorbitant price demanded for season tickets.

The Universalist Society of this town held a picnic in Parker's Grove, on Thursday last week. A shower somewhat disturbed their operations, and a greater part of the time was therefore spent in Lyceum Hall in a very pleasant manner. Music by the Brigade Band. A "hop" in the evening concluded the ceremonies of the day.

I will conclude these items by asking the following question—What is the price demanded for conveying persons from the picnic grove to the village, on a rainy day?—

LANSO.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Questions and Answers not found in the Shorter Catechism.

QUESTION.—In what does modern christianity chiefly consist? ANSWER.—Modern christianity chiefly consists in the erection of splendid church edifices, costing from ten to seventy-five thousand dollars; in having a pulpit worth from five hundred to three thousand dollars, and a lecture the smartest minister anywhere to be found, salary ranging from eight hundred dollars to five thousand. The seats cushioned in most magnificent style, so that no poor man can come within hearing of the "gospel's joyful sound," and at the same time having a clear and full view of the seats of the destitute in heathen lands!

QUEST.—What often produces discord among brethren? ANSW.—Each esteeming himself better than others.

QUEST.—What will have a tendency to do away with contention and wrangling? ANSW.—Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth.

QUEST.—In what way can a people aid their minister so that his labors shall be productive of the greatest good among them? ANSW.—Not by extolling him to the skies, bestowing many presents by way of donation parties, or otherwise; not by exacting a visit from him once a month, but in short by esteeming him for his work sake, recognizing at the same time that there are other people in this world beside the ministers, who demand a share of attention. "Mind not high things but condescend to men of low estate."

STONEHAM.

For the Middlesex Journal.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Te Nellie.

Who grieves when the rain-drops are lost in the sea?
Who weeps when the young nestling falls from the tree?
Who mourns when one rose in the garden is dead?
Then why shed a tear when to heaven I'm led.

Other rain-drops will come to refresh the warm earth,
And to young birds again a new spring will give birth,
And roses will bloom in the garden anew,
And new friends and loved ones will cluster 'round you.

H. A. K.

It is said that the verse below narrates an actual occurrence:—

"Pray," said a mother to a dying child,
"Pray," and in token of assent, he smiled;
Most willing was the spirit, but so weak
The falling frame, that he could hardly speak,
At length he cried—"Dear mother, in God's
Is it not written, Unto Jesus look?" (book
I can look up—I have no strength for prayer,
"Look unto me and be ye saved," is there,
"It is, my child, it is; thus saith the Lord;
And we may confidently trust his word."
Her son looked up—to Jesus raised his eyes,
And flew, a happy spirit, to the skies.

To Correspondents.

We thank our correspondents for the promptness of their favors the present week. Shall it not be so next week?

"E. R."—Your article, "Sketches from Roman History, No. VII," is on file, and will appear next week.

"Omniscient" is unavoidably crowded out this week, but will find a place in our next issue. He writes from observation upon important topics.

"H. A. K."—"The Return" will grace our first page next week. Don't forget us.

"Pro Bozo Publico."—We shall be glad of the extract from your Fraser River letter. Many thanks for your interest in the Journal.

"H. E. W."—"A Leaf from the Book of Human Life" has been received. Will find a place for it as soon as we can.

"Kappa."—Your very interesting "Omnium Gatherum" appears on our first page this week. Our readers will hardly let you off without an article pretty often. There are "sons of Dartmouth" here, who will be glad to hear from their "mother" every week.

WINDSTRENGTH.—You promised to remember us, but have you done so?

MIDNIGHT.—How is business? Don't forget us next week.

"J. J. P."—Saturday morning. Your letter has just come to hand.

The Journal.

WOBURN:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1858.

National Monument at Plymouth.

There is a peculiar fitness in cherishing the memory of important national events. There is a propriety in handing down to future generations, by imposing yet enduring monuments, incidents that enter into our national history, religious as well as civil. It is becoming to mark the spot where a hero fell, or where a mighty battle was won, how much more important it is to awaken and keep alive an interest in those more than heroes—our forefathers, who brought to Plymouth Rock religious toleration, "freedom to worship God" according to the dictates of their own consciences. Within a year or two strong and successful effort has been made to purchase Mount Vernon, the home and resting place of Washington, that it may be preserved as a shrine which the sons and daughters of liberty shall love to visit, and around which they will love to linger and contemplate the matchless greatness of him who now reposes there in peace. The world does well when it honors, nay, when it reveres, the name of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And yet, who will venture to assert that Washington was more truly great, more worthy our reverence and admiration than that little band of worthies who embarked on board the Mayflower, bearing with them the seeds of that civil and religious freedom which is destined, sooner or later, to overspread the face of the whole earth. Naught but a principle stronger, holier than mere ambition, a desire to found an empire, could have actuated and sustained that pilgrim band, as, mid falling snows and wintry winds, they stepped upon that Rock, which has become, next to the birthplace of Him who came into the world to redeem it from its lost condition, the most sacred spot in the world.

It has been a matter of surprise to many, that, till recently, no effort has been made to rear a fitting monument where our puritan fathers first landed. It may be that no one who had an adequate conception of what should be done, dared to engage in such an undertaking in consequence of its mighty magnitude. The idea, however, that something should be done, gradually, became clearer and stronger, till recently men of influence and ability declared that something must and should be done. That idea has finally become developed into a plan worthy the event it is designed to commemorate. It is proposed to erect a monument at Plymouth, that, when finished, will be one of the most interesting, in its language and teachings, in the world. The one now designed, is to consist of an octagonal pedestal, 80 feet in diameter, to be 133 feet high, and upon the sides, carved in granite, are to be figures, seated, emblematic of Morality, Education, Law and Liberty. Below, in alto relief panels of marble, are to be "The Departure from Delft Haven," "The Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower," "The Landing at Plymouth," and "The First Treaty with the Indians." The monument is to be surrounded by the figure of Faith, 70 feet high, with the finger of her right hand pointing upward, and the Bible in the left hand. What a lesson all this is designed to teach. The fundamental principles of our forefathers are here to be presented to the gaze of the world—Morality, Education, Law, Liberty and Religion. Here appears the springs of action that impelled them to leave all in their father-land, that they might here found a home such as their souls craved.

Here, too, we see what has made New England what she is in her character. Such a monument as is contemplated, must be expensive. It is estimated that the amount of money necessary for its completion is \$300,000. This is indeed a large sum, but it will be obtained. Twelve years from August, 1856, are allowed for the completion of the work. The corner stone is to be laid the present fall. The monument is to be built of Quincy granite. The design has already been engraved on a steel plate, 22 by 28 inches, and affords a picture of rare beauty. Every subscriber of five dollars to the monument fund is entitled to a copy of this engraving.

When once this noble work is finished, Plymouth will become the most noted place in the United States. People will visit her by thousands, that they may themselves stand upon the rock where the fathers of New England first planted their feet. It will give a new interest to everything connected with the early history of this country, and some not very strong minded men, when away from their pilgrim home, may cease to be ashamed of good old, puritanical New England.

Medical Meeting.

The Middlesex East District Medical Society met on Wednesday evening last, at the house of Dr. J. D. Mansfield, in South Reading. The following gentlemen were present: Drs. Chapin, E. Cutter, Harris of West Cambridge, Holmes of Lexington, Ingalls, Mansfield, Norcross, Toothaker and Wakefield.

The Secretary read a paper upon the Binaural Stethoscope of Dr. Camman, of N. York. Dr. Chapin, Commissioner on Trials of the Massachusetts Medical Society, reported orally the particulars of the trial of Dr. Hook of Lowell, which resulted in his expulsion from the State Society. The allegations against him were sustained, and were chiefly as follows:—Uncourteous conduct in consultations; keeping an apothecary shop, and writing his prescriptions so that no other apothecary, but his own, could read them, or put them up; charging exorbitantly for cheap medicines; preparing nostrums, &c.

Dr. Wakefield reported a fatal case of Traumatic Tetanus, which had fallen under his observation since the last meeting of the Society.

Dr. Toothaker laughingly alluded to a man who, in doctoring himself, took fourteen emetic doses of Lobelia in succession. The exhibition of so heroic a quantity was followed by only a "little warming up of the stomach," and the departure of the self-appointed doctor to his usual avocations.

Dr. Ingalls reported his experience in the "Sugar treatment" of Cholera Infantum. This is a new remedy, supposed efficacious as an anti-septic and as food. The doctor had found its administration difficult.

Dr. E. Cutter alluded to the commonly called "strippings of milk," as furnishing a substitute for breast milk. He stated that by diluting the "strippings" with about one-half water, and adding a little sugar, a mixture can be obtained having almost the same chemical proportions of butter, cheese, sugar and water, as are found in healthy human milk. The desirableness of such a pabulum for non-nursing infants, can not be too highly estimated. The subject has been fully brought before the profession by Dr. W. H. Cumming, of Williamstown, in the American Journal of Medical Science for July, 1858.

The evening was fully occupied until near midnight, by discussions upon the appointed topic, "Ipecacuanha in its Therapeutical Relations," and by other matters more interesting to the doctors, perhaps, than to the public.

LECTURES BY SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS.—Arrangements have been completed, as will be seen by a special notice, for a course of lectures from distinguished spiritual mediums. Lectures are expected from Miss Hardinge, Miss Amedy, Judge W. Chase, S. B. Brittan and Wm. Storer. Miss Hardinge will lecture Oct. 6th, 13th and 20th. Miss Amedy is expected Oct. 10th. She is regarded fully as eloquent as Miss Hardinge. After her lecture she will improvise a poem. Judge Chase will come between Miss Hardinge and Miss Amedy, if arrangements can be made to that effect. Mr. Brittan is one of the most eloquent speakers of the spiritual cause. Those interested in the subject will not fail to render the necessary aid, as an unusually attractive list of speakers is presented.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.—We infer from the tenor of the proceedings of the meeting of Bank officers, says the Traveller, that the controversy on the question of bank note redemption will be brought to an amicable termination, and that those country banks who choose to do their business through the Bank of Mutual Redemption, will receive no molestation, and will only have to incur the risk of the ability and prudence in the management of the last named bank, to sustain itself in the work which it has undertaken.

APOLLO CLUB.—This club, consisting of Misses Anna E. Hall, Helen M. Williams, Mr. James K. Bell, and Mr. L. L. Lloyd, will favor our citizens with a "grand select concert" in Lyceum Hall, on Saturday evening next, and in the afternoon a concert will be given for children. They come recommended by Rev. Dr. Blagden and Dr. J. V. C. Smith, of Boston, and by Hon. John P. Hale and Hon. Timothy Davis, and by several gentlemen of this town. They are persons of color and well educated. They solicit public patronage that they may be the better prepared to assist in elevating the colored race. We hope they will be greeted by a full house and an attentive audience.

THE Lowell Citizen states that an agent of the Suffolk Bank made his appearance at the banks in that city yesterday, with \$45,000 in bills of the Wamecet Bank, and at the Appleton Bank, with 16,000. The Wamecet had \$50,000 in gold lying idle in its vaults. This bank gave notice to the Suffolk on the 30th day of August, and none of their bills have been returned until yesterday. In consequence of this, the bank has not been able to accommodate its customers with the usual demand for small bills.

The following toast was given recently:—
"The Ladies—may we kiss the girls we please, and please the girls we kiss."

Concert of the Myers Sisters.

Mr. Editor:—I am happy to say that the efforts of the Myers Sisters, to please their audience, were highly successful. As a whole they did very well, and, although it was difficult to understand the words sung, they showed fine musical talent. But while I hear willing testimony that my heart was cheered and elevated by the songs of the little maidens, I cannot refrain from stigmatizing the conduct of certain individuals—some of them in the hall and some out—as an outrage upon decency and propriety, and a direct insult to this upright, order-loving community. Has the time really come when the lovers of good music cannot sit down for an hour in Lyceum Hall, without being disturbed by disgusting whistling, stamping, hooting, bawling and squalling, from those who, like the ox in the manger, will neither enjoy the singing themselves, or allow others to enjoy it? Are we to look for a repetition of the shameful conduct of last Tuesday evening? Are there no means whereby we may be protected from such shameful disturbances? Have we no police? Will they not be instructed to arrest on the spot every one who shall hereafter be guilty of howling and whistling? In sorrow rather than anger I am led to exclaim, have parents so grossly neglected home government, and the exercise of parental authority as to exert no control over their children in public? Are they ignorant of the conduct of their sons? Will they stand still and let them grow up as disturbers of the public peace? I cannot refrain from an earnest appeal to parents, not to prove recreant to the high responsibilities resting upon them, but to train up their children in the way they should go. If we are to be liable to a repetition of the scenes of last Tuesday evening, no respectable person will be found at public lectures and concerts. Fellow-citizens, you have only to speak the word in earnest, and the evil complained of will cease. Will you do it?

Woburn, Sept. 23.

T.

ACCIDENT.—E. W. Kinney and O. Dority were somewhat badly burned upon their arms and faces, at W. A. Colegate's patent leather establishment, on Tuesday last, when they were engaged in boiling composition, when the material suddenly took fire.

HOOPS.—All men and woman, interested in this subject—and who are not?—will find a very learned article upon hoops in the Boston Traveller of the 23d inst. It presents the literature—the history of the subject in a masterly manner, and rebukes the Western conference for its "impertinent interference" in matters peculiarly belonging to women.

READING OLD FOLK.—It will be seen from the Reading Department, that "The Old Folks" are soon to take the field. Woburn will certainly claim a visit from them.

A STRICKEN CITY.—The City of New Orleans is stricken in a sorrowful way. The mail brings us full particulars of the ravages of the yellow fever. The total mortality from yellow fever, in a period of eleven weeks, from June 27 to Sept. 12, was two thousand, two hundred and one.

DESTRUCTION TO CANKER-WORMS.—Messrs. Lovejoy & Titus of Reading, have purchased the right of applying Foster's Patent Tree Protector, in the towns of South Reading, Reading, Somerville, Stoneham and Woburn, to certain protector against that destructive insect, the canker-worm. Orders left at the store of L. G. Richardson & Co., will be attended to. A specimen of the "machine" may be seen at our Book Store.

PEACHES.—We found on our table, a day or two since, some very large and beautiful peaches. One measured 9 inches in circumference, one 8 1/2 inches, and three 8 1/4 inches. Although very beautiful, they tasted full as well as they looked. They were raised and presented by Mr. Seth Wyman, Court street. We question the ability of any one else to surpass or even equal this specimen of fruit.

FATHER HENSON.—Much interest was added to the occasion of the Methodist picnic, last Thursday, by the presence of Father Henson, the original of Mrs. Stow's "Uncle Tom." Many an eye has been wet at the thought of "Uncle Tom," dying from cruel treatment, but he is "yet spared" to tell his "story."

CENTRAL HOUSE STABLE.—We learn that Mr. Cyrus Tay, the well known and obliging keeper of this stable, has sold his interest in it to Mr. — Norris, of Nashua, N. H. Let the new proprietor remember that obliging hostlers and moderate charges will prove the most profitable in the result.

THE opinion is gaining ground among philosophers, that lightning rods do more hurt than good. Many, no doubt, are really dangerous, as they draw the electricity from the clouds, but cannot conduct it to the ground sufficiently fast for safety. People should look into this subject carefully.

WE are glad to learn that Gov. Banks has appointed Josiah Hovey, Esq., of Winchester, a Justice of Peace. It is the right man in the right place.

MIDDLESEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—It should be borne in mind that the annual exhibition and cattle show of this society, will take place at Concord on Wednesday next, Sept. 29th. R. W. Emerson will deliver the Address. Is Woburn fully represented in this Society and at these meetings?

THE wheat crop in Wisconsin has turned out better than was expected. Speculators are sorry, we presume.

NOAH'S ARKS.—Accompanying Noah's arks, fresh from Germany, and on sale in English toy-shops, is a catalogue of the inmates thereof in German, French and English.—Amongst the articles named are "two mice, two sheep; but, best of all, 'eight men, viz., four men and four wives.'"

Donati's Comet presented a most beautiful appearance last evening.

Lectures on Spiritualism.

Mr. Editor:—In the Journal of Sept. 11th, "Inquirer" asks if we cannot have a course of lectures on Spiritualism from such mediums as Miss Hardinge, Mrs. Henderson, and others. A course is proposed, but the question is, "Will they be sustained?" Miss Hardinge has already been engaged to deliver three lectures, and if the public feel sufficient interest in the matter, others will follow from the most distinguished mediums that can be obtained. Some expense will necessarily attend the getting up of such a course, and no one man ought to bear it all. It is hoped, therefore, that "Inquirer," and all others interested in a fair and candid investigation of the subject, will use their influence to secure a full attendance at these lectures.

Woburn, Sept. 23.

ADVERTISING.—The money paid for advertising should never form the least difficulty to a man who has anything to gain. It should be to him as a mere drop from the ocean. A painter once asked a very wealthy merchant why he had not a better sign. "Ah," replied he, "I advertise. My neighbors have all splendid signs, but they never bring as many customers as mine; everybody in the whole country can see my signboard. It is the painter and not the painter that has given me my wealth." And so it is. The painter may get up a beautiful sign, but it is stationary; nobody can see it but those who are in the immediate vicinity of where it is. But how different with an advertisement (or sign if you like) in a newspaper; it goes everywhere; it has no bounds; there is no place but what it can reach; and it is always fresh, unlike a painter's sign; and besides, it does not cost as much to renew it. A newspaper having a circulation of one thousand, is, on an average, read by four thousand people weekly, i.e., supposing each family to consist of only four persons; so an advertisement in that paper is seen by that number; or let us merely suppose that one thousand out of the four will not see it, then three thousand will see it every week certain. Now, if any man says that an advertisement in such a paper does him no good, we say that he is not in his right senses; he is either "penny-wise and pound foolish," or else he is not even "penny-wise."

The present is an excellent time to advertise, as the fall trade is about commencing, and no person can invest a few dollars in a better or surer way, with the certainty that they will return him ten-fold in the shape of new and increased custom, than by inserting a good, showy advertisement in the columns of the Middlesex Journal.

WE refer our readers to Mr. Roundy's advertisement in another column. There are no better boots and shoes manufactured in the State than those by Fletcher & Son. We say this from experience. Mr. R., has also for sale every description of boots and shoes, generally found in a first class shoe store.

A convention of "strong-minded," of both sexes, met at Utica on Saturday, to consult upon matters that are ordinarily regarded as somewhat of a private and domestic character, such as maternity, its consequences, &c. Several gatherings of the same sort have been held within the past few weeks at Rutland, Vt., and at Berlin Heights. To the common mind their talk seems rather musty, when thrown out to a promiscuous assemblage.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—A session of the Teachers' Institute will commence at Haverhill, on Monday, the 27th inst., at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and continue five days, including evening. The lectures will be given by Lowell Mason, William Russell, Hermann Krsi, George B. Emerson, Sanborn Tenny, R. G. Northrop, and the Secretary of the Board of Education. Evening lectures will be given during the week at Bradford, Andover, Methuen, Lawrence, Georgetown, West Newbury, and at the villages of Amesbury and Salisbury.

A SLANDER REUTER.—A clergyman was charged with having violently dragged his wife from a revival meeting, and compelled her to go home with him. The clergyman let the story travel along until he had a fair opportunity to give a broadside. Upon being charged with the offence, he replied as follows:—
"In the first place I never have attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor a choice of a meeting. Secondly—my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. In the third place—I have not even attended any of the meetings for any purpose whatever. To conclude—neither my wife nor myself have any inclination to go to these meetings. Finally—I never had a wife."

That gentleman who so kindly thought of the printers last night, while in the midst of their toils, will not be soon forgotten by them. Abundantia; affluentia. Splendentes; optimus; augustus.—[Dev.]

New Publications.

We have received through Messrs. John J. Dyer & Co., THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October. It presents an excellent bill of fare.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE has found its way to our table through the politeness of the publisher. What T. S. Arthur does, is always well done.

These Magazines can be obtained at the Woburn Book Store.

We have received the September No. of "Peterson's Bank Note Detector." This periodical is the best of its kind published, especially as regards banks at a distance from New England. It is only \$1 a year, and while such a work can be had so cheap, there is no reason why any person should have worthless bills passed upon them. It is published at 306 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

THE PRINTER for the present month is on our table. As we have said before that this book is indispensable to printers, we only add now, that others can find, from month to month, something in its pages that will be interesting to them, as it is always filled with instructive reading matter. It is published by Henry & Huntington, 1 Spruce st., New York, at \$1 per annum.

The Atlantic Cable in complete working order again.

It is to be opened for business in a few weeks.

TRINITY BAY, Sept. 23. We can at last announce the gratifying intelligence that the Atlantic Cable is again in complete working order. A good electrical current has been passing through the line for the last three days, and though we are not informed of the transmission of any specific messages, it can be stated with accuracy that the signals received from Valentia are as perfect as ever. It is hoped that the Cable will be ready for business in a few weeks at the farthest.

We have just learned that the above report is premature.—Ed.

Correspondence of the Journal.

NEW IPSWICH, N. H., Sept., '58.

However uninteresting a particular locality may be to the world at large, yet to those who own it is a cherished and delightful spot. I should be quite unwilling to admit, however, that this rural old town, has nothing else to recommend it to the attention and even the admiration of the most casual visitor. Besides the beauty of its position, and its varied surface of hill and valley, its woods and streams, it has a history that is by no means unimportant in the annals of New England. Its settlement dates back a little more than a century. Situated as it is, on the frontiers of that range of highlands which divide the waters of the Merrimack and Connecticut, it did not attract attention so early as the land lying upon those rivers. But when the time came for it to be explored, it was not sought out by wild and lawless adventurers, but was the deliberately chosen home of a band of colonists, who, for solid strength of character, have rarely been surpassed. A proof of this is found in the rank of the town early took among the surrounding villages, and the worth and ability of many of its sons. Here originated the princely merchants, Samuel and Nathan Appleton; the distinguished cotton manufacturer, Samuel Batchelder; the celebrated piano-forte maker, Jonas Chickering; the learned jurists, Timothy Farrar, late chief justice of New Hampshire, and Judge Appleton of the present Supreme Court of Maine; the famous chirographer and music teacher, N. D. Gould; the great naturalist, Dr. A. A. Gould; the eminent divine, Jesse Appleton, late President of Bowdoin College; and the best landscape painter, New England has produced, B. Champney; besides numerous lawyers, teachers, musicians, and those of other crafts and professions who have diffused themselves over the world for its enlightenment and progress.

But the settlers of this town were not only men of character and the progenitors of many distinguished sons, they were also men of enterprise and business. A glass manufactory was established here before the close of the revolution. The first cotton mill in New Hampshire was erected in this town, and nearly coeval with the first in the country. Other manufactures were commenced here at an early period in the development of the industrial energies of New England. The second academy in this State was founded by the citizens of this town, and through the munificence of the late Samuel Appleton, it is now one of the best endowed institutions of the kind in the country. But enough of this, as my purpose is not to recapitulate the history of the town, but rather to say a word of my present trip to its familiar scenes. I was glad in making my advent once more within its pleasant borders, to have several well tried friends to enjoy the reunion with me. Arriving after the duskiness of evening had thrown its deep shadows over the landscape, we partook of a hasty supper, and then gathered under the hospitable roof of one of the most genial and worthy citizens of this or any other place; and if there is another family more loving and beloved, more kind-hearted than this, I should like speedily to include it within the circle of my friends. Having made ourselves most decidedly "at home" during the evening, we retired to our respective lodgings to prepare, by a kindly embrace of "nature's sweet restorer," for the coming morn.

It was our intention to make the ascent of the Monadnock, which lies some twelve miles northward from here. Circumstances, however, interfered to thwart our purpose. But we were not to be defeated in our desire to climb a mountain, so we determined to give the honor to the Kidder mountain, lying in the northwest part of this town. The form of this eminence is beautifully symmetrical, and its sides are covered with a thrifty growth of oak, beech and maple, or green with a verdure that would, seemingly, fatten the "cattle upon a thousand hills." The drive to the foot of the mountain is over a by-road, little frequented, but which is as familiar to the (now) "old boy" who years ago trod it gaily on his barefooted excursions for game and trout, as the milky way to the astronomer. Hitching our horses at the end of a cart path, and under the shade of some kindly trees, we commenced our walk. At some distance upon the first slope we came upon the remains of an old house which had been built here by one of the early settlers (whose name was Adam Gould and who with his wife received the sobriquet of Adam and Eve) but which had been abandoned and demolished many years ago. The site was a most charming one in extent and beauty of prospect, as it overlooked the whole town, and even gave the occupants a chance to descry the doings of the neighboring villagers. For some hundred feet above this the ascent is very steep. By frequently availing ourselves of projecting rocks or the mossy sward, we kept on our way with good spirits. But our longest halt was to take advantage of the pendent branches of an oak which curved downward, seemingly, with the most benevolent intention of furnishing wayfarers with a seat. The stout-armored mountain giant bore its precious burden as easily as the willow twig bears the caroling blue-bird in the spring. When the party arrived at the top of the mountain, many faces glowed with the crimson flush of exercise and heat, and a fresh breeze from the west and a draught of water from a fountain, soon restored an equilibrium. A chorus of voices then burst out into songs and hymns, and spread the waves of melodious sound far and wide into the surrounding air. The Professor (for he was with us with his keen jokes and ready wit) placed the bugle to his lips and

gave us some glorious strains from those sweet and stirring airs for which his instrument is so famous, and which were repeated in dulcet echoes, down the mountain side. The view from the summit is really very fine. It commands all the towns to the south and east for twenty or thirty miles, and on the north presents the sharp and lofty outlines of the Grand Monadnock! We were glad enough to get so fine a sight of that noble old pile of granite, if we had to forego the pleasure of mounting its rugged sides. On our return to the village we were enticed from our vehicles by visions of blackberries on the roadside, but were not fortunate enough to strike a very profitable vein. In many parts of the town, this fruit is quite abundant and large, and of the richest flavor. The difficulty of transporting them in good order may consider, Mr. Editor, as one of the prime reasons why your sanctum had not been darkened by a basket of the precious berries. The Lawtons and the Lovetts may do very well for the people "down below," but they (the berries) would never get a premium here while the native bushes yield their rich supplies. But visitors will not find this capital luxury upon the tables of the hotel; most likely it is considered too common to set before them. They may, however, be served with delicacies which they rarely find at home, in the shape of—no matter what—for cows should not be blamed for all the products of their cream, nor wheat be censured for the vagaries wrought upon it by yeast.

In our rambles about town, we have come upon many dear and consecrated spots, and have met many old faces that are associated with the earliest memories of childhood. How strongly are those first life experiences interwoven with the web of existence. There they lie in colors as bright, eye even brighter than when, thread by thread, the shuttle of the heart throbbed them into place.

But I am getting sentimental. Let me say in closing, that our trip, especially to the "natives," has been as delightful as eyes and heart could wish. We have seen some of the best scenery that the hill country can furnish, and enjoyed the company of the best people that New England rural life affords. I should like to tell about the fine old elm that shelters my dear old friend and his charming family, and which shaded me in my childhood, but I must communicate that history to the "Autoer," for it is worthy of a separate dish at his "breakfast table." C.

Connecticut Gossip.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 21, 1858.

From our Regular Correspondent.—
The financial affairs of this State seem to be in a bad way. With a debt of one hundred thousand dollars hanging upon the Treasury, the Legislature, at its last session, increased the direct State tax fifty per cent.; and it is pretty evident that even with this excess of taxation, and all other resources the Commonwealth can muster, the debt will be greatly increased during the present financial year. It is estimated that by next May the debt of Connecticut will amount to full two hundred thousand dollars.—Andrew Carroll, a printer, who claims to hold a situation in the New York Herald office, was arrested in this city last Tuesday, on three informations filed against him for the passage of counterfeit (altered) \$20 bills on the Monument Bank, Charlestown, Mass.; and Wm. Colton as accessory. An examination was had, which resulted in the prisoners being committed to jail in default of bail to the amount of \$500 on each count, to await trial at the next term of the Superior Court of this County.—Some of our banks are putting burglar-proof safes inside of their old ones. This gives them a double security, and is a worthy movement. Better "look the door before the horse is stolen"—better expend a trifle than to lose all.—Edward Tucker, the engineer of the train that ran off the Norwalk bridge, a few years since, with such a wholesale loss of life, committed suicide in New York a few days since. He has led a wandering life for some time past, and it is supposed the horrible accident, in which he was principal, has so preyed upon his mind, as, in his remorse, to craze his brain.—Dr. Thompson, of Fairhaven, has shown us some fine looking grapes which were grown on his ground. They are similar to the wild species, though of a much lighter color, and with a very decided aroma. Thirty years ago the doctor's wife's mother threw some raisin seeds away, and from them sprung up, in due time, a grape vine, from the slips of which these grapes are produced. The circumstance is a singular one.—Kippowam Engine Co., of Stamford, has sent a challenge to Edward Hopkins Engine Co., of Woodville, Mass., which took the prize at the late trial at Worcester, the prize to be \$200, the place of trial, this city, on any day in October the challenged company may select.—Charles Chaffee, of Enfield, has a cow which gave birth, on Saturday week, to a healthy calf of one hundred and thirty pounds.—Miss Kimberley is giving her recitations of Butler's "Two Millions," in our principle cities. To those who have heard her readings, Comment will be superfluous; and to those who have never experienced the satisfaction, we say, hear her as soon as opportunity presents. By-the-way, we will here incorporate a hint for the Woburn Lyceum. Miss K. announces that she designs accepting invitations to give a course of readings before Lyceums, debating societies, &c., the coming lecture season, and we hereby recommend one or two of her select recitations as a laudable and appreciative substitute for the same number of lectures.—The Pennsylvania Enquirer estimates that there are twenty thousand persons out of employment in the coal districts of that State.—The corporation of Yale College has appointed Rev. Noah Porter to the Professorship of Didactic Theology, *vide* Rev. Nathaniel W. Taylor, D. D., deceased. Rev. Timothy Dwight, a grandson of the celebrated President Dwight, has also been appointed assistant Professor of Sacred Literature.—The first Methodist meeting-house built in New England was erected at Stratfield Parish, town of Stratford, near Trumbull, September, 1789, and was called "Lee's Chapel," from Rev. Jesse Lee, the apostle of New England Methodism.—The new term of Yale College commenced on Monday. There are one hundred and eighty members of the Freshman Class.

SOUTH READING.

For the Middlesex Journal.

Mr. Editor:—I noticed in your Saturday's Journal, a request to be remembered early this week by your correspondents. I laid that item away in a snug corner of my memory, and now before it gets covered up with other rubbish, I'll draw it forth and work out an answer. But whether it will be in "short or long delivery," time and space will determine; for if not according to the "simple rule of three," between U and I, it must be one less. Well, Mr. Editor, so much by way of introduction; (all nonsense you say,) well so be it, but remember I am not writing for the criticising eye of the public, just at this time, though the suggestion I am about to make concerns the public bona, and when floated up with "Yours Respectfully," you can dispose of it as you think proper. Now, to be short, and come to the point, is to "say my say" and done with it. We need a School. But here in the centre of South Reading, and I can see no reasonable objection why we should not have one. There is a belfry on the Academy building, already awaiting a tongue occupant. It would, most certainly, be a public benefit, and a great convenience to the school going part of the community as well as others.

It rung a quarter of an hour before school-time, notifying the punctual, and hurrying up the dilatory ones, it would be an assistant to teachers, and there need be no excuse for tardiness, such as, "I did not know what time it was," and "Our clock was not right," &c. &c.

I hope our citizens will start forth with this matter, and that we shall hear the musical tones of the "quarter bell" before long.

PRO BOZO PUBLICO.

S. Reading, Sept. 20th, 1858.

For the Middlesex Journal.

LIFE.—
Life is no speculative venture to those who feel its value and duties. It has a deeper purpose and its path becomes distinct and easy, in proportion as it is earnestly and faithfully pursued. The rudest or the most refined pursuit, if adapted to the wants and capacities of the pursuer, has a truth, a beauty and a satisfaction. All ships on the ocean are not steamers or packets, but all are freight bearers, fitted to their tasks; and the smallest shallop nobly fulfills its mission while it pushes on toward the destined port—nor shifts its course because larger vessels steer to other points of the compass. Let man right himself on the ocean of Time. Let him learn whether he is by nature a shallop or a ship, and then, freight himself according to his capacity, let him fling his sails to the breeze, riding with wind and tide if they go on his course, but beating resolutely against them if they are adverse. Have a well defined and chosen purpose, and pursue it faithfully, trusting in God, and all will be well.

H. E. W.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21, 1858.

Trade is pretty good in this city at the present time, and when you know that, you know that New York City "feels pretty comfortable;" that she is willing to enjoy herself, and to pay for the privilege; that books sell; that operas flourish; that theatrical performances do abound. It is hardly, however, a time of general prosperity. The sales of some part of our merchants are very good, but the great West, which we have learned to depend so much in former years, is minus; has hardly been heard from. Some of the great jobbing houses who built princely stores on Broadway, just before the panic, on the strength of the run of western custom, are in tolerably tight quarters. But there is some money in the city, nevertheless, and those who have it are not afraid to spend it.

Those unlucky citizens who make their homes on Staten Island, and do business in New York, find themselves unwittingly involved in the consequences of an act of rebellion against the State authority. They are under martial law, and liable to have their gardens entered and their water-melons doomed by the foragers of the eighth Regiment. Add to this, that whenever they come to town their friends refuse to shake hands with them, and dodge to the other side of the street in pretended dread of "Yellow Jack," and you have a pretty fair specimen of the peculiar advantages of a suburban residence.

In literature, properly speaking, we have little of novelty. A son of Robert B. Minnert, the celebrated shipping merchant, has written a book, describing his adventures in the East Indies before the late insurrection. This young gentleman was graduated from a city college in 1856, and became immediately seized with the double fever of travelling and of authorship, both of which passions he has been freely indulging to the extent which money secures. As for new lights, we have an embryo Pulpit orator in Brooklyn, who threatens to rival in popularity the "star" preacher of that church-going community.

He is a very young man, named Bartlett, recently returned from studying in Germany. He is introducing into the pulpit the style of Jean Paul Richter's tales, slightly Americanized, and as the thing is a novelty to Yankees, he draws crowds. He is a man of very brilliant fancy, but no soundness; yet, well undoubtedly gain popularity and distinction here. Brooklyn has rather a monopoly of popular preachers. In New York there are Rev. Dr. Chapin, Universalist; Rev. Dr. Tyng, Episcopal; Rev. Drs. Cheever and Thompson, Congregational; Rev. William Adams, Presbyterian, and among the Methodists a modern "Spurge-on," by the name of Corbit, all of whom may be called popular

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